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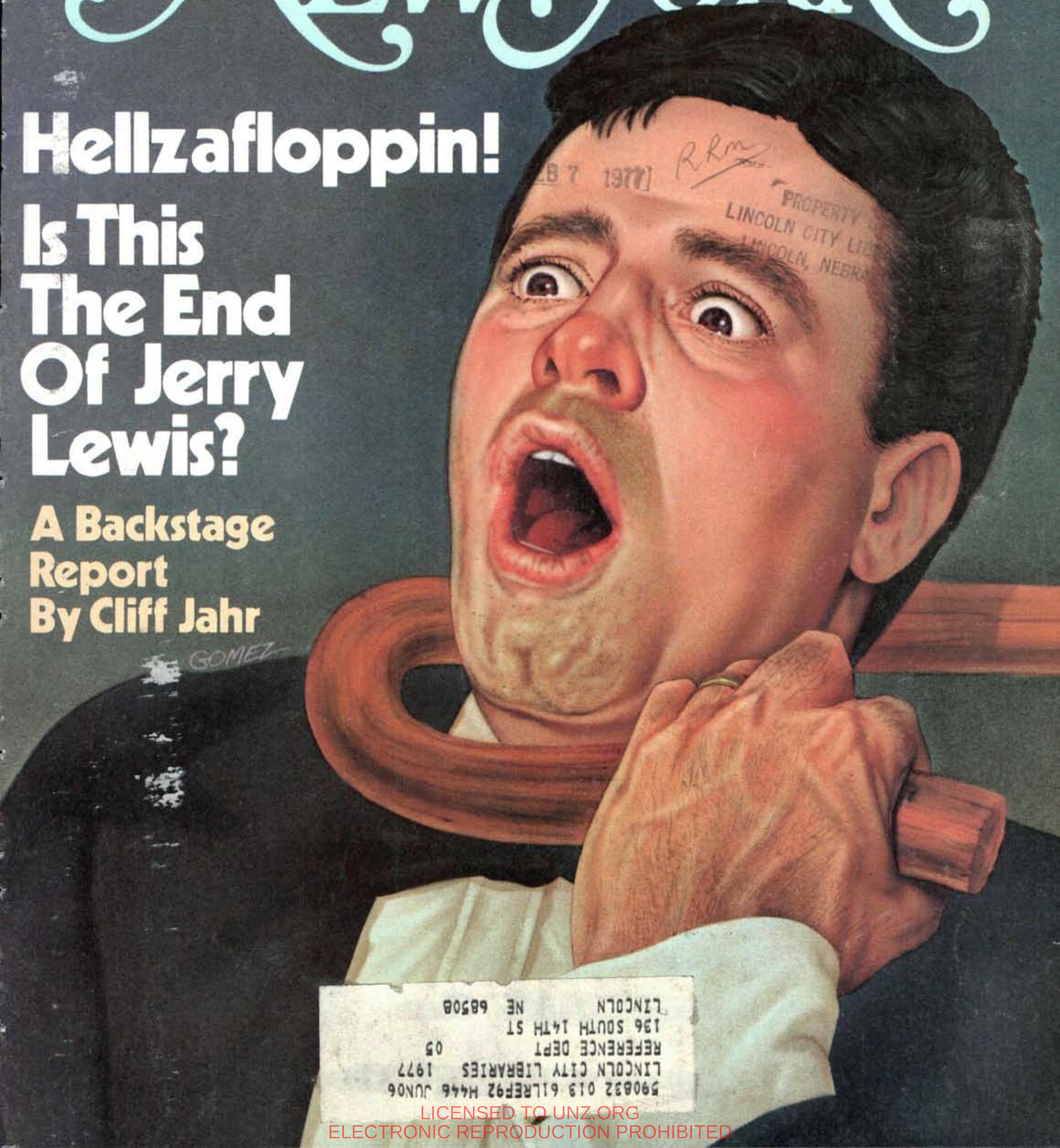

Hellzafloppin! Is This The End Of Jerry Lewis?

A Backstage Report By Cliff Jahr

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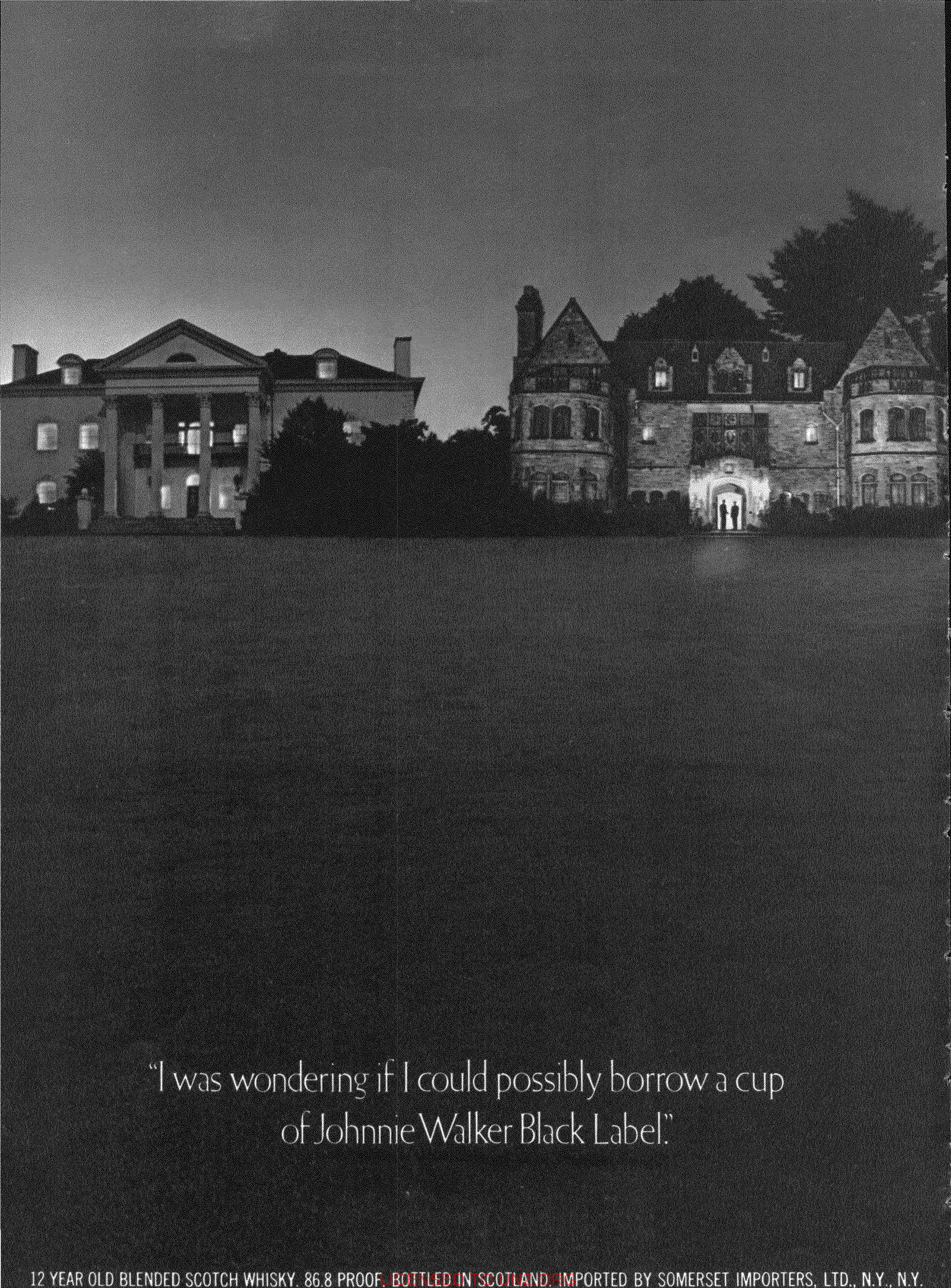
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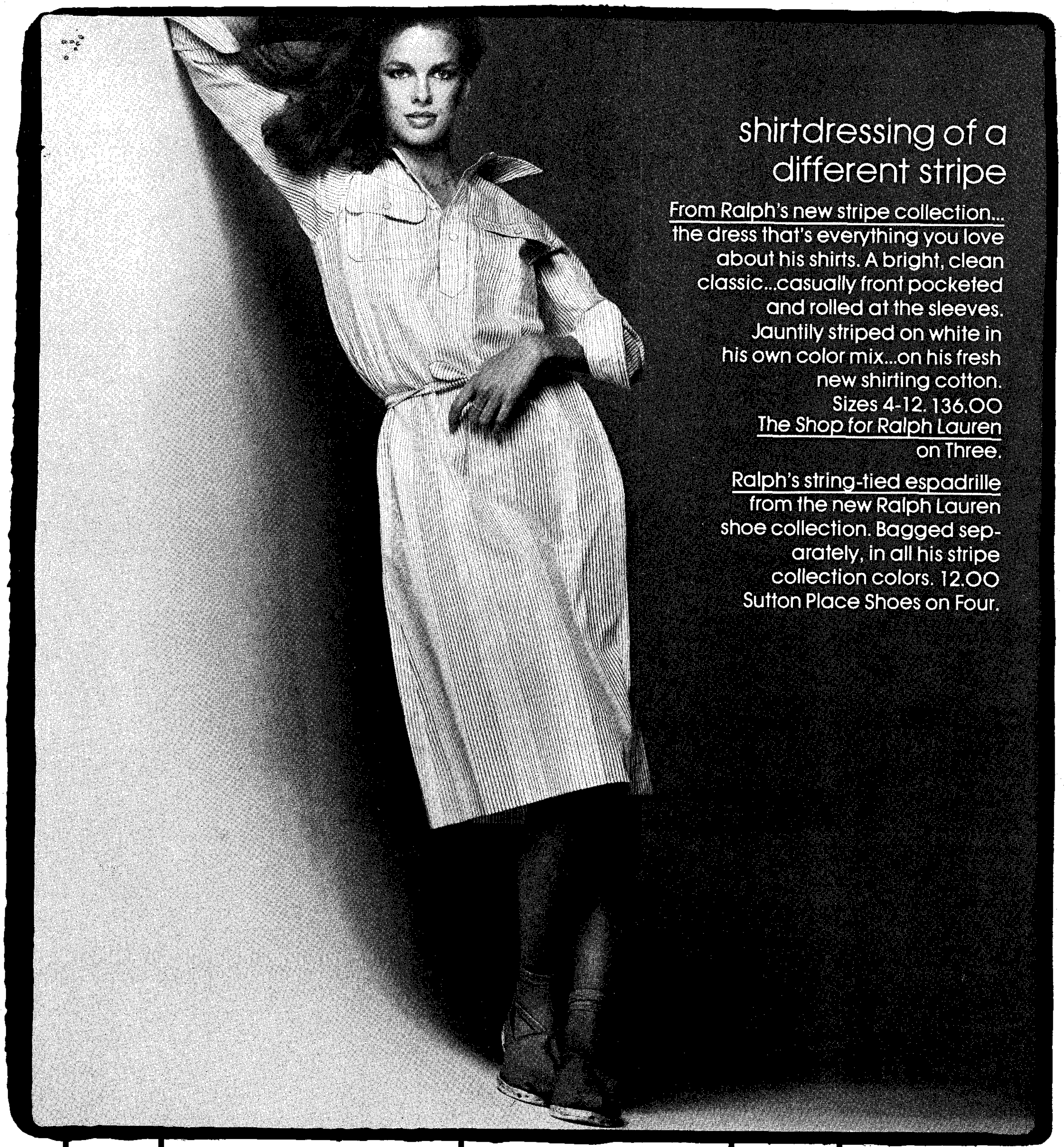

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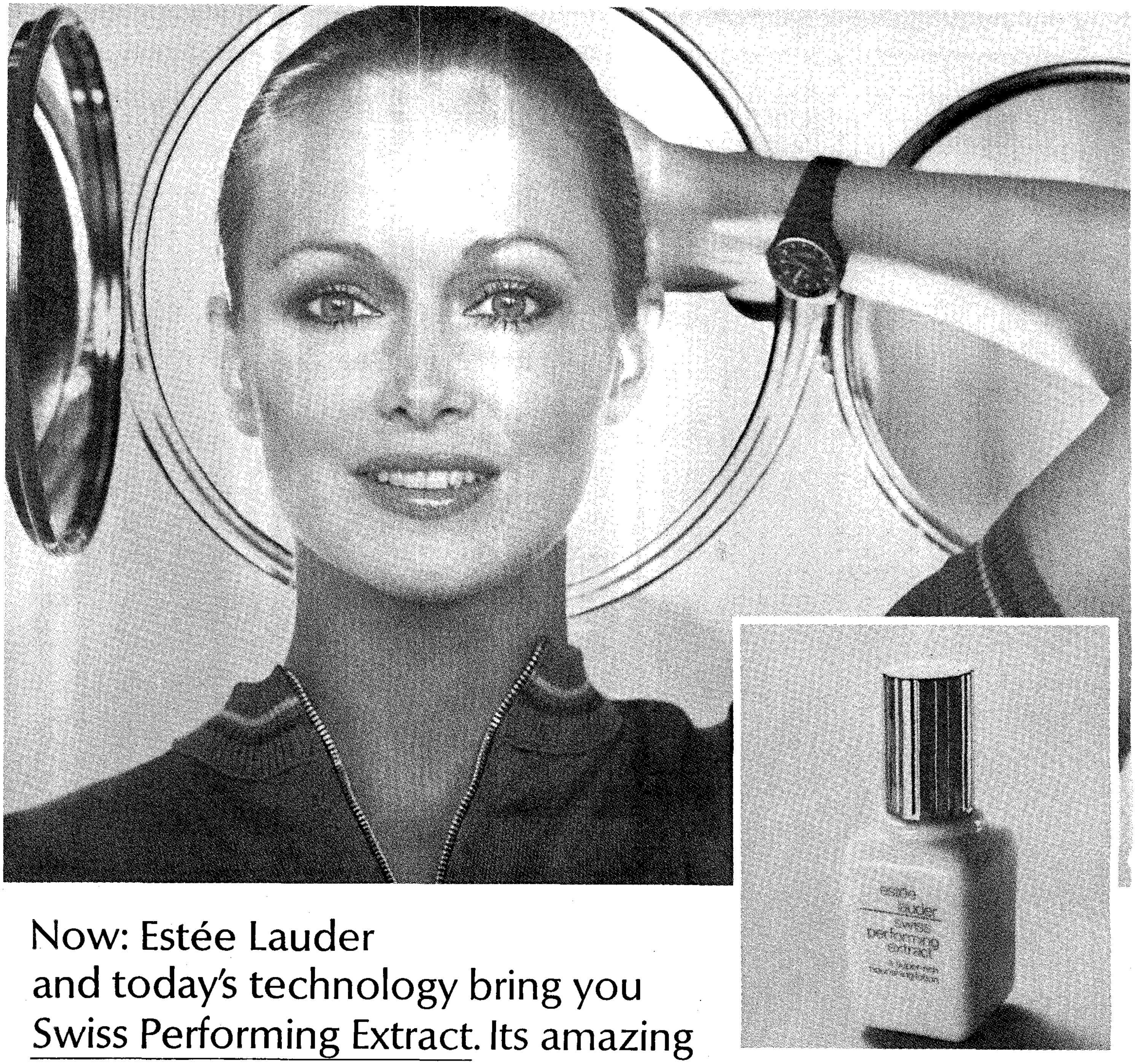

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By Cliff Jahr

On January 22 came a surprise announcement that *Hellzapoppin* would close. Within hours Jahr was in Boston's Colonial Theater observing the events onstage and behind the scenes of the show's final hours. Cutting through press screens and romantic knots, he was finally able to ask Jerry Lewis for The Story. Between vituperative outbursts, there emerged an extraordinary show-biz saga.

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Turnstile Justice: Nabbing the Slug-Users
By John Berendt

Slug-users who try to beat the subway system are, mainly, folks just like us. But, after reading John Berendt's tale of the horrifying traps transit police have set for them, most may just give up and hail a cab.

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The Ordeal of Kate Rothko: The War Isn't Over in Marlborough Country
By Paul Gardner

When Mark Rothko, the Abstract Expressionist master, died in 1970, nobody gave a thought to his daughter, Kate. But within a year and a half, this little-known teenager became a prime mover in the longest and costliest court battle in art history. The shy, self-effacing girl sued the executors of her father's $32-million estate and the mighty Marlborough Gallery for mishandling and "milking" the estate and its prize assets, Rothko's valuable paintings. Last year Kate won a resounding victory. But all is not quiet on the Rothko front. New legal battles are about to erupt in court, a grand jury is considering charges of criminal violations by Marlborough, and the art world is again in an uproar over the girl hardly anybody knows. In this first major report on Rothko's daughter, Paul Gardner tells about Kate's life and why she resolved to gain control of her father's illustrious legacy.

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Bella Abzug, currently unemployed, is always running for something. Now what?

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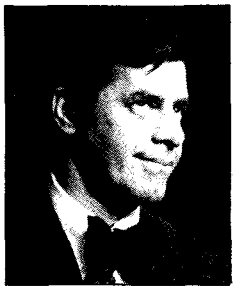
ITT, Lazard Frères, and the SEC are holding hush-hush talks to settle the eight-year-old Mediobanca affair. Question: Will the SEC name Big MAC chairman Felix Rohatyn, who is reportedly planning to leave Lazard?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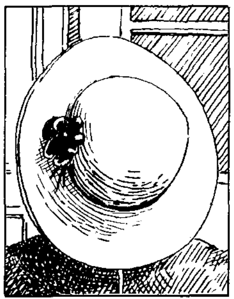
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By Thomas B. Hess

A choice exhibition of Adolph Gottlieb's paintings—the first since his death in 1974—highlights his unique approach to symbolic and surrealist imagery.

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The rites of the Round Table are still observed at the venerable Algonquin, where the legend lives and the cozy ambience overshadows the food.

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By Alan Rich

The current opera season is superior on several counts. Yet, the Met seems to be the victim of its own excellence, and the money outlook is dismal.

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By Gertrude Snyder

Middle Eastern vegetarian dishes, well prepared and well presented, are what you'll find at Boostan.

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Co-ops are not particularly good investments these days, and as anyone who has traveled it will tell you, the road to ownership is a frustrating series of obstacles. Nonetheless, the market is experiencing something of a mini-boom.

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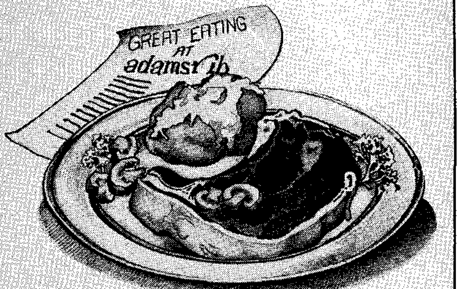

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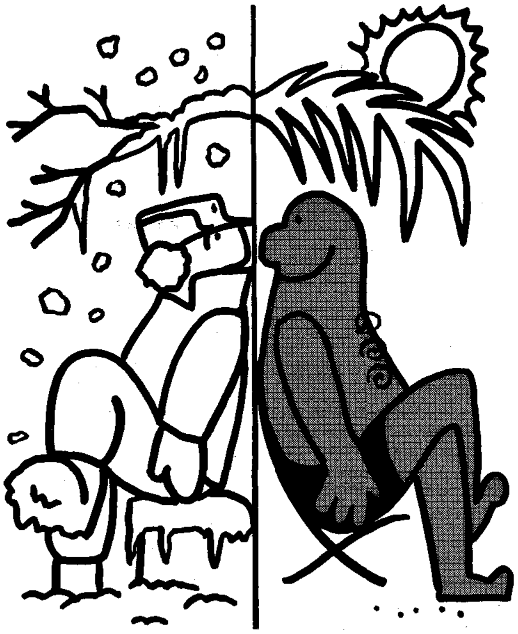

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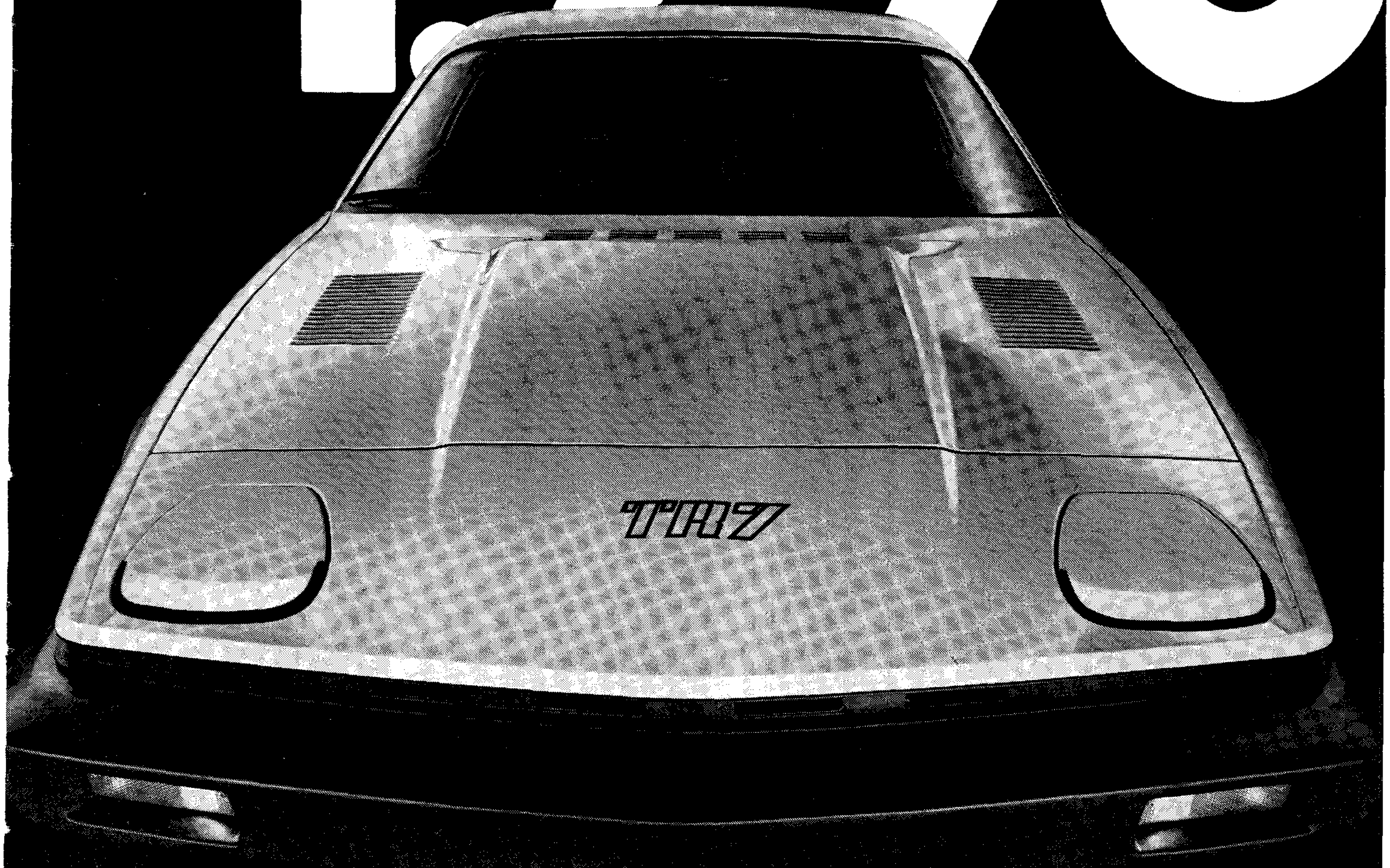

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Reprinted from the January 22 issue of TV Guide magazine.

'I Began Weeping Like Some Baby...'

The author's 12-year search for his roots came to a moving climax in a remote African village

By Alex Haley

[ABC telecast its dramatization of the book 'Roots' on eight consecutive evenings, beginning Sunday, Jan. 23.]

Alex Haley, united with his sixth cousins for a family portrait in the small West African village of Juffure in The Gambia.

In 1964, in the National Archives in Washington, D.C., after some hours of studying the microfilmed 1870 census of Alamance County, N.C., I suddenly came upon "Tom Murray...black ...blacksmith," his wife, Irene, and their older children.

I stared at those names, written in a census enumerator's old-fashioned script. Thirty-odd years before, while growing up in Henning, Tenn., I had heard those names told and retold by my maternal grandmother, Cynthia, and by her older sisters, who were my great-aunts. Their parents had been Tom and Irene Murray, who had been slaves.

It was part of a long history of the family that was regularly discussed, especially during summer evenings on Grandma's front porch, by her and various other gray-haired old ladies of the family who had come to visit. I had regularly sat among them, listening. The youngest among all of the visitors—who was now the only survivor—was "Cousin Georgia," as we had called her, who was now nearing 80.

Feeling some urgent need to talk once more with Cousin Georgia, I flew to where she lived in Kansas City, Kan. She welcomed me with much hugging and kissing and "Boy, you done growed up good!" And I had but to mention the old family saga and Cousin Georgia was excitedly retelling it.

The slave blacksmith Tom Murray—actually my own maternal great-grandfather—was among eight children of a noted slave gamecocker called "Chicken George" Lea, whose white master had fathered him by a slave mother named Kizzy. In turn, Kizzy had been the daughter of an African whom, according to the story, a slave ship had brought to Annapolis. There, a "Massa John Waller" had bought the African and taken him to his plantation in Spotsylvania County, Va. "That African's massa gave him the name Toby," said Cousin Georgia, "but the African declared his real name was 'Kintay.'

"And he'd called different things by their African names. Like he'd call a river 'Kamby Bolongo,' and he always said he was out choppin' some wood to make a drum when them slave catchers cotched 'im..."

Cousin Georgia's excited recollection sounded like echoes from my boyhood. Then she concluded, "Boy, your sweet Grandma an' all the rest of 'em, they settin' up there and watchin' you. Now you git on outa here and do what you got to do!"

Neither Cousin Georgia nor I remotely realized that she had launched me into the next 12 years of traveling on three continents, visiting backcountry African villages, researching in some 58 libraries, archives or other repositories, finally to write a book called "Roots."

Particularly intriguing to me were several mysterious phonetic sounds that had been preserved down through our families' generations—the sounds that my African great-great-great-great-grandfather had allegedly used in identifying for his daughter various objects on a Virginia plantation. Obviously those phonetic sounds were fragments of some African tongue. Was there any way I could learn what tongue? I spent weeks seeking an answer. Finally, at the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Jan Vansina

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told me that in the Mandinka tongue (spoken by Africa's Mandingo people) "Kamby Bolongo" probably translated to "Gambia River."

Now I felt that I simply had to go to that river. On a map, I saw The Gambia, a very narrow, small country midway along the West African coast, bisected by the Gambia River. I found a Gambian student to accompany me: Ebou Manga, then attending Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y. We flew to Dakar, Senegal, then to the Gambian capital Banjul. Ebou's father, Alhaji Malick Manga (most of the Gambians are Moslems), introduced me to four local men he said were particularly knowledgeable about the country's history.

In Roots, *LeVar Burton (second from left) portrays one of Haley's ancestors in slavery.*

In the lounge of the small Atlantic Hotel, they listened intently to my story. Then they said, "It may be significant that your forefather insisted that his name was 'Kin-tay,' for the Kintes are a very old Gambian family." The men next told me about "griots," whom they described as very old men who can recount in great detail many generations of African family histories.

Later a mini-safari was arranged to take me up river to a small village called Juffure. The 70-odd people who quickly gathered, staring at me, all were so very black that I could not help feeling myself some impure variety of brown hybrid.

"They have never here seen a black American," an interpreter whispered.

I realized that they saw me not as an individual but as a symbol of all 20-million-plus black Americans.

Then the griot, Kebba Kanga Fofana, 73 "reigns" (years) of age, in an incredible memory display, told me the history of the Kinte clan, an hours-long narrative that resembled some religious litany: "...and so-and-so took as a wife so-and-so, and begot...and begot...and begot," as the children were named. The account was sprinkled with specific details about some of the individuals who had lived more than a century ago.

I heard how many generations of the Kinte clan had lived in Old Mali, before some of them moved into Mauretania. From there, one who was named Kairaba Kunta Kinte, a Marabout holy man, had moved into The Gambia. Taking two Mandinka maidens as wives, their names being Sireng and Yaisa, he had fathered three sons, Janneh, Saloum and Omoro. Janneh and Saloum reached manhood, then left home and founded a new village. Omoro, the youngest, when he was 30 "reigns" of age, took as a wife Binta Kebba, who bore him four sons, Kunta, Lamin, Suwadu and Madi.

And now: "—about the time the King's soldiers came, the eldest of those four sons, Kunta, went away from this village to chop wood—and he was never seen again." I sat transfixed. The griot's words dovetailed with Grandma's and the other old ladies' stories told during my boyhood about our foreparent named "Kintay," who always had said he had been surprised and kidnaped while chopping wood.

With emotions rising, I thrust my notebook at an interpreter. He excitedly explained to the griot, who became greatly agitated and talked rapidly to the people. Within moments the 70-odd of them had encircled me. They were chanting, dancing; and shortly one mother after another dashed in toward me, each thrusting forth her infant, whom I briefly embraced. They were expressing, it was explained to me later, "the laying on of hands" ("Through our flesh, we are you, and you are us").

After a while, I felt that, emotionally, I could bear no more. I left the village with a driver in a Land Rover—to discover with astonishment that news of what had happened back in Juffure had preceded us to a larger village along the back-country road. Probably more than 200 of the jet-black people came jostling about the Land Rover, waving at me, crying out, "Meester Kinte!, Meester Kinte!" I am a man, but I began weeping like some baby.

I returned to the U.S. and my first telephone call brought sad news: Cousin Georgia had passed away. Later, reading a hospital report, and transposing time zones from Kansas City to West Africa, I realized that she had died literally within the hour that I had arrived in Juffure. I can only feel that since Cousin Georgia was the last survivor of those who had told the family story on Grandma's front porch, it had been her job to see me to the ancestral village, whereupon she, too, joined Grandma and all the rest whom she said were up there watchin' me—as I feel they have indeed been doing across the ensuing dozen years that it has taken me to research and write "Roots."

Black readers of the book write or speak to me emotionally of feeling a new sense of our people's long-obscured, rich history, while white readers write or speak to me of the sagas of their own families from whatever was their peoples' Old Country. Personally, I like to consider that "Roots" speaks of the American human drama, in which ancestrally we all came from somewhere across the ocean.

Finding Your Roots

Americans, particularly young people, seem afflicted with a sense of rootlessness. But this can be diminished if families will do three simple things:

1. Query family elders for their memories of earlier family history. Write them all down. Send copies to each family unit.

2. Locate and preserve those old trunks and boxes in attics and closets. Usually they contain family-history items and other memorabilia that are both precious and irreplaceable.

3. Hold annual reunions. It is particularly important to quietly influence younger people to reflect and contribute to their families' demonstrated pride in itself.—A.H.

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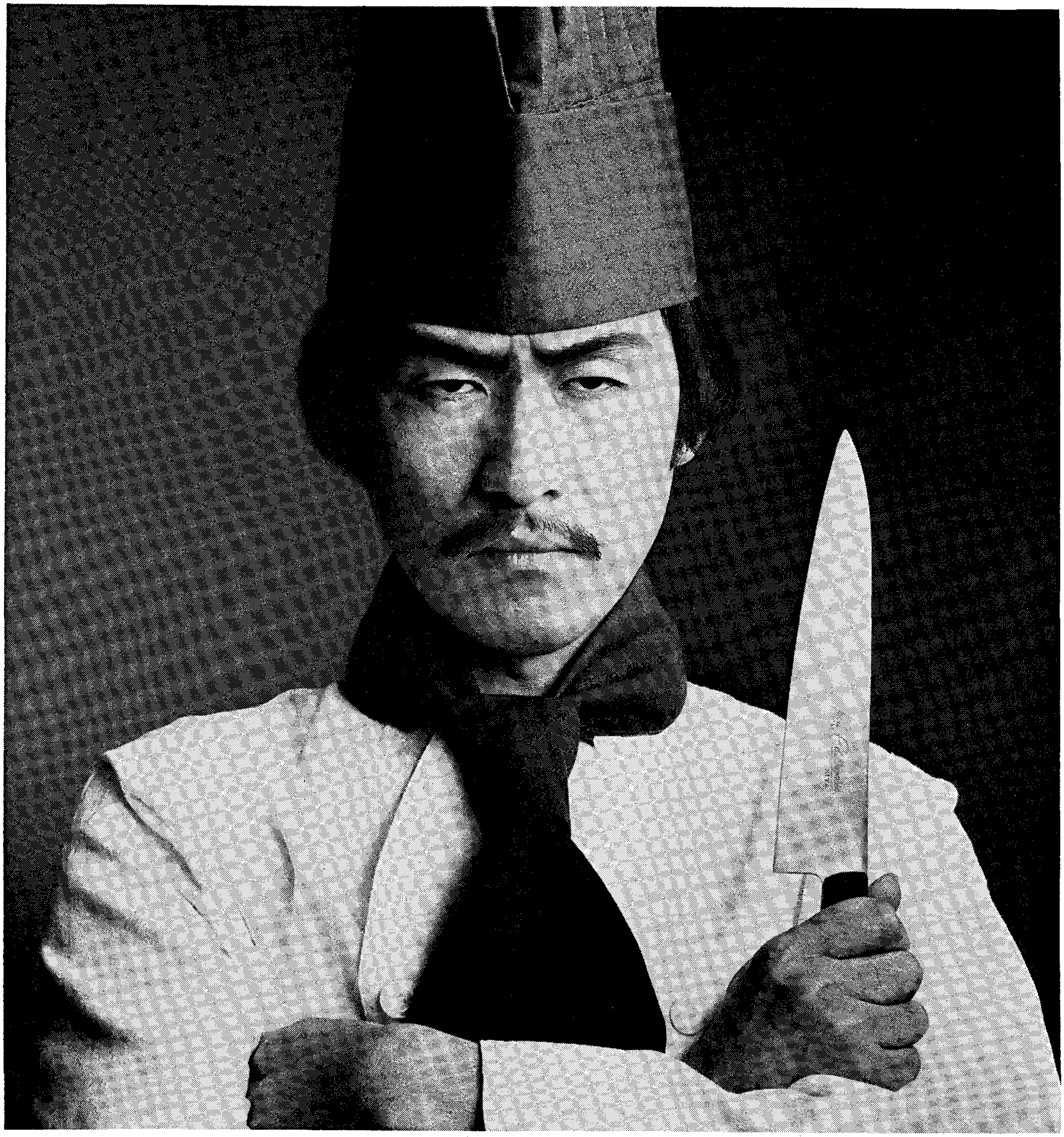

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LETTERS

Power to the People

When Richard Reeves suggests that President Carter's pollster and polls be open to public inspection ["American Journal: An Official White House Pollster—Why Not?"January 10] so that the nation becomes aware of the questions the president is asking, he perhaps accidentally trips upon an idea under discussion for the new government.

Mr. Carter has been asking for and accepting various ideas for maintaining close contact with the American public. My proposal to him is to replicate an experiment in Alaska and Puerto Rico where the governors select survey topics, professional researchers frame the questionnaire, and the data is released to all media soon after processing.

Called a Citizen Feedback System, it is a particularly Jeffersonian idea, and one that would have saved our nation much political grief if it had been applied 30 years ago, when the military applied massive amounts of survey research to Western European nations as part of the Marshall Plan—to ensure the governments there actually spoke for their own people.

If all the results are published in media, then the president's dialogue will be fully open and no one can be manipulated by it. It's time for the country to have secrecy removed from the tools of listening, just as it was removed by law from the tools of talking 200 years ago with the First Amendment.

Michael Rowan
Mill Valley, Calif.

Even the Rich Got Troubles

Your story on the upturn in the assets of the Ford Foundation ["Good News for Grantees: There's a Future at the Ford," "New York Intelligencer," January 10] has given some grant-seeking institutions the false impression that we can reverse our cutbacks.

Our assets have increased substantially from the 1974 low, but we are still paying out a much higher percentage of assets than most foundations because of previous heavy commitments. Despite good luck lately, we have a way to go before we get our accounts in balance.

Thus our program expenditures have declined in the last three years as follows: 1974, $241.7 million; 1975, $195.2 million; 1976, $150.9 million, and will be reduced further in the current year. Without these reductions, our portfolio would shrink to the point where eventually the foundation might be liquidated. What the market upturn has meant for us is that we do not have to cut back more than planned.

Roger G. Kennedy
Vice-president
The Ford Foundation
Manhattan

When's the Reformation?

Amitai Etzioni certainly hit the nail on the head in his article "Medicaid Woes: Exposé Is Not Reform" ["The City Politic," January 10]. Daily exposés are clearly not reform.

By and large, the conditions, practices, and policies which spawned the abuses are rarely, if ever, reformed. The media for all intents and purposes aims to sell products. Its purpose is to entertain not to mobilize, to titillate but not to threaten those precious little "leaks from reliable sources" and those sanctimonious, cleverly phrased denials from unnamed high officials.

The Educational Priorities Panel, a consortium of sixteen civic organizations, spent a full year checking phantom expenditure proposals (budgets) running down and running across scandalous mismanagement and organized self-serving ineptitude in the New York public schools, and it finds reform has taken a backseat to evasion.

Charles Wilson
Alliance for Children
Manhattan

Life Begins at 40?

With reference to Mark Jonathan Harris's article on living to 100 ["How to Pass the Test of Time," January 17], I note with amusement that as a hard-drinking, heavy-smoking, active New Yorker, I have a life expectancy somewhere in the late forties.

There is one thing you missed, however. Namely that the person desirous of living to be 100 who follows all of your rigorous strictures will probably die of boredom before he's ready to collect Social Security.

Stanley A. Bowker
Manhattan

A Self-Selected Elite

I was amazed, and a bit disturbed, to read William Flanagan's article on the ranking of graduate schools ["Your Own Business: Sizing Up the Graduate Schools," January 10]. It's not because I object to ranking, but because I object to a ranking based on bankrupt statistical methodology.

Even given a scientifically selected sample, the multivariate choices required in ranking the top ten graduate schools would require a pool well in excess of the 840 or even the 1,300 used by MBA Communications. But, adding insult to absurdity, the respondents were not scientifically selected; they were the products of three rounds of self-selection: first, the respondents selected to read the magazines (which are distributed free and have no accurate figures on their readership among attorneys or MBA's); second, the respondents who chose to read the particular articles; and, finally, the respondents who participated (for all we know, three or four times each!).

Deans' rankings are equally suspect. Fewer than a third of the nation's business or law deans responded, and they, too, were self-selected.

My point is not that polls, surveys, and rankings have no meaning. I even agree with *some* of the results. My point is that these surveys, polls, and rankings have no meaning because they rest on statistically invalid and unreliable data.

Kenin M. Spivak
Manhattan

Bigger and Better

I did not quit *Psychology Today* as managing editor after a disagreement with Ziff-Davis ["New York Intelligencer," January 17]. To the contrary, I simply accepted a challenging offer to create a new international and interdisciplinary magazine in *Human Nature.*

Elizabeth Hall
Cupertino, Calif.

An Essential Point

I have just received a copy of *New York* Magazine with the article "The Power of 100 Black Men," by Jacob Wortham [January 24]. *Essence* is not a fashion magazine; it is a women's full-service magazine. Moreover, according to Publishers Information Bureau, *Essence* pulled in $4 million in advertising revenues last year, not $3-million as stated.

Finally, *Essence* is not a competitor of the "ubiquitous *Ebony* and *Jet.*" It is, however, a competitor of *Good Housekeeping, Ms., Modern Bride, Woman's Day, Redbook,* etc.—those publications which address themselves to the "total" woman and her life-style.

Ed Lewis
Publisher, *Essence*
Manhattan

The City Politic / Ned Potter

WHAT IS BELLA RUNNING FOR NOW?

The Democratic primary for U.S. Senate in New York State was over in September, but Bella Abzug is still running. What she's running for is not exactly clear, but the fact that she is running seems indisputable. In the last few weeks she has played talk-show hostess in Barry Gray's old slot on WMCA, appeared on *Not for Women Only*, and opened an office on Beaver Street under the suspiciously political name of "The Bella Abzug Committee." She allowed a poll to be taken to test her chances for one office, and was rumored to be under consideration for another. What's she running for? Mayor? Why, when there is still the chance that Carter will name her chairwoman of the Federal Trade Commission?

BLACK STAR

Bella Abzug: *Currently out of a job, but running, running, always running.*

Ms. Abzug, who does not have a regular job right now, would clearly like that appointment. The FTC chair pays about as much as the congressional seat she forfeited to run for the Senate last year, and it provides a good platform for an outspoken person. Some of her political less-than-friends say she has been talking up her mayoral chances partly as a way of provoking worried potential competitors to urge Carter to appoint her to the FTC. She naturally denies such Machiavellian intent. But if indeed that was her strategy, it was successful. Not only did Mayor Beame give her the "highest recommendation" for a federal post—any federal post—but in December, when Representative Jonathan Bingham circulated a petition around Congress to recommend Bella to Carter, two of the 34 signatures he got were from Ed Koch and Herman Badillo. Presumably, when these potential mayoral candidates said they would like to see Bella go to Washington, they were less than sorry at the prospect of her leaving New York before the mayoral race heats up.

Well, all that is out of their hands now, and they may have more reason to worry than Bella does. If Carter doesn't hire her, they're not rid of her, and she's just back where she was before all this talk of a federal job began. Besides, while the FTC would be nice, it isn't the job of her dreams, and even if she gets it, it would only be part of a larger plan. She has other ways to go after her goals.

And just what are her goals? Well, let's put it this way. Suppose you were Bella, and you had spent a year and a half running for the Senate, and you had come within 10,000 votes of winning, even with three liberals in the race, even after losing the endorsement of the Americans for Democratic Action by one and a half votes, even with the vote-getting power of the banana cream pie that opponent Pat Moynihan got in the face . . . if you were Bella, and all those things happened to you, wouldn't you feel cheated? Like maybe you would have won if only a few little things had happened differently? Like it's worth another try? Well?

"There's no question that I'd like to be a senator," admits Bella sheepishly, though only amid long protestations of noncommitment. The protestations are understandable, since the next Senate race in New York is in 1980, and it would look awfully silly for her to be the only declared candidate for three years. But most of her friends guess that she is already after Jacob Javits's seat in 1980. And, while they're not about to accuse her of stepping-stone politics, they agree that almost anything she does until then is to get her into position for that race.

Her prime order of business is to stay in the public eye. The FTC would be nice for that purpose, since its importance in consumer matters would give her an instant megaphone for public statements. But other jobs might serve just as well. In fact, before circulating his petition, Representative Bingham asked Ms. Abzug what position she would like to be recommended for, and got an open-ended answer. "She said she had just about given up on a Cabinet post or the sub-Cabinet level," a Bingham aide recalls, "so maybe she'd like to be on a regulatory commission." It didn't really matter which one. The final petition sent to President Carter suggested that "the FCC or FTC might be particularly appropriate"—perhaps since both currently need new members.

As of this writing, the White House has announced no decisions. Some observers are betting against Bella for FTC because she has opposition from within the business community and from the FTC staff itself. But Carter's decisions won't affect her final goal. If she gets a Washington job, says a friend, "she'll go right on to the Senate race." If not? "She could run for mayor, out of sheer frustration. That's what she's done in the past. I think she originally ran for Congress because Lindsay didn't give her the appointment she wanted." Bella gave no indication of real interest in Gracie Mansion even after she won in a recent *Daily News* straw poll, but she was already interested enough to okay a poll of her own late last year to find out how she might do in a field of ten or eleven candidates. She is not exactly advertising the poll, but she says it showed her beating Beame by more than 7 percent, with the other candidates trailing. Who sponsored it? "I'm not gonna go into that," she says. A pause. "Look, this was presented to me by people interested in my running for mayor. And that's all I want to say about it."

Her friends seem less than enthusiastic about her running for mayor. Most sound like the one who said, "I think it would be a disaster for her." They view Ms. Abzug as an effective legislator, but, as one admits, "a really poor administrator." Many doubt that she wants to endure another tough campaign so soon after last year's loss. And what does she get if she wins? A thankless job.

If Bella takes all this negative advice, what then? "I can write, I can lecture, I can do radio or television. I think people respond if you have something to say."

Well, she *can* always lecture, "but it's not enough," warns a friend. If that were the case, she would just be an elder stateswoman speaking out randomly, like Herbert Hoover calling for isolationism in the 1950s.

It all begins to look pretty dismal, doesn't it? Might make you wish, if you were Bella, that you were still a happy congresswoman from the West Side. Don't think that hasn't occurred to somebody. After the Senate primary, Theodore Weiss, Bella's heir to the 20th Congressional District, was asked if he would be interested in accepting a judgeship if only he'd step aside and let Bella resume her career in the House. Nobody is accusing Bella of making the query, but she didn't stop it from being made, either. And since she isn't ruling out *any* future possibilities, running for her old House seat in 1978 is a possibility.

Weiss says he isn't worried. "It just doesn't seem that a congressional rerun would help her."

I mentioned this to a veteran of the Abzug-for-Senate campaign. "Oh, sure, Teddy's scared stiff of her," came the answer. "He's a good fellow, but he knows she'd beat him. Personally, I think if she runs, he ought to get up and move aside for her. It's like giving a seat on a bus to an old lady."

No such luck. "Teddy wouldn't give up," says State Senator Franz Leichter. "It would be a tough race." And as with the mayoral race, what would a victory get her? "Say she runs against me in 1978 and wins," reasons Weiss. "Then as soon as she gets into office she has to turn around and begin her campaign for the Senate. That wouldn't gain her any base; that would probably cost her some support."

The question getting lost amid all this speculation is why Bella has to run for office at all. It might best be answered by asking why those salmon swim upstream against the Columbia River every year. It seems to be in her blood, the thing she does best and most regularly. She's running now, in the dead of winter when no races are in progress, because, well, because that's what she's always doing. She's been getting reelected every two years, and now is no time to stop. Her Senate goal may not even be part of a grand plan, but a consequence of political nature—running, running, never resting, until she gets to the top of the Hill. ■

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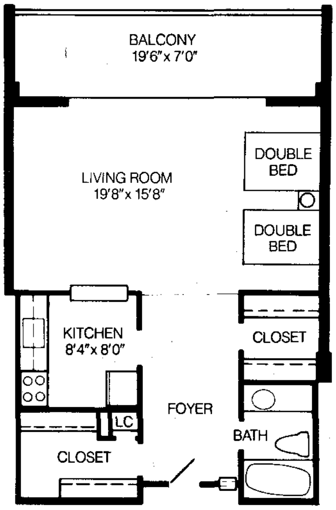

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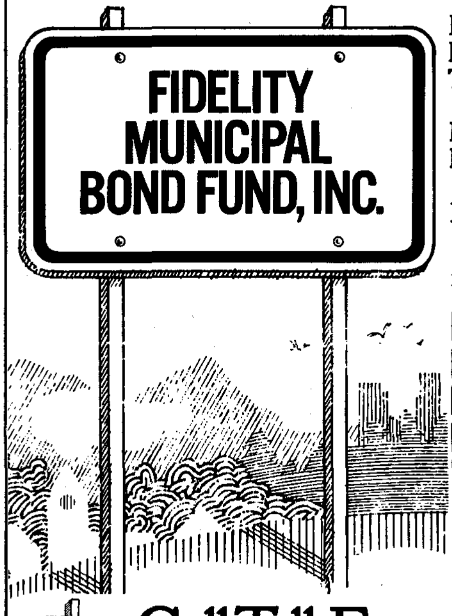

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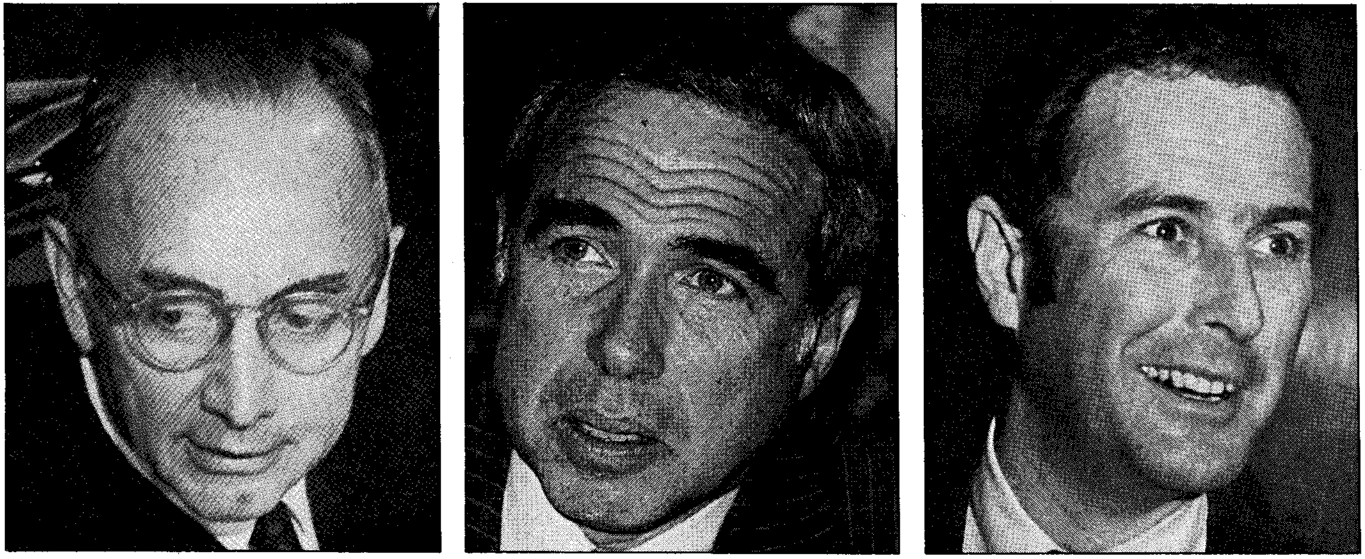
ITT AND THE SEC AGAIN: NAMES MAY BE NAMED



WIDE WORLD FRED MCDARRAH WIDE WORLD

The big names: *Chief characters in the Mediobanca affair include (from left to right): Harold Geneen, Felix Rohatyn, and Howard Aibel.*

The Mediobanca Affair

The "Mediobanca affair"—the subject of a major Securities and Exchange Commission investigation that's been ongoing for several years—may soon be coming to an end. And it could prove to be extremely embarrassing for some prominent New York names—including Big MAC chairman Felix Rohatyn.

Mediobanca, an Italian bank, paved the way for the 1970 tax-free merger of International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation and Hartford Fire Insurance Company by acquiring in 1969 1.7-million Hartford shares which were held by ITT. The circumstances surrounding the disposition of those shares have been a source of major controversy and a continuing sore point with some SEC staffers.

Informed sources tell us that the chief parties involved in the SEC investigation—ITT, Lazard Frères & Company, which was ITT's agent in the Hartford merger, and the enforcement staff of the SEC—will shortly ask the commission to approve negotiations to end the probe. Approval of such talks, it's believed, is likely to be granted.

In any such negotiations, the SEC will most probably initiate proceedings against both firms. Such an action, sources speculate, might well center on only the companies themselves, rather than individuals. However, there's a distinct possibility that the SEC, in an accompanying staff report, may name, and criticize, several principal figures which could include Harold Geneen, ITT chairman; Felix Rohatyn, a partner of Lazard Frères, an ITT director, and chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation; and Howard J. Aibel, ITT's senior vice-president and general

Is Felix Rohatyn Leaving Lazard Frères?

Felix Rohatyn, the 48-year-old financial whiz who has been masterminding New York City's efforts to bail itself out of its financial mess, is reportedly planning to leave Lazard Frères & Company, the investment banking house he's been associated with for the past 28 years. Reports have it that current hush-hush talks could result in Rohatyn's departure from Lazard this summer—possibly for a top post at Chase Manhattan or Lehman Brothers.

Rohatyn says it's not so. "I have no plans to leave Lazard," he told me. "I've had a lot of job offers, but I'm not considering any of them." However, Rohatyn did say that he plans to take a month off in six months to "rethink my life. I'm very tired. It's been a rough two years [a reference to his active role in trying to resolve the city's financial woes]."

Some top partners at Lazard Frères are also said to be unhappy over the fact that Rohatyn's involvement with the city has resulted in his bringing in little business over the last year.

On another matter, Rohatyn told me that he will step down in June as chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation and as a member of the Emergency Financial Control Board, assuming, he says, that the city's financial course is on a sound footing.

Such a move, I'm told, would be very much welcomed by Mayor Beame. It's no secret that people close to the mayor have been bad-mouthing Rohatyn, with one describing the Big MAC chairman as "abrupt, rude, and arrogant." I also have it on excellent authority that even some people close to Governor Hugh Carey have become less than ecstatic about Rohatyn's participation in the city's financial affairs.

Apparently, Rohatyn has scrapped any idea he may have had about running for mayor. "I'm not going into politics," he said.

I asked Rohatyn what he might do if he were to leave Lazard Frères. Although he said he had no plans to leave, he did comment that "I've always had a yearning to teach . . . in a small college." He added that it would be unthinkable for him to take a job at another investment banking house. Does that mean you won't take another corporate job? His response: "You can't say never. . . ."

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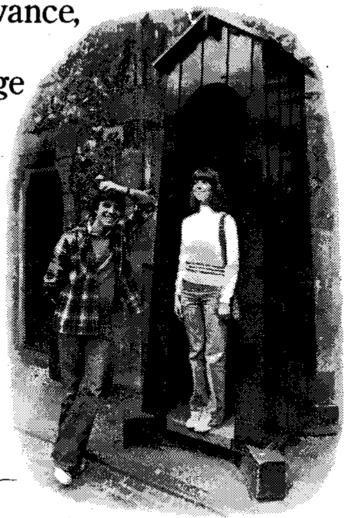

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counsel. (For an update on Rohatyn, see box, page 12.)

It's hardly a secret that the IRS, which rescinded the tax-free merger in 1974 (an action ITT has been challenging in the courts), was unhappy with the sale of the 1.7 million Hartford shares to Mediobanca. The tax code specifies that a tax-free merger may be effected only if the acquiring company "unconditionally" sells its shares in the company being acquired to an unrelated third party before the stockholders vote on the merger. But more than a few tax lawyers, including some former IRS officials, have argued that ITT simply "parked" the stock with Mediobanca in an effort to avoid an immediate loss—about $3.2 million—on the Hartford shares.

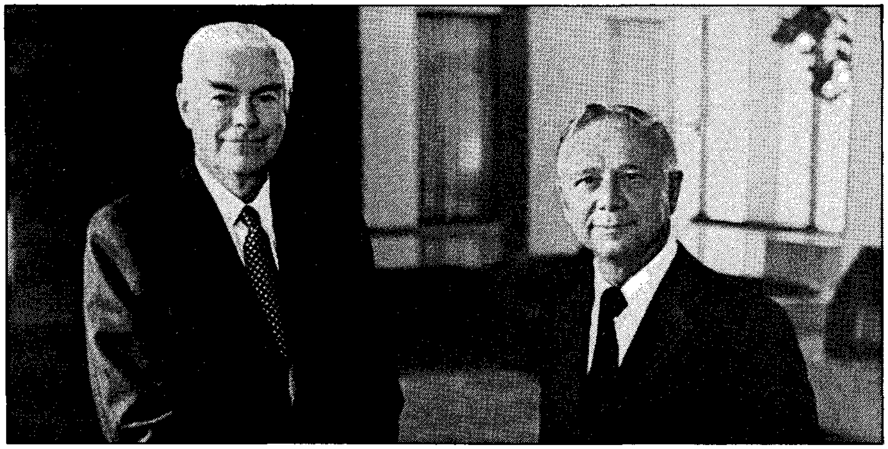
According to reports, ITT made an arrangement with Mediobanca under which the Italian bank would buy the Hartford shares, but not pay any money for them. The plan called for Mediobanca to sell the shares when their price went up (which is precisely what occurred). The proceeds were to be remitted to ITT, along with the dividends that would be earned by the Hartford shares. For this service, Mediobanca would be paid a fee. Lazard Frères had been empowered by ITT to tell Mediobanca when to sell the shares. Lazard Frères also had a side deal with Mediobanca to receive half of the fee paid by ITT.

In 1972, the SEC filed a successful suit against ITT, Mediobanca, and Lazard Frères for not registering the "resale" of the stock. The SEC also recommended at the time that ITT be charged with fraud on the ground that the conglomerate had deliberately withheld the details of the sale to Mediobanca from both the SEC and the investing public. That charge was later omitted.

Some lawyers think the SEC has a weak case against ITT and Lazard Frères. There's even talk that the commission may end the Mediobanca affair with a "wrist-slapping" report that merely recounts the circumstances of the sale and concludes with a mild disapproval.

I can't speak for the SEC, but one source close to the regulatory sector told me: "You better believe there's not going to be any whitewash. . . ."

Burroughs Insiders: Best Stock Traders Around


Lucky insiders: *Top Burroughs execs Macdonald (left) and Mirabito sold just in time.*

It's not our custom to single out nimble stock traders for praise, but I can't help marveling at the stock-market prowess of Burroughs Corporation's top management. It's not every day that eight officials of the same company (including the chairman and president) are skillful enough to dispose of sizable stock holdings in the company they work for—all in one month—just prior to a sharp break in that company's shares.

I recently reported ("The Bottom Line," January 10, 1977) that six Burroughs officers, including chairman Ray Macdonald and president P. S. Mirabito, had sold a total of about 34,000 Burroughs shares last November at prices ranging from 85⅝ to 92. (Actually, later filings showed that a total of eight directors had sold 41,500 shares.) Macdonald and Mirabito each sold about 20 percent of his Burroughs holdings (18,000 and 8,000 shares respectively), and three other officers each disposed of more than 50 percent of his Burroughs position. Interestingly, most of the sales by the Burroughs officials took place when the shares were selling in the 90–92 range (which is about where they were when I wrote the story)—sharply below their 1976 high of 108½.

The heavy sales by the Burroughs officials raised some eyebrows on Wall Street. After all, the stock was depressed and most analysts were bullish on the company. Burroughs, though, had a ready explanation. It said the sales were made solely for "tax reasons." Presumably it was the same "tax reasons" that prompted five Burroughs officials, including Mirabito, to sell another 12,900 shares in December at prices ranging from 86⅜ to 91⅞.

As things turned out, it was a marvelous investment decision. The company recently reported fourth-quarter results that included a healthy 17 percent profit rise for the period. But those same results—no doubt to the surprise of everyone in Burroughs management—also brought to the surface some very disturbing factors that shook up a lot of investors. Among them: declining backlogs, a slippage in new-order trends, and slowing sales growth—precisely the kind of developments that could wreak havoc with the shares of a big institutional favorite like Burroughs. And that's precisely what happened as several analysts immediately cut their 1977 earnings estimates. Burroughs stock—which was then trading at around 84—quickly tumbled another eleven points to the 73 level. This caused the company's shareholders to take a staggering market loss of nearly $458 million in less than a week and a half following the reported fourth-quarter results. But those lucky insiders—thanks to their timely selling—saved themselves close to $1 million.

One would imagine that Burroughs management, obviously more sophisticated than most, would almost certainly have had some early inkling of the developing trends. Not so, insists Burroughs vice-president Don Young. "They [the Burroughs officers] were not aware of any such data when they sold the stock."

The Latest on Vesco . . .

Guess whose name has popped up in an investigation by New York State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz's office? None other than Robert Vesco, the former boss of Investors Overseas Services (IOS), who fled the United States in 1972 and is now living in Costa Rica. Vesco's name has arisen in connection with the activities of Florida businessman Robert Slocum, who reportedly ripped off New Yorkers for more than $1 million with a Ponzi-type scheme that promised investors a 100 percent return on their money in just 90 days.

A sales staff headed by Slocum, who apparently runs the International Trade Development Company of Costa Rica, did indeed return some investors 100 percent on their money, which was alleged to have been invested in Costa Rican handicrafts and real estate. But then—you guessed it—suddenly there was no more money to pay off investors, including some who had rolled over their original investment.

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

February 1 through 8

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Bed and Board–Continues Truffaut's saga of Antoine Doinel, who is now married to Claude Jade. Fairly typical French young-married mixups, with Jean-Pierre Leaud's performing as Antoine beginning to pall fairly seriously. Truffaut's invention, too, sags, though there are a few bright moments. 2/3-5, RKO 59th II.

Bound for Glory–David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). Coronet.

A Brief Vacation–Vittorio de Sica's next-to-last film shows the once exciting neo-realist director well after all the "neo" was gone, and with very little of the realism left. A sentimental tale about a young working-class wife exploited by her mean husband and in-laws. Having contracted TB she is sent to an improbably lush government-operated mountain sanatorium. Here she makes interesting friendships, and almost finds love and happiness with an absurdly lyrical young worker before her former life reclaims her. Despite the fascinating but inappropriate presence of Florinda Bolkan in the lead, this can best be described as "The Magic Molehill." 2/8,9, RKO 59th I.

Cabaret–A very effective Bob Fosse musical from the Broadway hit, with brilliant cinematography and ingenious direction, and visually persuasive recreation of pre-war Berlin at its wicked worst. Unfortunately, only Joel Grey's performing is up to snuff; all the other performances, including Liza Minneli's, must be strenuously overlooked, which is not always easy. 2/4,5, Bleecker St Cinema.

Carrie–Brian DePalma's tale of horror starring Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, and Piper Laurie. Victoria 46th; U.A. East.

A Clockwork Orange–Stanley Kubrick at his splashiest, most superficially aggressive and effect-ridden worst, with neither the verbal values of the Burgess novel, nor the human values inherent in the story captured and created on screen. Sensation-seekers may derive some simplistic satisfactions. Others are likely to lament the waste, the *waste,* the WASTE. 2/3-5,Elgin.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

The Day That Shook the World–Veljko Bulajic, Marshal Tito's favorite director, deals in this film with the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo, which precipitated World War I. It is a model of everything a historical film should not be. It does not make historical and political data sufficiently clear, it does not involve us in the lives of the participants, it invents some cliche figures and stereotypical incidents, and it is shot with a dogged literalness and ponderosity that should endear it to all authoritarian heads of state. Festival.

Farewell, My Lovely–Dick Richards has directed a remake of *Murder, My Sweet* (1945). By either name, the film smells unsweet. The plot remains hard to follow and less than persuasive. But ingenious cinematography by John *(Chinatown, The Fortune)* A. Alonzo conveys period atmosphere through his very palette, and seediness or menace through superb lighting. And those wishing to feel nostalgia for 1941, can, through Dean Tavoularis's production design, get all they want here. Thru 2/1, Olympia.

Freaky Friday–Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster star as a mother and daughter who accidently change places for a day. Rounding out the cast are John Astin, Kaye Ballard, Ruth Buzzi, and Patsy Kelly. A Walt Disney production. Guild; RKO 86th I.

The Front–Martin Ritt's film is all facade, posturing, cliches, and cutenesses; it might as well have been made by people whose information about McCarthyism came from a couple of magazine articles, and whose knowledge of human beings from Earl Wilson's column. Even at that, the film may owe its existence to the fact that it deals with blacklisting on television only, and does not foul its own nest, however prefouled that may be. Thru 2/1, Art; New Yorker; Playboy; 72nd St E.

CLOUD CUCKOOLAND

Genevieve Bujold smiles at a private joke in Philippe De Brocca's **King of Hearts,** a comic parable in which the inmates of an asylum take over a small French town during World War I. In the cast are Alan Bates and Jean-Claude Brialy. At the Fine Arts, 58th St between Park and Lexington.

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis–A rather feeble novel yields an even weaker film from an exhausted Vittorio de Sica. The plot has become melodramatic, while the characters remain nebulous. The film is mostly cliches wrapped in pastel-colored gauze through which it seems to be photographed, and the performances are at best acceptable, at worst (Dominique Sanda, Helmut Berger) hollow simulacra. De Sica, Jr.'s soupy score is an additional burden. 2/8,9, RKO 59th I.

Giant–George Stevens's 1956 film is a sprawling Texas family saga, a fairly good but not outstanding example of commercial filmmaking. There is sweep to this film, but it is a pedestrian kind of sweep, and neither Liz Taylor nor Rock Hudson adds much to it. There is, however, James Dean, for those who are curious about the Dean myth; the actor did have something real enough to offer, but his greatness has been greatly exaggerated. 2/7, Bleecker St Cinema.

Harlan County, U.S.A.–Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miners' strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. Cinema II.

The Hindenburg–Robert Wise's film concerns an old disaster, comes when the disaster genre shows signs of age, and has plot, characters, and dialogue that, besides being improbable, are impossibly old-hat. Among its dubious distinctions is a score by David Shire that is one of the vilest ever concocted even for a disaster movie, and loud enough to be an explosion in itself. Another is the casting of Anne Bancroft as a German countess. 2/2-9, Playboy.

How Funny Can Sex Be–Film marks yet another step down in the always uneven but formerly sometimes dazzling oeuvre of Dino Risi. In his best films, he could attain a modest profundity. Here, he is profoundly tasteless, yet not entirely funny, in the eight sexual vignettes ranging from healthy vulgarity to perfect swinishness that should delight the pig in everyone. Giancarlo Giannini proves yet again what a delicious comedian he is. 2/2-8, Olympia.

Jonah Who Will Be Twenty-Five in the Year 2000 –An Alain Tanner film, composed of rambling episodes from the lives of eight good people, more or less left-oriented Genevans or French from across the border, all of whom will act as mentors to Jonah, who is about to be born to two of them. There are a few pleasing performances, notably from Jacques Denis, Raymond Bussieres, and the incomparable Miou-Miou. Thru 2/8, Quad.

King Kong–This new version, directed by John Guillermin, tried hard to come up with things the original lacked—Freud, feminism, ecology, social satire, spoofing of astrology, and above all, sympathy for the ape. The romance now is much more between beast and girl than between boy and girl. But nothing substantial has been added and something considerable has been forfeited. Thru 2/8, Loews Orpheum; Loews State I. From 2/9, Embassy 49th.

Last Tango in Paris–About sex, love, and death among today's disaffected young and disenchanted middle-aged, this purports to be a social document, eroticism at its best, and a work of art, but despite fancy positions and posturings, fails at all three. Neither Bertolucci's directorial attidunizing, nor the actors' elaborate improvisations come to much beyond one good sex scene (the first), and Brando's vaunted performance is merely an anthology of all his former ones, while Maria Schneider's main talent is for looking unwashed even in a bathtub. Modish cinematography, bad music, and dialogue full of pratfalls. Thru 2/3, St. Marks Cinema.

The Last Tycoon–The movie version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's book is an honorable failure, honorable because it tries to serve its vision of the original faithfully; failure because that vision falls considerably short of Fitzgerald's. Elia Kazan directed, and his naturalism laced with expressionalistic touches introduces elements to disharmonize with Harold Pinter's screenplay, and Fitzgerald's book. Robert De Niro's Monroe Stahr, the protagonist, is perfection itself, but Ingrid Boulting, the Kathleen, is disastrous. Thru 2/10, Cinema I.

Madam Kitty–An abominable as well as ludicrous film about a fancy Nazi brothel bugged for spying on German officers, in which Helmut Berger performs rather like stale Limburger, shows that even as fine an actress as Ingrid Thulin can become an unholy mess in so asinine a movie. Directed by Tinto Brass, a fifth-rate Italian cineast. Quad; thru 2/3, RKO Cinerama II; RKO 86th II; Trans-Lux E.

Marathon Man–John Schlesinger's tale of espionage and double agents, where the C.I.A. is as villainous as the big-time ex-Nazi (Laurence Olivier) now based in South America, has as its hero a little Jewish schlemiel (Dustin Hoffman) who, after he has been kicked and tormented too much, asserts himself and destroys all his torturers. 8th St Cinema.

The Marquise of O. . .–Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. 68th St Playhouse; from 2/3, Embassy 72nd.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Sutton; Paramount.

The Pink Panther Strikes Again–Distinctly superior to its predecessor, *The Return of the Pink Panther,* this one features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it may be. With Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Colin Blakely, Leonard Rossiter, and Lesley-Anne Down. Forum, Eastside, Trans-Lux 85th; Greenwich; Loews Triplex; Columbia II.

Providence–Alain Resnais's first English-language film is his first unmitigated disaster. John Gielgud, the partially hidden narrator of the film, an old dying man, imagines a convoluted scenario involving a love triangle made up of his legitimate son, his illegitimate son, and the former's wife (Dirk Bogarde, David Warner, and Ellen Burstyn). Cinema III.

Pumping Iron–A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet it does have its riveting passages, as when we see the screen wellnigh explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. Plaza.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Murray Hill; Greenwich; Loews Triplex; Columbia I.

La Salamandre–A journalist and a writer, for the sake of a TV program, dig up a girl who was accused of trying to shoot her uncle, and who now toils at a dull job. Freed from it, she becomes more or less involved with both men, and ends up as a drifter. A boring and pretentious film; but it is hard to say whether we are to blame Switzerland, whose social conditions it purports to denounce; or Alain Tanner, the overpraised filmmaker, who specializes in heavyhanded earnestness; or even the uninteresting cast, which includes the vastly overrated Bulle Ogier as the girl. 2/8, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze the cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Thru 2/8, Embassy 46th; Beekman; Quad; Little Carnegie.

Silver Streak–An expensive attempt, directed by Arthur Hiller, at crossbreeding *The Lady Vanishes* and *Twentieth Century.* It is not so much a cross-fertilization as a cross-sterilization. Jill Clayburgh, once again unworthily cast, once again keeps her head above ditchwater. Gene Wilder is miscast in a young-Jimmy Stewart role, and Patrick McGoohan is loathsome above the line of duty. Thru 2/8, Loews Tower East.

Small Change–Francois Truffaut's film is small potatoes, a totally unstructured agglomeration of episodes, some charming, some ordinary, some tired and rather tiresome. It all leads up to nothing more than a lengthy tirade or homily by a sympathetic teacher who lectures his pupils about the need for comprehension and above. Waverly.

Stay Hungry–It is one thing for director Bob Rafelson to make a movie about body builders who muscle in on certain beaches where they become objects of mingled awe and ridicule, but it is quite another for him to make these fanatics with no room in their bodies for a mind, healthy or otherwise, into a symbol of noble striving. However, Jeff Bridges is good as always: natural and winning. From 2/4, RKO 86th II; RKO Cinerama II.

The Story of Adele H.–Truffaut's latest film is about the daughter of Victor Hugo who, growing up in the Channel Island of Guernsey, whither her father was banished, had the misfortune to fall in love with a British lieutenant who eventually tired of her, both on Guernsey and in London, where she had followed him. Unfortunately, Truffaut has opted for swift, short episodes, trying to make out of lean, restless vignettes a sweeping canvas of love, madness, personal tragedy. The gifted, adorable, rising young star, Isabelle Adjani, under twenty when she made this film, plays Adele, and Bruce Robinson the lieutenant. 2/3-5, RKO 59th I.

Two-Minute Warning–100,000 people; 32 exits; one sniper. . .at a football game! Suspence drama, directed by Larry Peerce, features Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, David Janssen, Jack Klugman, Walter Pidgeon, Gena Rowlands, and 100,000 others. 2/2-9, Playboy.

Two Women–Vittorio De Sica's last film worth serious consideration, based on a Moravia novel. A grim story of a mother and daughter's painful experiences during World War II, told and acted with insight and dignity. Sophia Loren and Jean-Paul Belmondo (the latter cast against type as a priest) are superb, as is everyone else. The director treats the brutal subject with great tact but without loss of impact, and the film is a fine testimonial to the strength of simple people. Thru 2/1, Thalia.

Voyage of the Damned–Film is numbingly earnest in its intentions and crushingly dull in its execution, which is a pity for several reasons. Based on a shattering historical event with serious present-day implications, in handling so many characters, there is scant opportunity for developing any of them. Here characterizations are reduced to formulas and platitudes, a shorthand that is the very antithesis of living art. With Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, Oskar Werner, Jose Ferrer, Orson Welles, James Mason, Malcolm McDonald, and a zillion others. Thru 2/8, Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Cine; 34th St East.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 2/1, *The Front.* From 2/2, to be announced.

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *A Star Is Born.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (674-2560). 2/1, Shorts by Meliés & Bunuel. 2/2, *My Life to Live; La Salamandre.* 2/3, *A Woman Is a Woman; My Life to Live.* 2/4, *Cabaret; A Woman Is a Woman.* 2/5, *Three-Penny Opera; Cabaret.* 2/6, *The Blue Angel; Three-Penny Opera.* 2/7, *Giant.* 2/8, Avant-Garde films.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 2/1, *Jezebel; Mrs. Miniver.* 2/2, *The Seven Samurai.* 2/3, *If. . .; Deep End.* 2/4, *Shame; The Passion of Anna.* 2/5, *The Music Lovers; The Loves of Isadora.* 2/6, *Carefree; Flying Down to Rio.* 2/7, *The Night of the Hunter; All the Way Home.* 2/8, *La Salamandre; Charles—Dead or Alive.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). Thru 2/10, *The Last Tycoon.* From 2/11, *Fellini Casanova.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Harlan County, U.S.A.*

Cinema III, 2 W 59 (752-5959). *Providence.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Rocky.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Bound for Glory.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 2/1, *In Search of Noah's Ark.* From 2/2, *The Marquise of O. . .*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *Marathon Man.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Rocky.*

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th (675-0935). 2/1, *The Boy Friend; The Music Lovers; Myra Breckinridge* 2/2, *Portrait of Hell; Tattooed Swordswoman.* 2/3-5, *A Clockwork Orange; Performance; Beyond the Valley of the Dolls.* 2/6-8, *Spellbound; Psycho; The Paradine Case.* 2/9, *Sword of Doom; Kill.*

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). Thru 2/8, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* From 2/9, *Rocky.*

Embassy 49th, at Bdway (582-4066). Thru 2/8, *Marathon Man.* From 2/9, *King Kong.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 2/2, *Small Change.* From 2/3, *The Marquise of O. . .*

Festival, 57th St & Fifth Ave (581-2323). *The Day That Shook the World.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The King of Hearts.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Rocky.*

Guild, 33 W 50, nr 5th Ave (PL 7-2406). *Freaky Friday.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). Thru 2/8, *Voyage of the Damned.* From 2/9, *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 2/8, *Voyage of the Damned.* From 2/9, *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 2/8, *King Kong.* From 2/9, *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. Thru 2/8, *King Kong.* From 2/9, *Fun with Dick and Jane.* II. Thru 2/8, *Rocky.* From 2/9, *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 2/8, *Silver Streak.* From 2/9, *Fun with Dick and Jane.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *Rocky.* II. *Freaky Friday.* III. *Marathon Man.*

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Rocky.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd (956-7078). 2/1, noon, Abel Gance; 2:30, *The Wind;* 6 p.m. What's Happening. 2/3, 2:30, *L'Affaire Est dans le sac;* 6 p.m. *The Prisoner of Karlsten Castle;* 8:30, *Terje Vigen & Love and Journalism.* 2/4, 2:30, *Ingeborg Holm;* 6 p.m. *L'Affaire Est dans le sac.* 2/5, noon, *Pygmalion;* 2:30, *Ingeborg Holm;* 4 p.m. Three films by Georg af Klercker. 2/6, noon. *Pygmalion;* 2:30, *Terje Vigen & Love and Journalism;* 5 p.m. *Tartuffe.* 2/7, noon, Swedish film classics; 2:30, Films by Georg af Klercker; 6 p.m. *The Girl from Stormycroft.* 2/8, noon, Swedish film classics; 2:30, *The Girl from Stormycroft;* 6 p.m. What's Happening?

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 2/1, *Swept Away; The Man Who Fell to Earth.* From 2/2, to be announced.

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 2/1, *The Front; Farewell My Lovely.* 2/2-8, *How Funny Can Sex Be?; Where Does It Hurt?*

Paramount, 61st & Bdway (247-5070). *Network.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 2/1, *The Front; Take the Money and Run.* 2/2-9, *Two-Minute Warning; The Hindenburg.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Pumping Iron.* (Live body building demonstrations after evening performances.)

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. Thru 2/8, *Jonah Who Will Be 25 in The Year 2000; Chloe in the Afternoon.* II. Thru 2/8, *Madam Kitty.* III. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* IV. *The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 2/1, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town; A Man's Castle.* 2/2-5, *Cover Girl; Pal Joey.* 2/6,7, *The Awful Truth; She Married Her Boss.* 2/8,9, *In a Lonely Place; Knock on Any Door.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. Thru 2/1, *Muthers; The Human Tornado.* From 2/2, to be announced. II. Thru 2/3, *Madam Kitty; Fritz the Cat.* From 2/4, *Stay Hungry; Gator.*

RKO 59th St I & II, nr 2nd Ave (688-1717). I. *The Enforcer.* II. 2/1,2, *The Confession; "Z".* 2/3-5, *The Story of Adele H; Bed and Board.* 2/6,7, *The Nazarin; Simon of the Desert.* 2/8,9, *Garden of the Finzi-Continis; A Brief Vacation.* 2/10-12, *Nights of Cabiria; Clowns.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Freaky Friday.* II. Thru 2/3, *Madam Kitty; Fritz the Cat.* From 2/4, *Stay Hungry; Gator.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 2/1, *The Front.* From 2/2, to be announced.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (777-1955). 2/1-3, *Last Tango in Paris; Inserts.* 2/4-8, *Stay Hungry; Lenny.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Marquise of O. . .*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Network.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 2/1, *Two Women; Open City.* From 2/2, *Elevator to the Gallows.*

Theater St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). Thru 2/1, *Showboat; Roberta.* 2/2,3, *Secret Agent; The Man Who Knew Too Much.* 2/4,5, *Little Women* (Katharine Hepburn); *Pride and Prejudice.* 2/6,7, *To Be or Not To Be; Swing High, Swing Low.* 2/8,9, *Detective Story; Carrie* (Jennifer Jones).

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Voyage of the Damned.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Madam Kitty.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Carrie.*

Victoria, 46th & Bdway (354-5636). *Carrie.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Small Change.*

Ziegfeld, 54th betw 6th & 7th (765-7600). *A Star Is Born.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, February 1

THE LITTLE SPARROW

Juliette Koka plays the title role in **Piaf. . .A Remembrance,** a new play based on the late French singer's life, which starts previews tonight and opens 2/14. Directed by Lee Rachman; also in the cast are Edmund Lyndeck and Lou Bedford. Playhouse, 359 W 48th Street (541-9820).

Wednesday, February 2

Otherwise Engaged–Tom Courtenay stars in a new play by Simon *(Butley)* Gray as a publisher who is constantly interrupted when he wants nothing more than to listen to his new Wagner recordings. With Michael Lombard, Nicholas Coster, John Horton, Carolyn Lagerfeld. Directed by Harold Pinter. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Friday, February 4

The Cherry Orchard–A revival of the Chekhov play, adapted by Jean-Claude van Itallie, directed by Andrei Serban. With Irene Worth, George Voskovec, Raul Julia, Meryl Streep, Marybeth Hurt, Cathryn Damon. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/17 opening. Runs thru 4/3. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616).

Saturday, February 5

Caesar and Cleopatra–Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley star in the George Bernard play, directed by Ellis Raab. With Paul Hecht, Novella Nelson, and Patrick Hines. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/15 opening. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626).

Tuesday, February 8

American Buffalo–A new play by David *(Sexual Perversity in Chicago)* Mamet which takes place in a junk shop and deals with two old men and a youth who becomes involved in a robbery. With Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/16 opening. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

CURRENT

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long, Josephine Premice, and Vivian Reed. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes, Marge Redmond, and George Grizzard look as foolish as they are made to sound. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature. it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* On 2/7, Ann Reinking replaces Gwen Verdon. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's taut, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Comedians–Trevor Griffiths's uneven but often brilliant dissection of the place of laughter in today's world of debased standards. There are gags here to please the crowd, but they explode like smokebombs. Mike Nichols's direction is wonderfully taut and understated, and a splendid all-male cast, notably Jonathan Pryce as a funnyman filled with hatred, provides some spectacular theater even when the play loses its way, as it occasionally does. Music Box Theater, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land–Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes berserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Nothing has aged so much that this 1964 Bock-Harnick-Stein musical has lost any appreciable glow. Even so, as Zero Mostel has had to slow down his timing in the lead role, and as some key members of the new cast fail to erase memories of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly clear that the real "Fiddler" is Jerome Robbins, whose staging transmutes common clay into something like gold. Since Mr. Robbins returned to restage this revival, it has become, once again, an imperative. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Guys and Dolls–Damon Runyon's Broadway lingo has been translated by Billy Wilson into black jive, with results more joyous than anyone might have dreamed possible. This is one of the best of all recent musical revivals, and Frank Loesser's flawless score makes 25 years sound like overnight. The cast — led by Ernestine Jackson, an absolute charmer, as Sarah; Norma Donaldson as a wonderfully brassy Adelaide; James Randolph and Robert Guillaume as the top gamblers — hasn't a weak member. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2 & 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m. Broadway, Bdway at 53rd (247-7992).

Ipi-Tombi–Tepid, tedious revue about nobility and suffering among South Africans, with bland songs (by Bertha Egnos) that purport to capture the native essence but are actually cheap, sentimental ripoffs of a culture surely more vital than portrayed here. The ethnic verities are about on a level with *Hiawatha.* Harkness, Bdway at 63rd (581-6000).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

My Fair Lady–Jerry Adler's direction tends to draw heavy lines under the best-loved moments, but he cannot obliterate this memento of popular musical theater's brightest creation. Christine Andreas's Eliza sounds better than it looks, but Ian Richardson is a flinty Higgins, and George Rose a roistering Doolittle. Tues thru Sat; evenings at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 3/13, Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Night of the Iguana–Not Tennessee Williams's best play, but also not as dull and flat as made out in this generally misguided revival. As the tormented, defrocked preacher, Richard Chamberlain is all juvenile redneck, given to gargling his best lines; as the object of his seedy love-games, Sylvia Miles comes on like a defrocked thug. Joseph Hardy's direction cannot cover these inadequacies, and the drab lighting by H. R. Poindexter further drains the play of much of its rudimentary poetry. Thru 2/20. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway, nr 8th Ave (581-0720).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard, Sherman Yellen. Weeknights at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Mon, Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 45th nr 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412).

The Robber Bridegroom–Eudora Welty's folk-fable turned into a country-music jamboree by Alfred Uhry (words) and Robert Waldman (music). The show has a certain seedy, kicky charm, but the songs aren't much in themselves and Gerald Freedman's direction tends to drive some of the jokes into the ground. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone*. As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes pose-striking for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Ugh. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (Cl 6-6699).

The Trip Back Down–John Collum wanders through John Bishop's play with a worried look, which could mean that he has read it. Mr. Bishop—who, the program ingenuously points out, had only *thought* about writing until three years ago—is here concerned with an out-of-luck racing-car driver who returns home in search of "the answers." The Pits. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Another Way To Love–Dramatization of sex fantasies. Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. Loft Cabaret Theater. 127 Grand St (580-9119).

Antigone–Sophocles's play, directed by Martin Zurla. Thurs thru Sat, thru 2/5 at 8 p.m. 2/6 at 3 p.m. $2.50. Title Theater, 155 Bank St (924-7790).

The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria–Fernando Arrabal play, with Ronald Perlman and Lazaro Perez. Thru 2/12, at 8 p.m. $6. LaMama's Annex, 66 E 4th St (475-7710).

Ashes–David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto unknown here) is something close to wonderful, as is the performance by a four-member cast directed by Lynne Meadow. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Brothers–A new play by Eric Krebs, directed by Dino Narizzano. Thru 2/5, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Soho Artists Theater, 465 W Bdway (473-2954).

The Brownsville Raid–Douglas Turner Ward stars in a play by Charles Fuller which takes place on a U.S. army post in that Texas town in 1906, when, it was reported, a troop of black career soldiers raided the town. Directed by Israel Hicks, it's a tenth anniversary Negro Ensemble Company production. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 3:30 & 8:30; Sun 2:30 & 7. Thru 2/27, Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Castaways–By Stimac, Anderson & Whyte, a musical, based on an early American play of Mordecai Noah, directed by Tony Tanner, with Kathleen Widdoes. Promenade Theater, Bdway & 76th St (799-7690).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Coming to Terms–A romantic comedy by Michael Shurtleff, directed by Gail Kellstrom. Fri,Sat,Sun 2/4,5,6. $2.50. Corner Loft, 121 University Pl & 13th (CH 3-5689).

METAPHYSICS UNLIMITED

Glenn Close appears in the English language premiere of **The Crazy Locomotive,** by Stanislaw Witkiewicz, directed by Des McAnuff, which is a mysterious comedy bordering on farce, complete with an electronic music score by Pril Smiley, and film segments contributed by John Allen and Jeff Dell. 2/4-13, Theater Four, 424 W 55th (246-8545).

Curtains–A bizarre comedy by Tom Mallin, directed by Allen Savage. Thurs thru Sun. T. Schreiber Theater, 83 E 4th St (874-7509).

David Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations,* two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Don't Cry, Child, Your Father's in America–A new play by Herb Schapiro about Lower East Side immigrants in New York, directed by Mark Tilley. Three weekends, 2/5-20. $2.50. Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Double Bill–Ramon Delgado's *Once Below a Lighthouse*, and Richard Hall's *The Love Match.* Wed thru Sat at 9 p.m. 2/2-19. $4. The Glines, 260 West Bdway (925-2619).

Double Bill–GBS's *How He Lied to Her Husband,* and *Annajanska;* both directed by Arthur Reel. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 5 p.m. 2/4-3/20. $3. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Double Bill–Susan Yankowitz's *Still Life,* and Samuel Beckett's *The Expelled,* directed by Rhea Gaisner. Thurs thru Sun, 2/3-13, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Women's Interart Center, 549 W 52nd (575-9415).

Double Bill–August Strindberg's *Playing with Fire,* and John Mortimer's *Lunch Hour;* both directed by Charles Maryan. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3; Mon at 7, thru 2/14. $2.50. Counterpoint, 333 Sixth Ave at W 4th (799-6954).

Double Bill–Ray Bradbury's *The Fog Horn,* and August Strindberg's *Motherlove.* Thurs-Sun, 8 p.m. Thru 2/6. $3. N.Y.T.E., 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

The Double Inconstancy–The 250-year-old play, written for Commedia dell'arte players, by Marivaux, directed by Albert Asermely. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2 p.m. 2/3-20. $2.50. Riverside Church, 120 Riverside Drive (364-2929).

Drama Committee Repertory–Henrik Ibsen's *The League of Youth.* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, thru 3/20. G.B. Shaw's *Man of Destiny,* Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 5 & 8 p.m. thru 2/20. Gate Theater, 2nd Ave at 10th St (929-8377).

The Dybbuk–S. Ansky's play directed by Stephen Zuckerman. Fri, Sat, and Mon at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 2/7. $2.50. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Greenwich Village Follies–Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave (533-8010).

Hay Fever–Noel Coward's play, directed by Doric Wilson. Thru 2/6, Fri, Sat & Sun at 8:30, $2.50. TOSOS, 257 Church St (226-1124).

Hold Me!–Jules Feiffer's play, staged by Caymichael Pattern, with Geraldine Brooks, Kathleen Chalfant, Paul Dooley, Dalienne Majors, and Michael Tucci. Thurs & Mon at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. thru 2/7. Subplot Cabaret, American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

STAR-CROSSED DANCER

Marian Seldes has the title role in the American Place Theater's production of Jeff Wanshel's **Isadora Duncan Sleeps with the Russian Navy,** a dramatic vaudeville tracing the dancer's life. Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat at 7:30; Thurs at 6:30; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. At APL, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Israel Horovitz Repertory–People's Theater Ensemble offers Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx* and *It's Called the Sugarplum,* Thurs and Sat at 8 p.m. and *Morning* and *Rats,* Fri at 8 p.m., 18th St Plyhouse, 145 W 18th (242-3900).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Caretaker,* 2/5 at 7:30. P.B. Shelley's *The Cenci,* 2/4, 7:30 p.m., 2/5 at 10:30. Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* 2/6 at 3 p.m. Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

John Gabriel Borkman–Henrik Ibsen's play deals with an old man's protest against his failing powers and the conflict between two sisters who have a life-long battle for his love. With Gale Sondergaard, Jan Farrand, and Robert Pastene. Thru 2/15, Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

Johnny Belinda–Elmer Harris's play about a young deaf mute and the doctor who leads her out of her world of isolation. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. 2/2-19. Little Church, 11 E 29th (679-7174).

The League of Youth–A rarely performed political comedy by Henrik Ibsen, directed by Arthur Reel. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, 2/3-3/20. Gate Theater, 162 Second Ave (575-1115).

The Kalevala–A work based on the Finnish epic song-story, presented by the Talking Band. Thurs thru Sun, Thru 2/6, at 8 p.m. $3. Theater Genesis, St Marks Church, 10th St at 3rd Ave (924-5451).

Look Back In Anger–John Osborne's serious look at rebellious youth directed by Sonia Moore. Fri thru Sun at 7:30; Sun at 3. Greenwich Mews, 141 W 13th St (755-5120).

Lulu–A new musical based on the plays by Frank Wedekind, adapted and directed by Allen R. Belknap. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, thru 2/6. $2.50. Direct Theater, 455 W 43rd (765-2117).

Macbeth–Shakespeare's play, directed by Ted Story. Thru 2/5, Fri, Sat & Mon at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Manhattan Theater Club–Athol Fugard's *Boesman and Lena,* with Robert Christian and Frances Foster, directed by Thomas Bullard. Wed thru Sun at 8:15, Sun at 2:30. $4. Thru 2/13. **Upstage Theater:** *Billy Irish* by Thomas Babe. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at

3. $2.50. **Theater Club:** Songs from *Nell Gwynne,* a baroque rock musical by Peter Schickele. 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Marco Polo Sings a Solo–John Guare's new comedy, directed by Mel Shapiro, with Joel Grey, Anne Jackson, Larry Bryggman, Jim Jansen, Madeline Kahn, Chris Sarandon, and Sigourney Weaver. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Memphis Is Gone–A new play with music by Richard Hobson; directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. With Kevin O'Connor, John Kellogg, Jean de Baer, Bill Snickowski. St Clements Theater, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

M'liss or Gold in Them Thar Hills–A musical valentine to the Old West, based on the Bret Harte Story, directed by Robert Dahdah. Tues thru Fri at 7:30, Sat and Sun at 3 p.m. and 7:30. $5.50 (Children $3). O'Lunney's, 915 Second Ave (242-3900).

The Mulligan Guard Ball–Edward Harrigan's 100-year-old American classic, a lower East Side comedy of the Irish, Germans, and blacks, directed by Richard Kuss. Thurs-Sat at 8; Sun at 3, thru 2/13. American Theater Company, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

My Life–There's an honest-to-god swimming pool on the stage, but Corinne Jacker's new play — one of those where-did-I-go-wrong talking photo albums — won't wash. The Circle Rep earmarks are there: Marshall W. Mason's fluent direction, and good work by some of the company's regular actors; but this is one of the company's more negligible efforts. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at $3. Circle Repertory Theater, 99 Seventh Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Nightclub Cantata–A congenial revue of songs by the prolific and versatile Elizabeth Swados, arranged by her and sung with high style by eight immensely talented youngsters including the author. A few of the lovesongs are a mite sweet; one or two others stoop to the glitzy earnestness of Brel, but the show contains enough dazzling talent to outweigh passing flaws. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (GR 5-5122).

No Exit–Jean Paul Sartre's play, directed by Rose Lynch. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Oedipus–James Earl Jones appears in a new version of the Sophocles piece by John Lewin, directed by David Gild. Jacqueline Brooks is the Jocasta. 2/4,5,11,12,17,18 at 8 p.m. 2/6,13,19, at 7:30 & 9:30 p.m. $4. Cathedral of St John the Divine, 112th St & Amsterdam Ave (678-6923).

Peg o' My Heart–J. Hartley Manners's romantic comedy, directed by Gene Nye. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. $3.50. Thru 2/20. Lion Theater, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

The Pleasure of Honesty–Luigi Pirandello's comedy, directed by Kirt Alexander. Thurs thru Sat, thru 2/5, at 8. $2.50. NYC Rep, 437 W 46th (JU 6-3700).

Quaigh's Lunchtime Theater–August Strindberg's *Playing With Fire,* a comic look at a love triangle with more than three angles, directed by Peter del Valle. Thru 2/4, Monday thru Friday at 12:15 p.m. Bring your lunch. $1.50. Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

The Selection–Directed by Joel Benenson, performed by Harvey Lieberman. 2/3-5, at 8 p.m. $3. The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

The Shadow of a Gunman–Sean O'Casey's play, directed by Lawrence Zucker. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. 2/3-20. $2.50. Classic Theater, 110 W 14th (242-3900).

The Soft Touch–A dark farce by Neil Cuthbert about a night when a young man's worst fears come true. Directed by John Bettenbender. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, Thru 2/20. $3.50. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

Soho Repertory–*What the Butter Saw,* 2/4 at 8:30; 2/5 at 10:30; 2/6 at 7:30. *You, The Jury,* 2/5 at 7:30; 2/6 at 4:30. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Strindberg Repertory–*The Stronger* and *The Creditors,* Tues, Thurs & Sat at 8; Sat mat at 3; and *The Stronger* and *Miss Julie,* Wed, Fri & Sun at 8; Sun mat at 3. $2.50. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

Summertree–A revival of Ron Cowen's play, directed by Mark Silverstein. 2/8-11, at 7:30 p.m. Educational Theater, 35 W 4th St (475-9057).

Tits Diamond–Disco-spectacle by Mark Bramble, with songs by Lee Pockriss and Steve Brown, directed by Anthony Stimac and starring Sydney Blake as the ultimate superspy who outwits Nazis, deviated preverts, and the Pope. The Loft, 147 Mercer St., Tues, Wed, and Thurs at 8, Thru 2/10. (228-0900)

Triple Bill–Arthur Williams's *Waiting for the Moon, Melancholy Baby,* and *Pearls;* directed by Robert Daddah. Thurs thru Sun, thru 2/6. $2.50. Theater for the New City, 113 Jane St (691-2220).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galbway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

Women Behind Bars–Monte Rock III stars in the role of the prison matron in Tom Eyen's spoof of all those 1930's prison movies. Loathsome. Tues-Thurs, 8; Fri, 9; Sat, 8 & 10:30; Sun, 4 & 8. Truck and Warehouse Theater, 79 E 4th St (777-0140).

Yerma–Lorca's play, directed by Luz Castanos and Victor Acosta. 2/4,5,11,12,18,19; 3/4,5,11, at 8 p.m. 2/6,13,20,27; 3/6, at 3 p.m. Nuestro Teatro, 277 Park Ave So (673-9430).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave. French nightclub with singer Rita Dimitri, and, thru 2/11, singer Jan Kiepura Jr. Closed Sundays (752-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lexington. Roberto and Mitsuko Revue. Also Javier and his Marionettes, and singer Jorge Pais (PL 3-1755).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd St. Joyce Bryant, a blues singer, entertains at this pretty place (opposite Lincoln Center), every night but Sunday, from 9:30 on (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine. "Ooh La La," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque, Tues thru Sat. Thru 2/5, Diane Snow, and Lou Forrestari Trio. 2/8-19, The Ken Hamilton Show, with singer Terry Malone (PL 5-6010).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Excellent restaurant, and Mon thru Fri, there's The Tommy Furtado plays Mon thru Sat & the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun & Mon. nights. (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists. A pre-Lenten festival 2/7-22, with a cast of 36 singers, clowns, dancers and musicians (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with Neal Wolf at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. "Porcupine," a revue, in the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11 (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Living Room: Jazz guitarist Gene Bertoncini here Mon thru Fri, 5 to 7 p.m. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Prive–1078 First Ave. All white and silver elegant supper club, with Lester Lanin's trio and Herb Winner playing the piano Tues thru Sat (688-8778).

Rainbow Grill–65th Floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view, and thru 2/12, the Joe Frazier Revue (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. 2/1, Bobby Rosengarden brings in his big band for dancing. Tues, Wed, Thurs, from 7 p.m. Fri & Sat, from 8 p.m. & Sun from 6 p.m. with him is vocalist Carrie Smith (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Bi-level discotheque, open Mon to Thurs, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. on Fri & Sat (MU 8-3365).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Thru 2/6, it's Lesley Gore's party and unless you share her disposition, you may cry if you want to. On Thurs, Fri, Sat, 5:30-7 p.m., and on Sunday's at 3 p.m., singer-pianist-songwriter Blossom Dearie appears, engagingly; her smallness of voice should not be confused with an inability to swing, and her material is special indeed (691-0900).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San (683-9409).

Tuxedo Ballroom–190 Third, at 17th. A really imaginative new discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, with loud music; downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing once again, to the music of Tony Terini's Trio, Mon thru Fri, from 8 p.m. to 1.

Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe Carlyle:** Singer Teddi King, with drummer Josh Gerber, bassist Ernie Furtado, and pianist Irving Joseph. **Bemelmans Bar:** Jazz pianist Marian McPartland plays nightly, except Sunday.

Drake, Park at 56th (421-0900). **Shepheard's:** Dinner and disco dancing. Thru 2/5, Friends and Company, at 9, 11 p.m. & 1:15 a.m. nightly except Sunday. **After Ten:** pianist-song stylist Don Tabor on stage from 10 to 1:30 a.m.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Kismet Lounge:** Karen Brown at the piano & organ from 5 to 11 p.m. **Mirage:** Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Ave at 61st (TE 8-8000). **Cafe:** The Rene Martel plays Tues thru Sat; Sun & Mon, pianist Steve Waltner.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment by the Shelle Adams Trio, nightly, except Sunday.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Mon thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

Stanhope Hotel, 5th Ave & 81st (288-5800): Pianist George Feyer plays everything from Viennese schmaltz to sophisticated show tunes and pop, sings everything from Porter and Coward to his own political parodies. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 1 a.m.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene Street. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist-arranger Frank Foster leads a big band with a fierce rhythm section and several adept soloists. (226-9042).

Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Restaurant-club with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. Thru 2/6, Leo Mitchell Trio, with Chen Suzuki on bass, and pianist Greg Cogan (242-9066).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 W. Bdway. 2/1-6, singer Jo Sullivan in a tribute to Frank Loesser; 8:30 & 10:30; Tues thru Thurs; 9:30 & 11:30, Fri & Sat (473-9367).

Barbarann–349 W 46th. Theatrical Restaurant, 2/1-13, song stylist Betty Rhodes, at the 11:30 9 p.m. show. At the supper show, Livia Genise sings (541-6150).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Attractive restaurant features Dardanelle who plays somewhat in the Tatum style and sings somewhat in the manner of Lee Wiley. Tues thru Sat, 7 p.m. to midnight (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & 5th Ave. Pianist Roland Hanna is usually worth hearing. Thru 2/6 he brings his lush technique, romantic sensibilities, and swinging improvisations to this unusual venue. From 9, Wed & Thurs, 10 p.m. Fri, 11 p.m. Sat, and again 9 p.m. on Sunday (675-4720).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Barry Harris, the eminent modern pianist whose blend of Powellian lyricism and energy, with Monk's rhythmic and dynamic subtleties makes for a mesmeric evening, is here every Sunday (228-6440).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming place, open hearth fire. Musicians Jerry Greenberg and Andy Cahill do the standards, including a Gershwin medley. Tues thru Sat nights (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second at 69th. A sports decor here, with entertainment nightly by Exa Louise Brown, singer-pianist at ease with ballads, blues, rock and standards, Mon thru Sat (628-0600).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Joe Turner, no relation to the singer, is the sole surviving member of the stride piano elite which included James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and Willie the Lion Smith. He is both an invigorating performer with an uncommonly extensive repertoire, and an authentic feeling for the blues, and a most capable singer with a lazy, drawling baritone. Mon thru Sat thru 3/9. 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sun, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie woogie specialist. Sammy Price takes over. Sat and Sun, noon to 5, jazz pianist Chuck Folds (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th and Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant, with Sammy Price, a master of first class boogie woogie (a school of music frequently parodied by pianists incapable of making it soar), plays for diners and is then joined by his musical friends; Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 p.m. (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Ed Polcer, and drummer Connie Kay. 2/1, Maxine Sullivan sings. On 2/6, the Marian McPartland Quintet, with guest Buddy Tate, moves in for the evening. McPartland can be a stirring pianist and this is a rare occasion to hear her leading a band (265-8277).

Flanagan's–1215 First, at 65th. Michael Owens plays folk, rock and guitar with a dash of Irish country music at this large room. James Kean accompanies him on the accordion. Tues thru Sat from 9 until 2 a.m. (472-0300).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Jane Mullaney; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Wed, thru Sun, pianist and Ellington scholar Brooks Kerr leads a trio with drummer Sonny Greer, who was an Ellingtonian before Ellington, and must be seen, and clarinetist Russell Procope, a star in the Ellington constellation for more than 20 years. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 4 to 8, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave at 11th. Thru 2/5, guitarist Charlie Byrd, a lyrical, occasionally swinging musician with a greater abundance of technique than imagination. Beginning 2/7, guitarist Joe Pass, who has even a greater abundance of technique. (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, in his seventh year at the club, and playing as brilliantly and movingly as ever. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another volatile trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

GENIUS AT THE KEYS

Ellis Larkins, known as a soft-touch at the piano, plays at **Larson's,** 1160 Third Avenue, between 67th & 68th Streets, a commodious restaurant and lounge, Tuesday through Saturday, from 10 p.m. He is assisted by Billy Popp on bass, and Jack McAllister on drums; and you can phone 744-2540 for reservations.

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. This is the first nightclub appearance by David Allyn in New York in many years. Expect many ballads sung tenderly and with great articulateness. Three shows nightly beginning at 9:15. Woody Allen continues with his jam sessions on Mondays (785-2272).

O'Lunney's–915 *Second Ave, betw 48th & 49th.* Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Thru 2/5, Coco & the Lonesome Road Band. Mon thru Sat from 9:00; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. On Mondays, Dave Matthews leads a 12 piece band; on Tuesdays, Joe Puma; Al Cohn Trio. Wednesdays and Thursdays are given to the nonet lead by the brilliant saxophonist Lee Konitz, who once played a considerable role in someone else's nonet. (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So, at Bleecker. On Sunday afternoons, pianist Hal Galper leads a vigorous quintet. Monday and Tuesday evenings are regularly assigned to the virtuosic guitarist Jack Wilkins (242-1785).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 2/4-5, Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins, one of the outstanding blues singers and guitarists of all time, and a living embodiment of the Texas tradition, makes a welcome return to the city. Every Monday Night, Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Big Band (989-9011).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays & Sundays, the Countsmen, a Basie-alumni band with Earle Warren (666-8750).

Children

Belly Buttons, Rutgers Community Center, 200 Madison St. (732-7369). *Monkey Face and Other Stories,* 2/5 at 12 & 1:30.

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.

Family Matinee Theater, 466 Grand St. (766-9334). *The In Crowd,* 2/5-6 at 3.

Floating Hospital Puppet Playhouse, Pier 15 of South St. Seaport (744-8636). *The Shy Fox & Roots,* 2/6 at 1:30 & 3.

Penny Jones & Co., 215 W 11th St. (924-4589). *Mother Goose Tales & The Three Bears* (puppets), 2/5-6 at 1:30.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.

Meri Mini Players, Hotel Opera, Broadway at 76th St. (221-7235). *Three Tales at a Time,* 2/5 at 2:30.

Richard Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl. (242-0530). *A Chip off the Old Munk,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Nielsen Brothers Puppets, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 2/6 at 1 & 3.

Off Center Theater, NY Society for Ethical Cultrue, 2 W 64th St. (874-5200). *Sinbad the Sailor,* 2/5 at 2:30.

O.O.B. Band Co., 18th St. Playhouse, 145 W 18th St. (242-3900). *The Little O. Henry Music Show,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Paper Bag Players, 92nd St. Y (427-6000). *Grandpa,* Sun at 1 & 3.

Pickwick Puppet Theater, Queens College Colden Center (268-3440). *Buffalo Bill's Rodeo,* 2/5 at 2.

Pumpernickel Players, Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929). *Peter and the Wolf,* dance theater, 2/5 at 2.

Rainbow Children's Theater, Hotel Sutton East, 330 E 56th St. (486-1431). *Mother Goose Medley,* Sat & Sun at 2.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

Theater of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (534-6363). *Raven's Dance,* Sun at 1 & 2:30.

13th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread,* (musical), Sat & Sun at 1 & 3.

We Three, The Little Synagogue, 27 E 20th St. (255-0469). *The Mouse House With Minka & Tinka* and *Dance Time,* 2/6 at 2.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED
BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Tuesday, February 1

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Anthony and Joseph Paratore, pianists. Works of Bach, Mozart & Strauss, at 7:30.

Emil Gilels, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Mary Elizabeth Stephenson, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

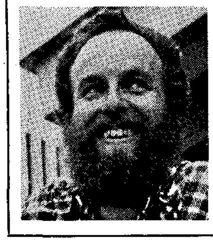
The Ariel Duo, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.

Eduardo Fernandez, classic guitar, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Mary Helen Schmidt, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Wednesday, February 2

ORGAN RECITAL



Organist **Leonard Raver** will appear in concert on Wednesday, February 2 at 8 in Alice Tully Hall. The evening's program will feature the world premiere of Ned Rorem's *A Quaker Reader,* as well as works by Mozart, Bach, and Liszt (362-1911).

Emily Frankel, Town Hall, at 5:45.

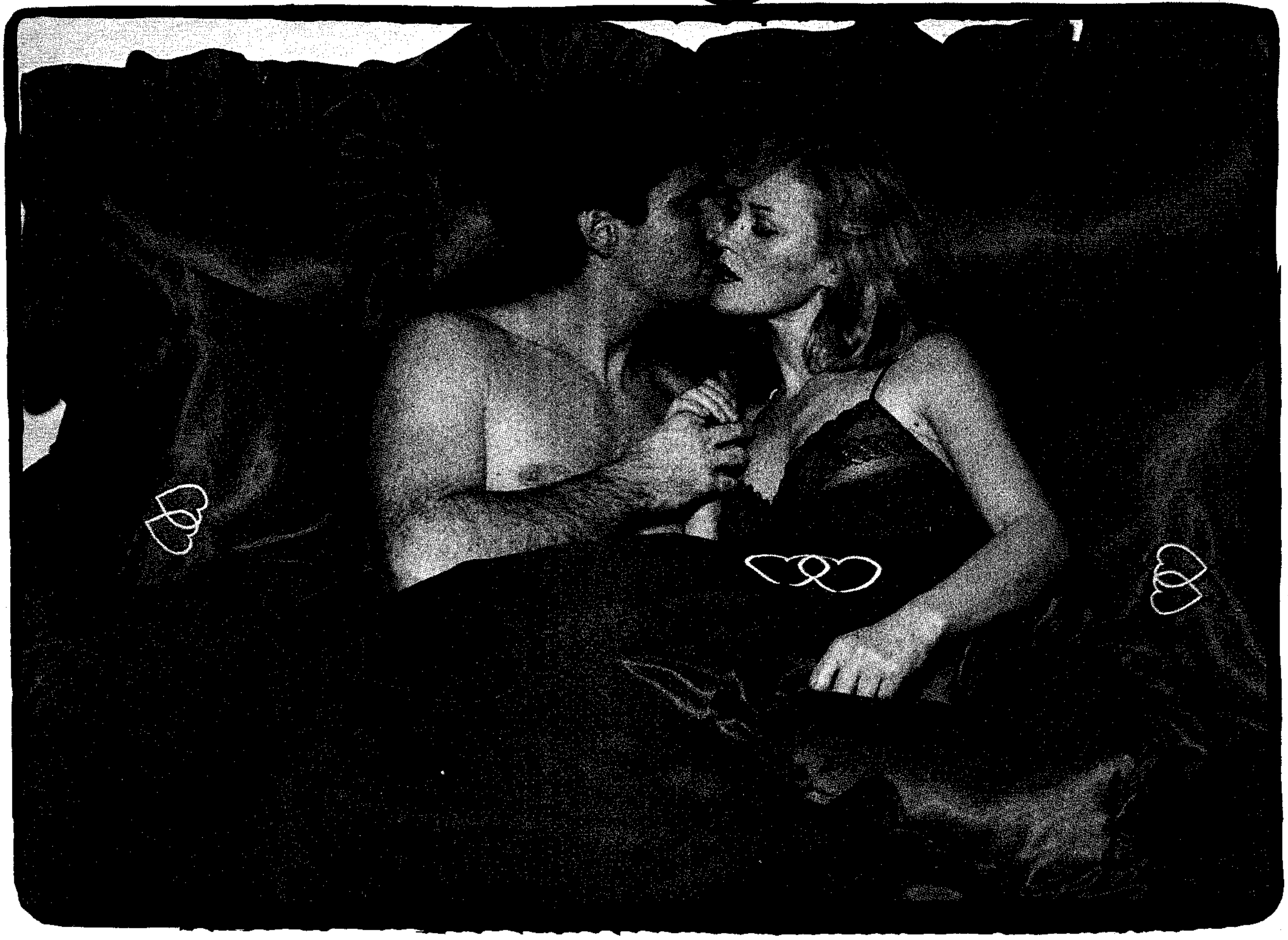
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Evenings for New Music, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Boston Musica Viva, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

heart-to-heart
february 14th

bloomingdale's



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Purely sensual, of course...the slippy silken feel of acetate satin sheets. To shimmer on your bed in red...or gleaming black, gold, ivory, brown or blue. Romantically accented with ruffled pillow shams and dust ruffles. From Creations Sufolla...for your Valentine.

Sheets, flat and fitted styles:	
Twin, reg. 16.50	14.50
Double, reg. 22.00	19.50
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King, reg. 35.00	30.00
Standard case, reg. 5.70	5.00
King case, reg. 7.70	7.00
Ruffled pillow shams:	
Standard/Queen	16.50
King	20.00
Boudoir,	13.50
Neckroll	13.50
Heart	20.00
Dust ruffles:	
Twin	30.00
Double	35.00
Queen	45.00
King	50.00

Have a heart...the entwined valentines embroidered on sheets, pillowcases and pillow shams. Or perhaps you prefer a three-letter monogram. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks delivery for embroidery.

2-inch embroidery for pillowcase	5.50
4-inch embroidery for sheets and shams	10.00

Linen Closet on 7½, New York.

1000 Third Avenue, New York. 355-5900. Open late Monday and Thursday evenings.
Satin sheets for Valentine's Day (without embroidery) available in Bergen County, Chestnut Hill, Jenkintown, Short Hills, Stamford, Tysons Corner and White Plains. Special order only in Fresh Meadows, Garden City, Manhasset, and Scarsdale. Accessories available on special order only.

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George Malcolm, harpsichord, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Richard Shulberg & the Wretched Refuse String Band, WBAI Concert Hall, 359 E 62nd St. (826-0400), at 8.

Thursday, February 3

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Maurizio Pollini, piano, and the Camerate Singers. Works of Bartok, Stravinsky & Debussy, at 8:30.
New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 8.
Evalyn Steinbock, cello, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 7.
Rona Klinghoffer, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
Evenings for New Music, WBAI Concert Hall, 359 E 62nd St. (826-0880), at 9.
Zenon Fishbein, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Juilliard Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Friday, February 4

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/3, at 2.
Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Aldo Ceccato conducts, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Works by Mozart, Prokofiev & Colgrass, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Blue Oyster Cult, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.
Dave Brubeck & Paul Desmond, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Pee Wee Erwin, trumpet, Shepheards in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900), at noon.
Katherine Menefee-Phillips, flute, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore Music Room, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
New York Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.

Saturday, February 5

WORLD PREMIERE

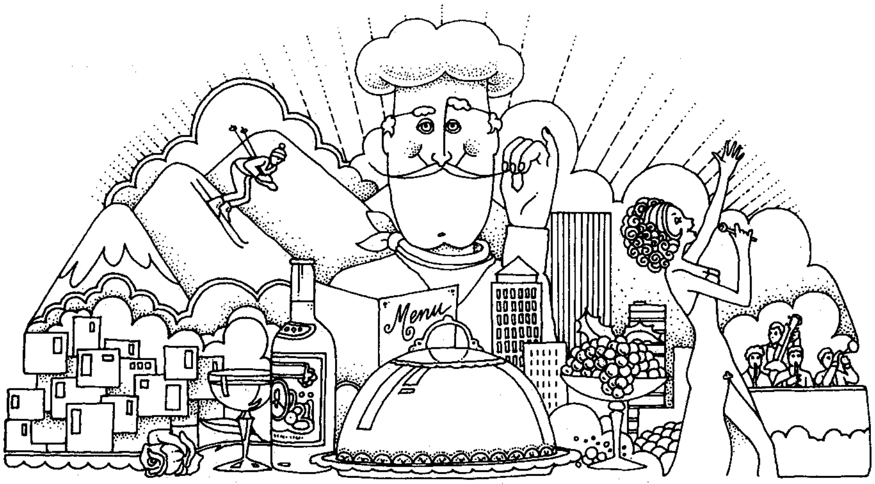
Richard Westenburg conducts the Collegiate Chorale in the world premiere of David Diamond's *A Secular Cantata* at Carnegie Hall on Saturday, February 5 at 8. The text is by James Agee. Also on the program are Mozart's *Requiem Mass* and Handel's *The Utrecht Jubilate* (247-7459).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/3, at 8:30.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra/Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Waverly Consort, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, St. Luke's Chapel, Hudson St. at Grove, at 8.
Hye-Young Choi, mezzo-soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Martha Schlamme, WBAI Concert Hall, 359 E 62nd St. (826-0880), at 9.
Stuyvesant Chamber Orchestra, International House Auditorium, 500 Riverside Dr. (749-2802), at 8.
Frank Weinstock, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, February 6

Symphony of the New World, *Carnegie Hall; Leon* Thompson conducts Noel Dacosta's *Symphony of Spirituals,* at 3.
Ernesto Bitetti, classic guitar, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Queen, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, Botanical Garden Auditorium, 200th St. at Southern Blvd. (548-4445), at 2:30.
Paul Plishka, bass, Town Hall, at 2:30.
Chamber Music Chorale, St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Ave. at Washington Pl., at 4.
Alex Aguirre, pianist-composer, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
New York Sinfonia Orchestra, Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St. (864-5907), at 4:30.

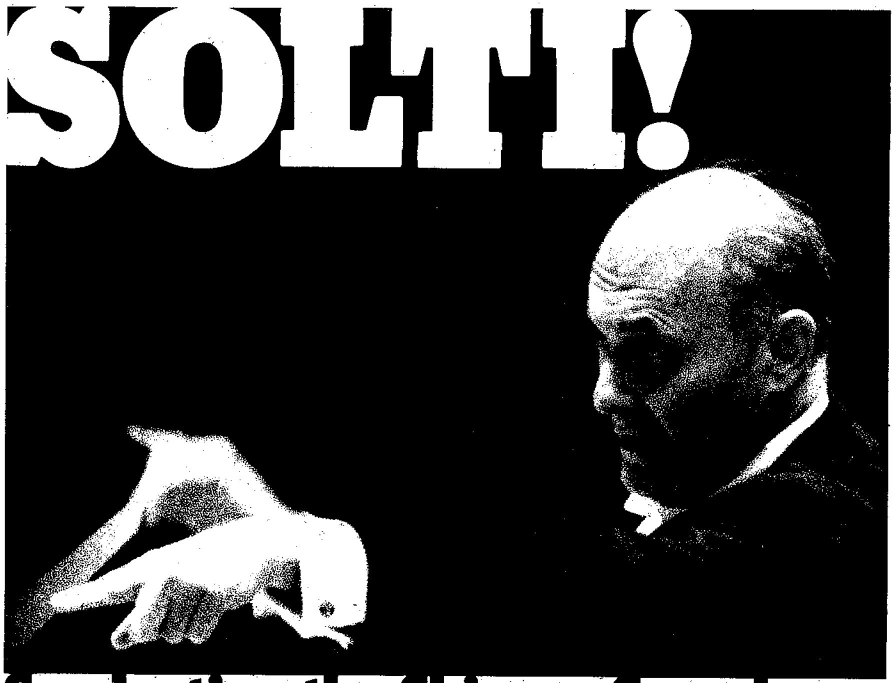
THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF EGGS BENEDICT FOR BRUNCH...



COME TO MONTRÉAL.

And let it snow. Let it snow. Let it snow.
While you dine on duck à l'orange and mousse au chocolat.
Share cognacs in a cozy little bistro. Relax in luxurious hotels.
Take a side trip to the Laurentian mountains, only 45 minutes away.
Call your travel agent or airline today for special hotel weekend packages. Airlines flying to Montréal are Eastern and Air Canada.

Canada
SO MUCH TO GO FOR



Conducting the Chicago Symphony in concert. Presented by the Amoco companies.

AMOCO

SUNDAYS 1-3 p.m. WNCN (FM) 104.3

Arminda Canteros, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Eugene Drucker, violin/**William Grubb,** cello/**Doris Konig,** piano, Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E 65th St. (757-8344), at 3.

20th Century Chamber Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Eduardo Guardarramas, piano, Town Hall, at 6.

Chamber Music, Pace University Schimmel Center, at 3.

Quartetto Italiano, The Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700), at 4.

New York Kantorei, Trinity Church, 316 E 88th St., 4.

Elliott Carter Retrospective, Whitney Museum, at 8.

Soho Ensemble, Vorpal Gallery, 465 W Broadway, 8.

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St., at 2:30.

Monday, February 7

American Composers Alliance, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Owens, Owens & Zafrana, harpsichord, recorder & soprano, Jefferson Market Library, 425 Sixth Ave., at 7:30.

Chamber Music, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St., at 8.

Quartetto Italiano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Kathleen Jones, clarinet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Resonance, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St., at 8.

Young-Uck Kim, violin/**Emanuel Ax,** piano, Town Hall, at 8.

Diabolus Musicus, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.

Tuesday, February 8

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/3, at 7:30.

Hodges & Howard, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Daniel Shafran, cello/**Anton Ginzberg,** piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.

George Fishoff, piano, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St., at 6:30.

Evalyn Steinbock, cello, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.

Karl Haas: Adventures in Good Music, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).

CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera (580-9830). American Ballet Theater (787-3880). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).

Palladium, 126 E 14th (249-8870).

Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).

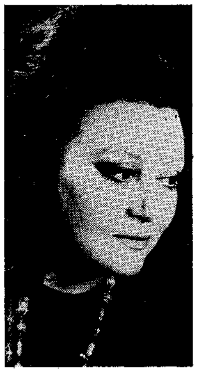
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 2/1 at 8: **Le Prophète** with Horne, Scotto, McCracken, Hines. Conductor: Lewis; director: Dexter; designer: Wexler. Wed, 2/2 at 8: **Salome** with Bumbry, Varnay, Ulfung, Wixell. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Rennert; designers: Heinrich & Reppa. Thurs, 2/3 at 7: **Die Walküre** with Hunter, Martin, Dunn, King. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Weber; designers: Schneider-Seimssen, Wakhevitch & Reppa. Fri, 2/4 at 8: **Lucia di Lammermoor** with Deutekom, Alexander, Walker, Glagello. Conductor: Woitach; director: Wallmann; designer: Colonnello. Sat, 2/5 at 1:30: **Dialogues of the Carmelites** (See box). Sat, 2/5 at 8: **Le Prophète** (Same cast as 2/1). Mon, 2/7 at 8: **Salome** (Same cast 2/2). Tues, 2/8 at 7: **Die Walküre** (Same cast as 2/3).

METROPOLITAN PREMIERE



Regine Crespin sings the role of Madame de Croissy in the Metropolitan Opera premiere of Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* on Saturday, February 5 at 1:30. The cast also features Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, and Mignon Dunn. The conductor, making his Met debut, is Michel Plasson; the director is John Dexter; and the designers are David Reppa, Jane Greenwood, and Gilbert Wechsler (580-9830).

OTHER

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *Naughty Marietta,* 2/2 at 2 & 8:30, 2/3-4 at 8:30, 2/5 at 8:30, 2/6 at 4.

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players, B'nai Jeshurun Community Center, 270 W 89th St. (724-9159). *H.M.S. Pinafore,* 2/6 at 3.

Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. *Cosi Fan Tutte,* 2/6 at 2:30.

Symphonic Workshop, 92nd St. Y (427-6000). *Goat's Milk,* 2/5 at 8:30.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 2/1 at 8: *Coppelia.* Wed, 2/2 at 8: *Divertimento No. 15; New Ballet; In the Night; Symphony in C.* Thurs, 2/3 at 8: *The Four Temperaments; In the Night; Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.* Fri, 2/4 at 8: *The Goldberg Variations; Stars & Stripes.* Sat, 2/5 at 2: *New Ballet; In the Night; Stars & Stripes; Pas de Deux.* Sat, 2/5 at 8: *Divertimento No. 15; The Steadfast Tin Soldier; Concerto Barocco; The Concert.* Sun, 2/6 at 1: *Square Dance; Sonatine-Ravel; Union Jack.* Sun, 2/6 at 7: *The Goldberg Variations; La Sonnambula.* Tues, 2/8 at 8: *The Goldberg Variations; New Ballet.*

OTHER

Matthew Diamond, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 2/3-6 at 8.

Riverside Theater Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929). Joyce Trisler Danscompany, 2/3-5 at 8, 2/6 at 2.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Douglas Abdell**–Surreal industrialist sculpture in bronze, thru 2/5. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

Alice Baber–Metaphoric color and light abstractions, 2/5-24. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Emil Carlsen–Works, thru 2/19. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

Susan Crile/Anne Dunn–Recent works/Works on paper, thru 2/10. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Dan Daily/Richard Hirsch–Statements in glass/Clay vessels, thru 2/12. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

Horia Damian–Graphite and colored pencil drawings with their 3D sculptural realizations, thru 2/5. René, 6 W 57th (765-1330).

Alfred De Cabrol–Birds, animals, shells, and pebbles in oils, watercolors, and pencil, 2/4-29. Findlay, 17 E 57th (HA1-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.

***Jim Dine**–Recent painting, etchings, and drawings including a self-portrait, thru 2/12/Prints and sculpture, thru 2/10. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292)/ Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

***James Ensor** (1860-1949)–Selected etchings by this Belgium expressionist, thru 3/4. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Sorel Etrog/Larry Rivers–Sculpture/Works with paper, plus new editions by Grooms and lithos by Kokoschka, thru 2/5. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

***John Ferren**–1956 Vase paintings using Byzantine-like patterns, thru 2/3. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Rube Goldberg–Inventions and cartoons, thru 2/5. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Gershon Iskowitz–Aerial, light-filled views of northern Canada, 2/5-3/5. Jackson, 521 W 57th (757-2890).

James Juszczyk–Works, thru 2/12. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Blossom Kamen-Gottlieb–Collages, 2/5-24. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Jane Lutnick–Monumental environmental sculpture and concrete drawings, thru 2/3. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Dorothy McGahee–Paintings, thru 2/10. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Oscar Magnan–Sculptural abstractions in tertiary colors, thru 2/3. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Michael Mazur–20 years of works on paper including recent lush jungle scenes of Georgia, thru 2/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Brita Molin–African scenes in prints and wall hangings, thru 2/18. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Vincent Moore/Tony Schneider–Gouaches and watercolors/Sculpture, thru 2/2. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630). Mon-Sat 10:30-5:30.

***Richard Muller**(1874-1954)–Graphics by the spokesman of the *Neue Sachlichkeit,* thru 2/2. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

George Nick–New paintings, thru 2/17. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Betty Parsons–Painted wooden constructions and works on canvas, thru 2/3. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

***Anne Raymo**–Quilts and prints, 2/5-3/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

George Segal–Red, blue, or black sculpture, thru 2/26. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

***William Zorach**(1889-1966)–The female figure in wood, stone, and bronze, thru 2/12. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Abe Ajay**–Relief sculpture dealing with architecture and landscape, thru 2/5. Gimpel, 1040 Mad at 79th (628-1897).

***Leon Bakst**(1866-1924)–Designs from ballets, landscapes, still lifes, portraits and nudes by this Russian, 2/2-26. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

Walter Darby Bannard/Tony Rosenthal–Mixed-media and acrylic abstractions/Large-scale steel sculpture, thru 2/3. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).

Elizabeth Bart–Collages, thru 2/5. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Biala–Essentialist interiors, still lifes, landscapes, thru 2/12. Livingstone-Learmonth, 178 E 72nd (RH4-8887).

David Bruzga/George Schulman–Brightly-colored, hard-edge figurative works done in collaboration, thru 2/5. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Sonia Chusit–Cloud and landscape forms seen through grids in pastel and acrylic, thru 2/26. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Benni Efrat**–Sculpture and works on paper concurrent with film installation at Whitney, thru 2/25. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

***Lyonel Feininger**(1871-1956)–Watercolors and drawings, thru 2/26. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Nancy Goldring/David Hendricks–Photo-drawings/Monumental landscape drawings, 2/2-26. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Nigel Hall–Seven wall pieces of painted aluminum rods, 2/5-3/3. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

Robert Harvey–Vignettes of country life, 2/1-19. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

Addie Herder–Collage constructions, thru 2/15. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).

***Sylvia Heyden/Mariette Rousseau-Vermette**–Two weavers, thru 2/3. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (535-8040).

Gillian Jagger–"Africa," thru 2/4. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

***Ellsworth Kelly**–Paintings, 2/5-3/5. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

***Joseph Luftschein**–Landscapes of existing sites, thru 2/11. Phoenix, 939 Mad Ave (RH4-5166).

William Marazzi/Allen Saalburg–Pastel thought forms/Lucite constructions, thru 2/5. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG 9-2155).

Bascha Mon–Abstractions, thru 2/26. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).

***Harvey Quaytman**–Large works on paper in acrylic, dry pigment, thru 2/4. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Kate Resek/Mark Eliot Schwabe–Pastel under acrylic stain washes on raw canvas/Steel and copper sculpture, thru 2/12. Noyes, Van Cline, Davenport, 1018 Mad Ave (628-5402).

Paul Reynard–Recent paintings and drawings, 2/6-23. Brewster, 1018 Mad Ave (472-9481).

***Antonio Segui**–Surrealistic landscapes of absence, thru 2/19. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

Steven Sloman–Large black and white abstractions, thru 2/5. Poindexter, 24 E 84th (628-2844).

***David Smyth**–Two triptychs, a diptych, and a single painting, all large, thru 2/5. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***Joseph Stella**(1880-1946)–Paintings and drawings, thru 2/26. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

SoHo

Cecile Abish–An installation and drawings, thru 2/8. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

***Laurie Anderson/Marcel Duchamp**–Songs and stories on records with lyrical wall works/Works on paper, thru 2/1. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

David Askevold–Conceptual works dealing with the ambit, thru 2/2. Gibson, 392 W Bdwy (966-9808).

Ellen Cibula–Abstractions based on mathematical constructs, thru 2/17. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Susan Daykin–Figurative works dealing with the Mexican Revolution in the 20s, thru 2/16. Bowery, 135 Greene (473-8778). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Joel Fisher–Apographic entensions, thru 2/5. Protetch, 157 Spring (925-4009).

Suzanne Gilliard–Intensely colorful oils including wild Pennsylvania landscapes, thru 2/17. Prince St, 106 Prince (549-4525).

Shirley Gorelick–Realist paintings dealing with the figure in greenery, thru 2/2. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

***Brian Henderson/Ursula Von Rydingsvard**–Large stained canvases with hard-edged elements/Stacked and interlocked boxes in raw cedar posts, thru 2/5. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995).

SOLO IN SOHO

Woman in Red Chair, a 61" x 50" oil on canvas is part of **Diana Kurz's** exhibition of large figure paintings, landscapes, and pastels now in view at the Green Mountain Gallery (135 Greene St.) The gallery is open Tuesday-Saturday, 12-6. The exhibition runs thru February 17 (674-2390).

Terence La Noue/John Okulick–Circular works on paper sticks and rope constructions, thru 2/3. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Robert Mapplethorpe**–Photographic portraits, 2/5-26. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900). Wed until 9:30 also.

Gordon Moore–Pale surface abstractions delineated by tense lines, thru 2/8. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

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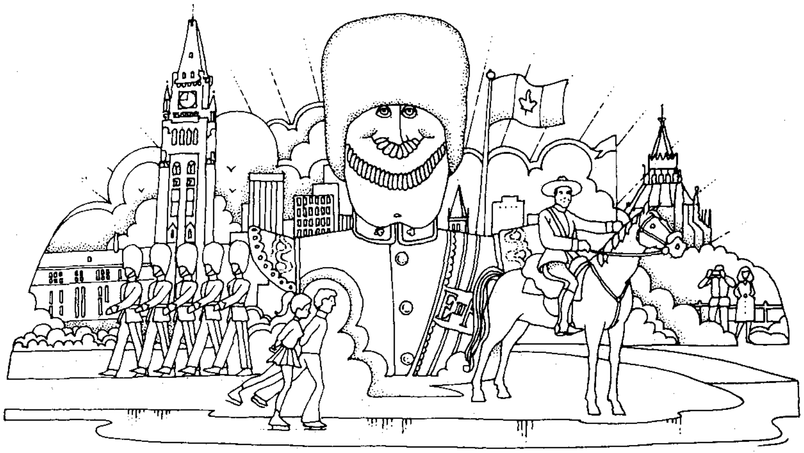

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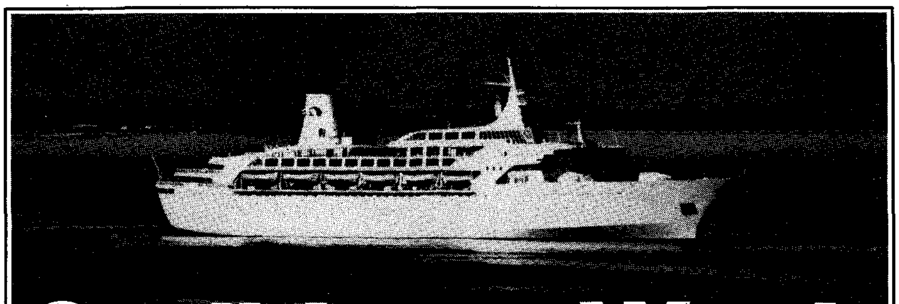

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***Brian O'Neill**–Sculptural paintings of aluminum, fiberglass and wood coated with foam and canvas, then painted, 2/5-3/5. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Suzanne Osterweil–Figurative works, thru 2/10. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Giulio Paolini–Works in many media, thru 2/3. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Ellen Phelan/Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe–Sculpture/Paintings, thru 2/22. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Frieda Savitz–Pastel abstractions/Fiberous art by Dollar, Gabriel, Hamouda, Stram, others, 2/5-3/6. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

OTHER

Jacki Apple/Martine Aballea/Stella Waitzkin–A collaborative narrative work/Book sculpture, thru 2/17. *Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin (925-4671).*

Guy De Cointet/George Miller–Conceptual art dealing with splitting the word, thru 2/12. Braathen, 158 Lafayette (925-0113). Wed-Sat 11-5.

***Jackie Ferrara**–A wooden Stacked Pyramid, 1973 and a Trisected Pyramid 1976, thru 2/20. Hamarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2nd Ave at 47th.

Al Hirschfeld–Recent drawings by this caracaturist of the Creative World, thru 2/12. Feiden, 51 E 10th (OR7-5330). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-6.

Robert Kipniss–Landscape lithos including The Four Seasons, thru 2/12. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

Irene Krugman–A sculptural environment, thru 2/11. Mall of CUNY, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Daily 9-6, Sat 11-3.

Hans-Georg Rauch–Works on paper by this complex political and social cartoonist, thru 2/14. Gramercy Park Fine Arts, 112 E 19th, and Goethe House, 1014 5th Ave (744-8310).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). American paintings, furniture, accessories from the Age of the Revolution and Early Republic, 1750-1824, thru 2/12.

Markel–50 W 57th (581-1909). Art with words by Allen, Kostelanetz, Levine, Wiley, others, thru 2/12.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PI8-1900). Works by members for the last 45 years, thru 2/19.

WomanArt–41 W 57th (421-2420). Paintings, drawings & sculpture by women, thru 2/5.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Terra cotta and stone objects from West Africa, thru 2/28.

***Reinhold Brown**–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). Posters done by & for architects from 1894-1947, thru 3/1.

***Committee to Save Grand Central**–59 E 43rd (586-4761). Mon-Fri 10-6. Art Deco architecture in the West Bronx, thru 3/1.

***Deutsch**–43 E 80th (861-4429). Spacescapes by Atirnomis, Chagall, Tobey, others, thru 2/19.

***Elkon**–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Paintings and sculpture introduced here during the 60s including Avedisian, Bush, Dzubas, Witkin, others, thru 2/2.

***Gallery of Architecture**–165 W 72nd (787-6350). Early 18th century engravings by Wren, Jones, Child, Hawdsmoor, thru 2/8.

***Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies**–80 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-5. The Princeton Beaux-Arts and its new academicism including Labatut to the program of Geddes, thru 2/24.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6. Sat 12-4. Arshed, Banta, Cesarini, others, thru 2/5.

ML–58 E 79th (472-0333). Works by Hall, Hoenigan, Smith, Szasz, others, thru 2/19.

Willard–29 E 72nd (744-2925). Abstractions by Baynard, Duff, Korman, Shapiro, others, thru 2/3.

SoHo

A.I.R.–97 Wooster (966-0799). Christopher, Feinberg, Johnson and Snitzer, thru 2/2.

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Lesser known works from 1963 including string constructions by D'Aquila, collages by Picard, others, thru 2/26.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon, Tues 11-6, Wed-Sat 11-9. Paintings on paper by Bishop, Humphrey, Mangold, others, thru 2/26.

Pleiades–152 Wooster (475-9658). Drawings and paintings by Greenwood, Katz, Rame, others, thru 2/6.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Sun 1-6 also. Works by Collins, De Stefani, Dowis, others, thru 2/28.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Abstract landscapes by Breuer, painted canvas by Cobb, organic fantasies by Francia, and welded steel sculpture by Reilly, thru 2/17.

OTHER

47 Bond St–(475-3899). Wed-Sun 1-6. Male torsos in small oils by Mathis, fantasy landscapes by Pellicone, solitary city parkscapes, others, 2/6-19.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl (598-3479). Tues-Fri 10-5, Thurs 10-8:30, Sat 1-5. Recent polychrome sculptures by Avedisian, oils by Hennessy, and lithos after neon and plexiglass sculpture by Grosman, thru 3/4.

Guiness World Records Exhibit Hall, Concourse Level of Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave. Open daily, 9:30-7.

International Arts–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Constructions by the Syrian, Ajay, prints by the Palestinian, Hodody and paintings by the Lebanese, Mahmoud, thru 2/5.

Lever House–Park Ave at 53rd (WA9-2445). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sun 1-5. ASCA painting, sculpture and graphics dealing with *New York, New York,* thru 2/17.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center (244-4127).

Pratt Graphics–831 Bdwy (674-0603). Mon-Fri 10-6. Sat 1-5. Forerunners of the American print Renaissance, 1920-1950 including Davies, Kuhn, Kuniyoshi, Roth, others, thru 2/26.

Primitive Artisan–225 5th Ave (532-9180). Wallhangings, bags, shawls, woven in Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador, thru 2/10.

Photography

John Claridge–London, thru 2/28. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-2660). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Roy Decarava/Kay Bell Reynal**–City life and Harlem/Portraits of famous literary and artistic people, fashion and still lifes, thru 2/12. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

***French Cultural Services**–972 5th Ave (737-9700). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. 25 well and lesser-known Frenchmen including Arnault, Barbey, Cartier-Bresson, Hers, others, thru 2/2.

Benno Friedman/Harold Jones–Photos, thru 2/5. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Close-ups of flowers and crystals, thru 2/27.

***Lucien Hervé**–A modern 16th century capital of the Moghuls, Fatehpur Sikri, India; thru 2/28. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-5.

Peter Hujar–Portraits in Life and Death, thru 2/15. Pfeifer, 825 Mad (737-2055).

***Helen Levitt**–Spanish Harlem in the 40s and color-dye transfer prints, thru 2/5. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Shmuel Lipkin–Impressionistic nudes and light studies, thru 2/14. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

Don Peterson–Images within images, thru 2/12. Foto, 492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Ben Rose–Illusions in Time and Space, thru 2/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Barry Singer**–Studies of colors, patterns, textures created by nature and by man, thru 2/28. 4th St, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri, Sat, 3-10

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Mother India by Viggiano, woman by Weinberg, Vermont snowscapes by Yapa, others plus New Orleans, 2/6-3/1.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *The New Hall of Minerals and Gems. Discovery Room:* A permanent, weekend area which transforms science into learning activities for children.

Asia House Gallery, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs 10-8:30. *Masterworks in Wood: China and Japan;* thru 3/27.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Anamorphoses: Games of Perception;* thru 2/13.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Man Transforms/Aspects of Design:* The opening exhibition of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design; thru 2/6.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *James Ensor:* The first comprehensive U.S. showing in 26 years of works by this Belgian artist; thru 4/11.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. Retrospective of the works of Dennis Stock and Mike Disfarmer; Calotype Landscapes by Glenn Richmond. All shows thru 3/13.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Two Worlds of Andrew Wyeth: Kuerners and Olsons:* The exhibition presents Wyeth's exploration of the land, buildings, and people of Karl Kuerner's farm in Pennsylvania and Christina Olson's house in Maine; thru 2/6. *Blue and White:* Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 6/30. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* An exhibition of 200 years (1709-1909) of Russian costumes; thru August.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *European Drawings From the Fitzwilliam Museum:* 120 master drawings from the 16th thru the 19th centuries; *Ancient Near-Eastern Treasures;* thru 2/13.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Windows of New York:* Photos by Ralph Rosenblum; thru 5/9.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *Harry Callaghan:* A retrospective demonstrating Callaghan's unique contribution to contemporary photography; thru 2/8. *European Master Paintings From the Swiss Collections: Post-Impressionism to World War II;* thru 3/1. *Tina Modotti:* Approximately 40 photographs by the Italian-born actress, photographer, and political activist; thru 4/3. *Prints: Acquisitions 1973-76;* thru 2/20. John Cage's *Renga* with *Apartment House 1776:* selections from the score of John Cage's work written in honor of the Bicentennial; thru 3/6. *Posters by Painters:* An extensive collection of posters by such artists as Calder, Dine, Picasso, Steinberg, Motherwell, and others; thru 3/14.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *200 Years of American Illustration,* thru 2/15. *Selling New York:* An extraordinary look at our cultural history thru rare examples of American advertising; thru 5/31.

Queens Museum, New York City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Masters of the Brush:* Chinese painting and calligraphy from the 16th to the 19th century; thru 3/6.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Farewell to Old England; New York in Revolution:* A bicentennial display which explores the revolutionary years in New York. *A Closer Look at Tugs:* Artifacts, models, paintings, and photographs of tug boats and New York, past and present; thru March.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. An exhibition of paintings by Leslie Price and prints by Lee Paté; thru 2/20.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Calder's Universe:* A retrospective exhibition of the works of America's foremost sculptor; thru 2/6. *Two Artists: Dan Hill & Michael Venezia;* thru 2/13. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/2. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3.

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New York

Hellzafloppin:
Is This the End of Jerry Lewis?

By Cliff Jahr

> "... Lewis & Cohen seemed destined to make great Vaudeville—a big romance, but as they say, it was too hot not to cool down ..."

People who don't like Jerry Lewis are apt to look upon the recent closing of *Hellzapoppin* with feelings of apathy or even I-told-you-so. For Lewis fans, however, and there still are some, the musical's demise came as a sad surprise. Not that since Thanksgiving, when tryouts began, there hadn't been talk about a sluggish box office, unhappy critics, and—especially since Christmas—strained relations in the company. Word that Jerry Lewis and producer Alexander Cohen were fighting only confirmed the Shubert Alley predictions that two such giant egos would eventually either have to kill each other off or take a house in the Hamptons.

Lewis could have used a Broadway hit. When demand for him as a performer and film director dipped in the late sixties, he rechanneled some of his driving energy into other areas like overseas concertizing and playing the visiting elder statesman at film schools. Oddly enough, his popularity today in parts of Europe may rival the frenzy he and ex-partner Dean Martin whipped up in the fifties. There is still his annual Labor Day telethon, of course, which now rivals the Miss America contest as institutionalized kitsch. It is probably watched as much for all those Vegas types caught in naked moments as it is for its tour-de-force bad taste.

Lewis could have used a Broadway hit. But *Hellzapoppin* proved to be aptly named. When the show closed January 22, it represented a $1.3-million loss and put 70 people out in the cold. Technically it was only being closed for general repairs and cast changes. Cohen said: "*Hellzapoppin* is for sale to anyone who wants to buy." And sure enough, in a dramatic closing-night curtain speech at Boston's Colonial Theater, Jerry Lewis vowed to do just that. "I plan desperately in the next few days to keep the show together," he said, "and bring it to New York. I think it's terribly important to be uningenuous at moments like this." As of the middle of last week, Lewis's unheard-of plan awaited further developments.

How the show failed is a sort of "Lullaby of Broadway."

Rehearsals of the full company began on October 25. They were held in studios upstairs in the Minskoff Theater, where it was expected *Hellzapoppin* would return to begin previews in exactly three months. Into the third week, director Abe Burrows stepped aside. He and Jerry Lewis plainly lacked chemistry. Burrows, the funnyman of words, was a stickler for stage discipline—speaking every line as written—while Lewis, the funnyman of visual action, liked to stay loose and wing it.

Into the director's spot Alexander Cohen elevated the show's production manager, Jerry Adler, who in recent years had been his favorite second-in-command (under the director) on any number of shows. But he lacked heavyweight directing experience, and it was said in Shubert Alley that Cohen would handle the directing with Adler's assist and they still would have their hands full with a volatile star like Lewis.

Cohen planned to give the show his particular attention. This was his third attempt to revamp the Olsen and Johnson original. He had managed to leverage a tidy $350,000 investment from NBC, which wanted to use Lewis's

MARTHA SWOPE

The production: *Cohen visualized a "great big swell affair mixing flat-footed comics with leggy show girls."*

UPI

The producer: "Hellzapoppin is for sale to *anyone who wants to buy," said Alexander Cohen when the show closed January 22.*

Broadway debut for *The Big Event*, its new series of 90-minute specials. The plan was to broadcast some of the February 13 Minskoff opening *live*, preceded by pretaped sequences of auditions, rehearsals, and the like, with Flip Wilson as host.

"This kind of cross-pollination between theater and television," said Cohen over a drumroll of NBC ballyhoo, "is long overdue."

It was to be a first, and some media watchers were left wondering whether the network had ever heard of the theater's high mortality rate on the road.

Cohen visualized this new production as a lunatic vaudeville show, "choreographed chaos," he called it, a great big swell affair mixing flat-footed comics with leggy show girls, variety acts, and liberal dashes of mayhem kept clean as Disney for TV and for Lewis's young fans.

Lewis brought to *Hellzapoppin* an emotional investment. His father, Danny Lewis, a retired Catskills comedian, liked to remind his son that although he had conquered films, clubs, and TV, Jerry still had not made it in "legit." Lewis was persuaded that a Broadway hit would "complete the 360-degree spectrum."

At first, Lewis & Cohen seemed destined to make great vaudeville. "Each thought the other was the greatest genius in the world," notes Adler. "It was a big romance but, as they say, it was too hot not to cool down."

In rehearsals, relations between the two men were sometimes animated, but by the time of the first opening in Baltimore just before Thanksgiving, there was general harmony. When disputes broke out over how best to get a laugh, Lewis would often reach for his wallet and slap a $100 bill on the table. "*There!*" he'd say. "Now you put a quarter—that's 400-to-one odds—not bad—and we'll see who's right."

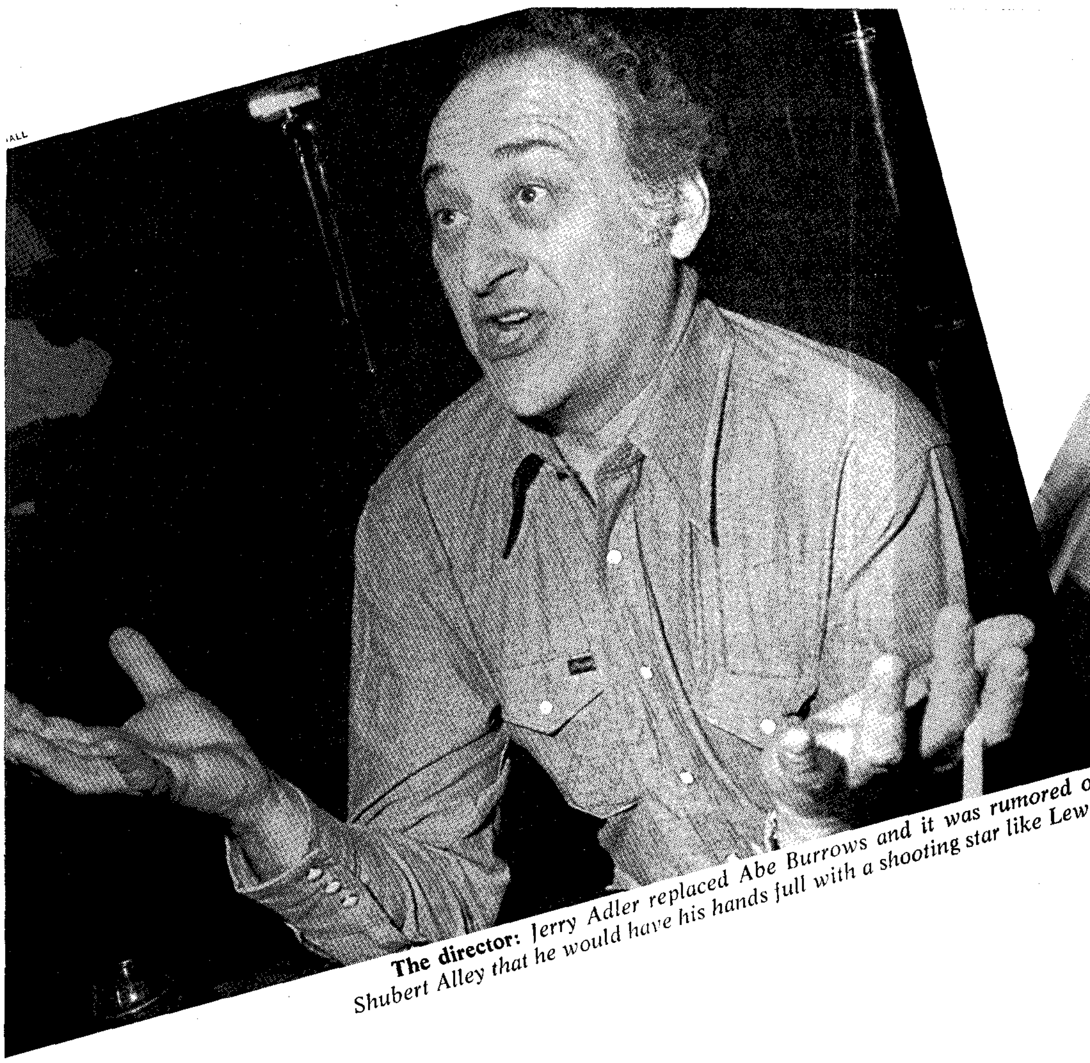
"I hated to take his money so often," said a smiling Alex Cohen in his Shubert Alley office last week, "and I always gave it to Muscular Dystrophy."

For a star with Lewis's presumed drawing power, sales were disappointing. The out-of-town break-even figure was $140,000. In Baltimore it hit that figure only one week out of three. The show's reviews were not much better, though critics admired Lewis's tamed-down style. At the beginning he agreed to forget the spastic ad-libbing, stick to the script, and work ensemble with a fine group of stage veterans that included his pal actor Herb Edelman and old-time sketch artist Joey Faye.

According to *Variety*, *Hellzapoppin* was "only half the fun it could be," needing "work, tons of it," but it added, in the lingo of a Vegas M.C., "Lewis is once more a man funny in his own time." As for co-star Lynn Redgrave, she made a "valuable contribution" despite the weak material she had to work with. This weak-material criticism was to dog the show all the way to Boston.

Critics didn't take much notice of Jill Choder, a pretty redhead who is Lewis's protégée. Since she played opposite him in a sad-clown skit taped for his 1974 Labor Day telethon, she and Lewis have been close. Having plenty of Broadway experience, Ms. Choder was given a plum featured role that Lewis conceived in which she played a stagestruck usherette who unendingly *nudzhes* him. At the end of the show, he brings her up from the audience to do a song about this big-break experience called "A Miracle Happened." It was the show's only thread of a story line, a neat star-is-born role with seven entrances, and Ms. Choder was having difficulty with it.

Opening in Washington, D.C., two weeks before Christmas, amid snowstorms and a cold snap, the show was greeted frostily by Richard Coe of the *Post*. Echoing the Baltimore critics, he liked the first act "almost as it is"; admired Lewis, Redgrave, and Jule Styne's Broadway rhythms; but as for the material—he loved the dog act.



ALL

The director: *Jerry Adler replaced Abe Burrows and it was rumored on Shubert Alley that he would have his hands full with a shooting star like Lewis.*

MARTHA SWOPE

The director's girl: *"Every other wor out of her mouth was 'kiddies' or 'loveys' or 'honeys.' I could gladly have strangled her," groused a fellow chorus girl.*

> "...Lying flat on the floor in a lounge of Washington's National Theater, Lewis reluctantly ran through the song with Redgrave..."

Bob Williams and his spaniel Louie (named for Lewis) were stealing the show with the dog's sleepy disregard for his master's cheery commands: "C'mon, boy, sit up," whereupon Louie's backbone would turn to rubber.

Alarm was beginning to creep on little turkey feet into rehearsals and production meetings. A few days after the Washington opening, Lewis called management to a meeting in his suite at the Watergate Hotel, where he read them his memo outlining how to fix the show. The bottom line was that Redgrave must go.

There had been friction between the co-stars, but this was war. Some said Lewis wanted Redgrave out because her crisp charm threatened Jill Choder's audience impact. Others said it threatened Lewis. Redgrave's only musical solo had always offended him, a big sassy production number with her playing a zoned-out Eighth Avenue streetwalker who settles for Park Avenue in Vuitton hot pants. The number made hay of her screen role in *The Happy Hooker*, and one lyric in particular, "I miss the gang I used to bang," made Lewis, the overprotective father of six boys, quake in his dressing room each night. For Alexander Cohen, a strong voice in the drive to clean up Times Square, it was something of an embarrassment as well, but he didn't want to drop "Eighth Avenue" before getting a reading from Elliot Norton, the Boston *Herald American*'s critic. Anyway, a clause in Redgrave's contract called for at least one musical solo.

The way management saw it, what the show needed was some good new material, less of Jill Choder, more of Lynn Redgrave. Even more important: Lewis and Redgrave had to get together onstage. As the show was then structured, the co-stars did not converge until the second act, doing a sketch that spoofed the Walters-Reasoner news show, and they did nothing together musically—all of which goes against theatrical convention. So a new duet was written for them called "Butterflies." Since Choder's "Miracle" could stay and "Eighth Avenue" would go out if he liked "Butterflies," Lewis reluctantly agreed to run through the song with Redgrave. This he did lying flat on the floor at a Christmas-morning rehearsal in a lounge of Washington's National Theater. "It's cute," he said of it later, "like the second stanza of the national anthem," and with that, refused to do it.

"Every time I scheduled a 'Butterflies' rehearsal," said director Adler last week, "Jerry said, 'We're not doing it. No way.' He was willing to do the number with Jill, but not Lynn. He just went too far for Jill. Finally it became the *burning issue*. It went beyond 'Butterflies,' beyond the show. It got into the area of discipline. Was *he* going to run the show or were we?"

If the question of control could have been decided by popularity, Lewis might well have won. Despite Cohen's handsome Christmas Eve cast party in a Georgetown restaurant and the little presents that he passed all around, Lewis warmed the company's heart the next morning, with Gucci key rings for the chorus and Vivitar cameras for the principals, left on the doorstep with a handwritten note. Maybe the show was in trouble, but the feeling

MARTHA SWOPE

The protégée: *"'A Miracle Happened' . . . could be a showstopper if Jill Choder had real magnetism," noted Kevin Kelly of the Boston Globe.*

RON POWNALL

The leading lady: *Lewis wanted Redgrave out, some said because her crisp charm threatened Jill Choder's audience impact.*

was that somehow Jerry would pull it through. Besides, they were locked into *The Big Event* on February 13. How could they *not* open?

With show-doctoring stalemated, management acquiesced when Lewis wanted to put in a comic turn he'd used in clubs, a record pantomime set to Leroy Anderson's "Typewriter." Since Baltimore he had already introduced a monologue of Little Jerry, the five-year-old in knickers, who hates it when his fat Aunt Jean buries his face in her "cushions" and warns us, "You could die from that."

If *Hellzapoppin*'s backstage shenanigans were like something out of *42nd Street*, another complication—one more reminiscent of *All About Eve*—was the director's girl friend.

Cathy Rice, a comely ash blonde in the chorus line, had a friendship with Jerry Adler that aroused no end of resentment in the chorus, especially when they kissed in rehearsals or when she called him "Baby Cakes." It was widely believed Ms. Rice routinely sat in production meetings and passed along chorus-room confidences. "She's a little snitch among us," said one dancer, "and this show hasn't got *enough* hassles?"

On New Year's Day, at the end of *Hellzapoppin*'s four-week Washington engagement, critic Richard Coe took it upon himself to re-review the show and deliver a stern lecture:

> Redgrave is a comedienne with proven potential . . . and what's more she's beautiful. Were she playing the usherette who barges into a scene of her own, she'd give glamor and sparkle to what continues to be chintzy and time-consuming. How ridiculous to find a performer with such style relegated to "second woman."

What Coe was most lathered up about was the lack of any change or improvement during the run: "The changes are minimal," he said. "The pacing is a drag and co-star Lynn Redgrave, despite vows that she'd have more to do, is absurdly wasted."

Alexander Cohen was so disturbed by Coe's unusual action that he telephoned the critic to complain, but also to learn more. Cohen came away doubly determined to do surgery on the show. That day, he was painfully aware that the show had done only $304,000 in its four weeks in Washington instead of the $560,000 it needed to break even—an all-time record loss of about $260,000. The last desperate hope now was the Boston press preview on January 6.

"HELLZAPOPPIN" NEEDS MORE 'POPPIN,' bannered Elliot Norton's review. "There is some fun. . . . But the pace is slow . . . and the stars don't really have enough fine first rate material." He didn't like the "Little Jerry" *shtik* or Jill Choder's voice but he loved Louie, "the funniest pooch in town." Of Redgrave's "Eighth Avenue" number, he made no mention.

While Norton is considered the dean of American critics, Kevin Kelly of the *Globe* is the one whose larger circulation can make or break a show in Boston. Kelly savaged *Hellzapoppin:* It "flays around like a has-been clown frantic for a comeback." He noted that "A Miracle Happened" could have been "a showstopper if Jill Choder had real magnetism."

So much for any box-office help from the critics, and the next night Cohen cut "Miracle" and "Eighth Avenue" out of the show.

"Something big is coming," Cathy Rice gloated to a friend later. "I can't tell you, but in 48 hours, you'll see."

Thursday night Tommy Tune was spotted in the audience. Director Michael Bennett had recommended the six-foot, six-inch dancer-choreographer to Cohen as a show doctor, and on Friday he was introduced to the assembled company as someone to help spruce things up "in all areas."

Tune began by explaining he would be tied up all that day in meetings, but

MARTHA SWOPE

Record-breaking losses: *Act II opened with a bang but there was worse to come.*

JANE ROBERTSON

Final curtain: *"I plan desperately to keep the show together, and bring it to New York," Jerry Lewis vowed in a dramatic closing-night curtain speech at Boston's Colonial Theater.*

"...Lewis warned Cohen he had better not come to the theater because he had a gun in his dressing room and it was loaded..."

he had been working up some steps with "Catherine," who was going to show them a new opening number. Catherine? With that, Cathy Rice stepped forward to take charge and teach the ensemble a new opening of her own devising.

"Every other word out of her mouth was 'kiddies' or 'loveys' or 'honeys,' " groused one chorus girl. "I could gladly have strangled her."

By the end of an exhausting four hours, Cathy gushed "Thank you, kiddies, for this wonderful birthday present of your hard work." One dancer burst into tears and ran off. There was polite applause for Cathy and Adler's compliments, but her new number was not used.

The next day Alexander Cohen dined at the Ritz-Carlton with four of Jerry Lewis's representatives, two from the William Morris Agency, a lawyer, and a business manager, who had flown from California at Jerry's request to press his case against having to do "Butterflies" with Lynn Redgrave.

Midway through the meeting there was a phone call for Cohen from the theater. Hildy Parks, Cohen's producer wife, took it and returned with a message from Lewis. He was, she said, furious about the plan to make yet another cut in Jill's part and he was walking out on the matinee's second act, about to start. Moreover, he warned, Cohen had better not come to the theater because he had a gun in his dressing room and it was loaded.

Cohen sent no reply. His mind was already made up about something. Meanwhile, backstage, members of the chorus were caucusing as to what to do about Cathy Rice's uppitiness. They voted to invite Jerry Adler to a meeting to "clear the air," and set about composing him a note.

The next day, Sunday, January 16, while Tommy Tune ran the ensemble through the paces of his new opening number, Alex Cohen was meeting again with Lewis and three of his men from California in Suite 533 of the Copley Plaza. The meeting lasted two and a half hours. While Lewis maintained he would be glad to rehearse another number, he would not do so with Redgrave. The only thing he would do with her, he said, would be to take out his c--k and p--s on her.

Cohen announced what he was about to do: For the good of the show and all concerned, Jill Choder must be released from her contract.

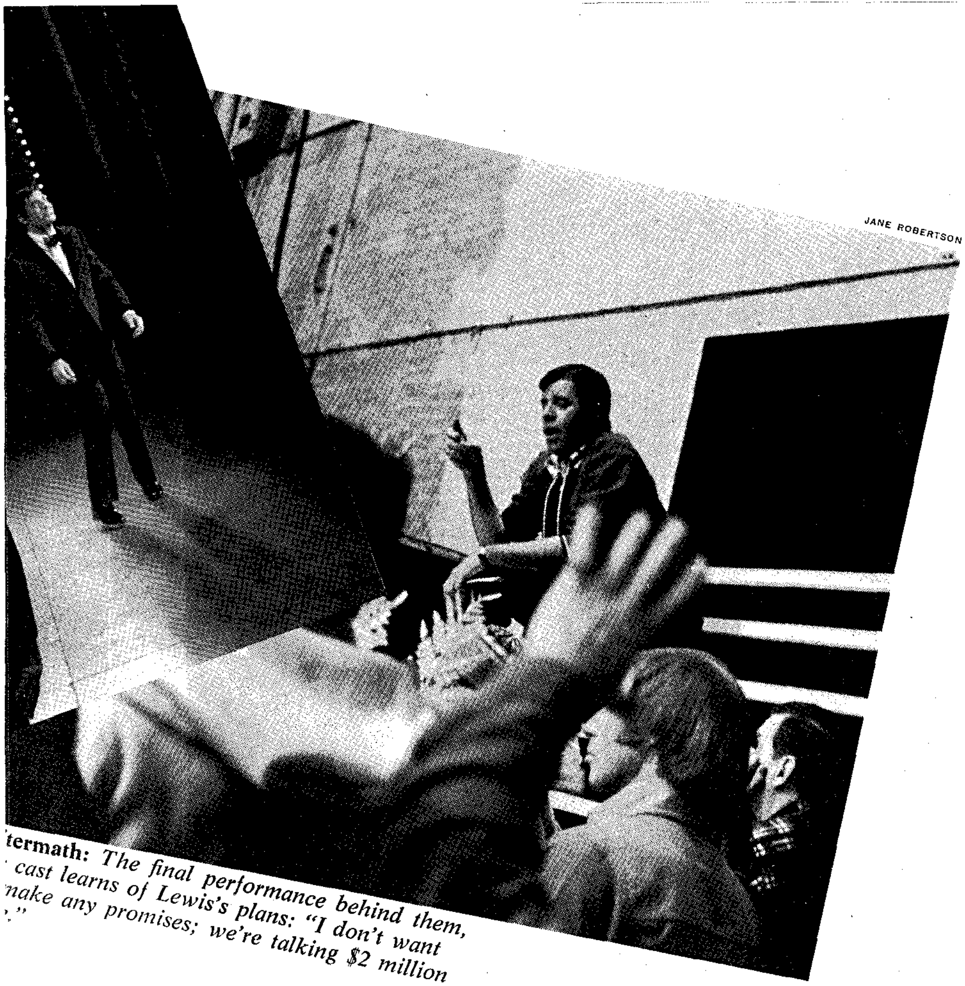
Lewis sobbed, then, regaining control and accepting the inevitable, said quietly, "Let me tell her. . . ."

Lewis would not speak to Cohen or Adler most of the week that followed. Monday night Tune's new opening went over big and, while doing it, some cast members noticed Flip Wilson in the theater. He had come to see "the big event" for himself.

The following night six men sat unnoticed in the theater. Alexander Cohen had invited them to see the show in order to support or challenge his decision to close it.

Two of the men were NBC brass, four were producing colleagues, and all agreed with Cohen. The show had grossed only $69,000 the first week in Boston, and $87,000 the second. The writing was on the wall.

The next morning in New York came Alex Cohen's crisp announcement to


JANE ROBERTSON

termath: *The final performance behind them, cast learns of Lewis's plans: "I don't want nake any promises; we're talking $2 million ."*

the press saying *Hellzapoppin* would close with its last performance in Boston Saturday night.

The closing notice had already gone up on the Colonial Theater's bulletin board. Caught short, the *Sunday News* had to cancel its four-color, four-page story.

At the matinee Jerry Lewis looked red-eyed and puffy. He played a sketch with Lynn Redgrave in the first act in which he was meant to take a sip of water and then, choking with surprise, spritz it out in a spray. This day, Lewis aimed for Redgrave.

"I don't want to talk about the show," says Lewis, not looking up from his reading. There is a long moment. "If that's what you want to talk about, our meeting's over. When the story is told it will be a doozy. Oh, I got plenty to say. After what I've been through, a civil-service job sounds appealing. . . ."

For the next five days, Lewis and I have glancing meetings here in this suite at the Copley Plaza in Boston, backstage, and in his New York office. He has shut out the press clamoring to know, What's the story, Jerry?

Up close Lewis is handsome; the famous face with the cleft, jut-jaw still uncreased and looking about 40 instead of 50. He cuts his own hair in an individual style, slicked back in some places, crew cut in others, an extension of his Big Jerry–Little Jerry persona. A half-inch triangle where the part meets the hairline has been carefully shaved back to a four-day stubble, maybe to mow down a cowlick.

"Would you consider doing a revamped Hellzapoppin?"

"No thanks," he says. "Irrevocably no. I think when I get to New York, if things happen as I suspect, I will be ready to talk to you. Be patient, my young friend."

Later on the tape, Lewis sounds uncannily like a young Frank Sinatra—all the crooner's inflections, the swagger, the sweet-tough cool.

At the Saturday matinee everything is terminal euphoria. Word sweeps backstage that in the audience are the Shuberts, Maggie Minskoff, and Dick Cavett.

At the intermission Cavett looks like he's chuckling inside about something; I introduce myself, and he invites me to slide into the next seat. We kibitz the first part of the second act until Leonardo the plate-spinner comes on and Cavett sits up.

"Oh," he says drolly, "I'm going to like this."

It is obvious Leonardo is out of sorts today. He drops six plates.

"A strange, awful moment, isn't it?" says Cavett. "I don't know what I'd do with it yet but I'll think of something. . . ."

"We kept Jill's goddamned number in for weeks after it should have been cut," Jerry Adler is saying over drinks at the hotel. "If Jill and Herb Edelman were not in the show, not only would we not be closing, we'd have a better show."

Adler, a great, soft huggy-bear of a man, glances over at Cathy Rice.

"Why didn't he go along with letting other people tell him how to do it?" he continues. "It's just his own craziness. He could have been *fabulous* but he had to change the image a little. He had to mess himself up. Get out of the tuxedo. Get down with the people. People just aren't going to pay $20 to see the same old Jerry Lewis. Very sad, the way he is a victim. The biggest thing we all try to do in show business is never to be the victim."

"How about Cathy's infamous day as a choreographer?"

"I have been hated ever since," she says brightly. "Look, I'm a chorus member, I always was, and I always—I mean—I was terribly hurt."

"Who do you see to replace Lewis?"

"Just about anybody who is personable," Adler says. "Lucille Ball is toying with it. The Smothers Brothers, Steve Allen, Flip Wilson, Bill Cosby, Jack Paar—Alex even likes Milton Berle. Also Dick Cavett. Cavett was at the matinee, y'know, and he hates Lewis. He said, 'You think I should go backstage and tell Jerry I love the dog act?' "

A notice is posted on the theater bulletin board moments before the curtain goes up on the final performance. Cast members gather around and send up a whoop of joy. The news is right out of Andy Hardy, where Mickey Rooney says, "Gang, I've got it! We'll take the show to New York!" Signed by Cohen, the notice begins: "I have been informed that Mrs. Minskoff has offered to put up the money to take *Hellzapoppin* to New York City. . . ."

Maggie Minskoff liked what she saw at the matinee enough to propose buying the show away from the Cohen organization, something Cohen was only too happy to do.

Afterward the cast gathered onstage and Lewis gave details. "The show isn't good enough for the critics," he began, "but we have a show that is terrific for the people. I'm not making any promises. I'm only telling you I'm going to give it one hell of a try."

With Mrs. Minskoff and probably other prior backers, Lewis was into a large undertaking—buying up a $1.3-million production to save it from clos-

"...Lewis says, 'I will have lawyers bust you in the mouth if you get me to say anything. I don't need your story that badly'..."

ing—and no one remembered anything like this ever having been attempted. Lewis returned to New York to go about making his grand gesture a reality.

Some said saving *Hellzapoppin* was an impossible task, partly because of the production's recent troubles, and partly because Cohen—and Lewis—were right. It was not a critics' show.

Early in the week Lewis agreed to another meeting with me.

His Seventh Avenue office on the twenty-seventh floor in the Muscular Dystrophy headquarters looks much like that of any account supervisor except for the 100 or so photos, cartoons, and drawings of Lewis that cover the walls. There are none of his family.

Lewis looks at home in his business surroundings. His pal Herb Edelman is on the love seat, wearing a black nightclub suit. Clearly he means to stay for the interview.

"Nothing can I discuss with you relative to the show," Lewis says. "I will have lawyers bust you in the mouth if you get me to say anything. You want the story that will give me a lawsuit. I don't need your f - - king story that badly."

"Are you pi - - ed off at me or something?"

"No, I'm pi - - ed off with life. In 48 hours we'll either be in New York with the show or I'll be in Los Angeles."

"Does the whole experience seem worthless now?"

"No, not at all. Anytime you stand up before an audience it's all the same. But I have never been in this position where the work you do will be judged by one critic and that will have an effect on the continuation of said performing. One guy can rap it and it's in the toilet. Jesus Christ almighty, when are people going to start judging a man on a series of performances rather than just one?"

"How would you have fixed the show, Jerry? What all did you want to do in that memo at the Watergate meeting?"

"When I called that meeting, I thought I was talking to rational people. But even one of Alex Cohen's own attorneys calls him a Hitler. Alex Cohen, the Hitler of the theater."

"Did you suggest a replacement for Lynn Redgrave?"

"No, I didn't. I suggested a replacement of material. Nothing's wrong with Lynn and I. We had a great working relationship. I said to Alex, how could you demean this artist by giving her s - - t? She's supposed to be a co-star. You call that a co-star entrance? They had her flying in on a f - - king balloon. They tried everything. And Cohen could never understand—I said my name is above the title of the show. Anything that goes on on that stage is under my name. I want her to come off like a class performer. You got her doing chicken s - - t that chorus girls could do."

"What about the difficulty with Jill Choder?"

"That's personal. But if you think that had anything to do with the show, forget it. The moment the star of the show has other friends, Cohen sabotages them."

"He was sabotaging Jill?"

"He took 25 slashes at her. Every slash at her was material I had written."

"Did you write 'Miracle'?"

"I wrote the whole premise leading up to it."

"But it was a good song and, after all, wasn't Cohen interested in a hit show?"

"NO! He doesn't want a hit! He wants to hang out with Richard Burton and ride around in his f - - king Cadillac. Sick man. He's a star f - - ker. Do you understand the word *megalomania?* Look it up. I had to. Cohen wanted to control me. And when he gave my attorneys an ultimatum—Jerry will do what I tell him! He will sing what I tell him! Stand where I tell him—I sent my people back to tell him to stick the show up his ass."

"You make it sound like he was obsessed with Jerry Lewis."

"Of course. You want to hear a statement he made to one of my staff members? 'I'm going to make Jerry Lewis a global star.' And one of my staff members said, 'You f - - king idiot, he *is* a global star. Has been for a long time. Maybe you mean you want to be a global producer?' You know what he said to Donald Saddler [the choreographer]? 'There's only one way I'll get that son of a bitch out of this show and that's close it.' I'm giving you the facts!"

"They're the facts," says Herb Edelman, nodding his head, "just the way Jerry gave them to me, and I'm his brother."

"In the end wasn't it really a duel between two successful showmen?"

"No. Uh-uh. No," says Lewis, "I'm the only one that's the successful showman. He's a fraud. A *con man.* You think Hitler wanted to rule the world? S - - t, he was a f - - king pigmy. But with the name 'Cohen,' God willing, we'll have six or seven trees uprooted in his name from Israel."

"You see," says Edelman, "these are the facts of some of the events, but you still don't have the truth. *His* performance and the way he handles himself, *that's* the truth. So all you have is just a bunch of material."

"You can call the story 'Broadway S - - ks!' " says Lewis with a chuckle, and Edelman roars. "Not really," Lewis adds, "you can't blame Broadway."

Turning to the windowsill behind him, Lewis holds up a yellowing copy of the *Village Voice* with a back-cover headline that explains JERRY LEWIS IS NOT A SCHMUCK.

"I allude to the *Village Voice,"* Lewis says, beginning to snap the fingers of his free hand in a kind of waltz beat. "See that headline? I just want you to remember that."

"Well, it's a great headline but a lot of people still think Jerry Lewis is a schmuck."

"I've got 80 million people that don't think so," says Lewis. "All the people *you're* talking about, well, these are the things they hate most." Lewis reaches for his memo paper and starts writing a list as he speaks, ". . . truth, courage, talent, competence, point of view, tolerance of them, and, most of all, multifaceted. You work your ass off to be multifaceted. The people you're talking about wouldn't like to know Jerry Lewis in person either because then they'd lose somebody to rap. They need that to get through their f - -king little timid lives."

With both hands Lewis holds up an eight-by-ten color photo, his elbows resting on the desk, and moves it slowly toward me. It is Frank Sinatra. "One of the greatest human beings that ever lived on the face of God's earth," Lewis says. "You want to talk about cheap shots?"

"Sinatra is the mayor of cheap-shot city," says Edelman. "He really is."

"You want to hear who else they take cheap shots at?" says Lewis, reaching again for memo paper and beginning to write, ". . . George C. Scott, Barbra Streisand, Paul Newman, Dustin Hoffman, Bob Redford, Frank Sinatra, Jerry Lewis, and about ten more. But you know who those people are? They're all honest, outspoken, serious-minded, perfectionlike artists that care desperately about what they do.

"The man that does nothing makes no mistakes—I will not live this life without making mistakes." ■

Turnstile Justice: Nabbing the Slug-Users

By John Berendt

"...In a month, antislug stakeouts netted a vice-president of Exxon, a Columbia professor, a chemist, and a writer from Time Inc...."

Two men trotted down the stairs into the subway station at 49th Street and Seventh Avenue a few steps ahead of me. "They work just like tokens," one of them was saying. "I'm not kidding. I've been using them all summer. Watch." The man put a coin in the token slot and went through the turnstile. Then he handed another coin to his friend, who looked at it curiously, dropped it into the slot, and strode through too. "Fantastic!" he said. "Let's go up and get some more." In a moment, they were bounding back up the stairs out of the subway. I followed.

I reached the street just in time to see them disappear into a peep show. After they came out, I went in.

A single attendant stood behind the counter in a small anteroom. A sign read FIVE MOVIE TOKENS FOR A DOLLAR, so I put a dollar on the counter. The attendant slid one of several prestacked piles of five gold-colored coins over to me, croupier style. I picked them up and went through a beaded curtain into a very dark back room. A dozen silent characters shuffled along the aisle between two rows of booths, eyeing each other in the dim light and checking out the photographs taped to the booths.

I walked halfway down the aisle and, to establish my cover, stepped into a booth. By the flickering light of a three-way tangle on the screen I compared one of these slugs to a genuine subway token. It was slightly smaller in diameter, about the same thickness, and much lighter—a toy coin, very cheaply made. On one side a naked couple embraced. On the other were two legends: "Good for peep shows only" and "Not refundable for money."

Back out in the aisle, I mingled with the shufflers and loiterers, keeping an eye on the anteroom through the beaded curtain. A drab-looking man slouched in off the street, bought a dollar's worth of movie tokens, and headed for the back room. The next customer was a young man who put a $10 bill on the counter and said, "Fifty, please."

Without a word, the attendant swept him ten stacks of coins, enough to see every movie in the place twice and fourteen of them a third time. The young man watched two movies and left. In the next twenty minutes, seventeen more people showed up. Eleven bought excessively large quantities of coins, and several left without bothering to peep at a single show.

Something in this didn't quite make sense. Turnstile coin boxes, I'd noticed, were emptied by transit workers every few hours, which meant that the peep-show coins should have been discovered on the very first day—not only discovered but, since the coins so clearly came from a peep show, traced and impounded within hours. Yet the man in the subway had told his friend he'd been using them all summer. Were the transit police phenomenally inept, or were they in league with the peep-show operator?

Curiosity overcame me. I called the Transit Authority and asked for a personal interview with the chief of transit police. I said I wanted to write a story about counterfeit tokens.

Sanford Garelik is the top transit cop. He has a corner office on the second floor of T.A. headquarters in Brooklyn. It is full of plants and charts. The plants thrive in the daylong sunlight that comes in through wraparound windows. The charts describe the things that happen underground, where there is no sunlight at all. On the wall behind him, directly above Chief Garelik's head, there is a wooden board with the words SLUGS USED TO AVOID PAYMENT OF FARES hand-lettered in white. A hundred coins are mounted on the board in six neat horizontal rows. They include aluminum disks, copper disks, steel washers, many foreign coins, a filed-down quarter, a transit token from another city, a flattened Metropolitan Museum of Art button with the tab snipped off, and play coins. But no peep-show slugs.

"What you're looking at is just a small sample," said Chief Garelik.

"... By the peep-show light, I compared the slug to a genuine token. On one side of the toy coin, a naked couple embraced ..."

"We've found as many as 400,000 slugs a month in the subways, so you can imagine the variety.

"Four percent of the riders weren't paying when I took over in April of 1975. That meant a loss of about $30-million a year. By far the greatest part was caused by what we call 'fare beats.' Fare beats are the ones who jump over the turnstiles or go through the slam doors, mostly males, ghetto kids.

"Slug-users are a whole different story. To begin with, they're middle- and upper-class people, average age about 27. They are men and women in almost equal numbers, and they are mostly white. They use slugs on the way to work in the morning and on the way home at night. We can tell from the pattern: Slugs appear in the outlying districts in the morning rush hours and in the business areas in the evening.

"Where they make their big mistake is thinking they've discovered the perfect crime: No one can see them do it, no one can catch them. That used to be the case, in fact, but a year and a half ago we set up a 200-man Fare Evasion Unit to go after fare beats and slug-users full-time. In just over a year we've caught 7,000 slug-users. You ought to see the looks on their faces. They can't believe it."

The Fare Evasion Unit sets up about a dozen slug stakeouts a day, according to Chief Garelik, generally in the stations with the heaviest slug use. First offenders are given a summons, and second offenders are arrested, handcuffed, and booked at the nearest precinct station. The fine can be anything from $25 to $250, or more if the judge decrees, and there have been jail terms of up to ten days. Slug-users are usually so horrified at being taken into custody that they don't do it again. The recidivism rate is 1.7 percent, which is low.

"When any slug turns up in quantity," the chief said, "the Fare Evasion Unit zeros in and tries to find out where it has come from." At this point, I interrupted. I got as far as "There's a peep show . . ." when the chief jumped up and cried, "Ah! We caught 'em!" He dug into his pocket and pulled out two coins: "This big one is their original slug. We were getting them in the subway by the thousands. This little one is the new coin they've just started using, and it doesn't work in the subway."

The reason the peep-show slug had been in circulation so long, the chief explained, is that no statute prohibits the lawful use of coins that happen to be the same size as tokens. Porno-movie booths being lawful, the police could only use the threat of bureaucratic harassment to force the operator to switch to tokens of another size. It had taken the man two months to get new coins minted and to make the necessary adjustments on the machines. The switch had happened the day after I visited the peep show, it turned out.

The Transit Authority's resident genius in respect to slugs is named Ed Waluk, and his title is right out of Lewis Carroll: Supervisor of Turnstiles. His workshop, above an old Con Ed substation at 99th Street and Third Avenue, is as cluttered with turnstiles and turnstile parts as Chief Garelik's office is full of charts and plants.

In a small side room are the "setups" Mr. Waluk has invented for catching slug-users. Several disembodied coin receptacles are mounted on a board. Through the Plexiglas facing-plate of each you can see what happens to a coin dropped into the slot. The principle of each device is to allow genuine tokens to pass but to trap slugs and jam the turnstile, thus alerting the police on the stakeout.

"The first thing my maintenance men do when they go on a stakeout," Mr. Waluk said, "is to reset the turnstiles to accept only those coins that measure within six thousandths of an inch of the right diameter—about the thickness of a hair. Very few slugs are that accurate." Mr. Waluk went over to his assistant and asked for a hair, which the assistant willingly provided from his own head. Mr. Waluk then picked up his micrometer and showed me that, indeed, the hair was four thousandths of an inch thick.

"Whenever a new kind of slug comes along," Mr. Waluk went on, "we design something that will catch it. This is one of the first setups we ever made. It will stop any slug made of steel or iron." Mr. Waluk dropped a steel slug into the first slot, and half an inch down it stuck to a tiny round magnet mounted on the Plexiglas facing. "A real token is brass and goes right past," he said.

Next, Mr. Waluk showed me a device rigged with a small spring-held lever that would stop anything lighter than a token (including the peep-show coin). Then he demonstrated an ingenious trap for slugs that have a hole in the middle; a tiny armature swung out and hooked the slug through the hole. Slugs with holes had started coming in heavily at two stations a couple of years back, so Mr. Waluk's staff invented this contraption in a hurry and wiped them right off the market. It is always easier, he said, to catch the manufacturer if the users are nabbed right away. Once a slug spreads all over the city, the users are farther removed from the original supply.

Mr. Waluk then showed me a slug-crusher and an antisucking cam. The slug-crusher can bite into any slug softer than a token. The antisucking cam was designed to combat a bizarre bit of ingenuity on the part of fare evaders. It seems that the police had discovered people were stuffing little pieces of paper into the token slots, to trap tokens, and then coming back and sucking a mouthful of tokens right up out of the turnstile. The antisucking cam allows tokens to go down but not up.

"About a year ago," Mr. Waluk said, "we married all these devices into an all-purpose slug detector, which we use most of the time. Right now we're working on another kind of mechanism that will combine all of these capabilities but reject slugs instead of jamming the turnstiles. If we succeed, the turnstiles will be almost slugproof. For now, we have to be on the scene to unjam them and put them back in operation."

At two o'clock the following afternoon, I met Transit Police Sergeant Gary Stolzberg at the subway change booth underneath Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street. He wore a blue ski jacket and an expression of amused expectation. Thousands of Christmas shoppers and midtown office workers would be passing through the turnstiles in the next four hours, catching the E and F trains to Greenwich Village and to nice middle-class neighborhoods in Brooklyn and Queens. All-purpose slug detectors had just been attached to each of the turnstiles.

"You're going to see some action this afternoon," Sergeant Stolzberg said. "There's been heavy slug activity at this station all week. Eighteen slugs were found by the booth attendant yesterday, and two slugs have already been used this morning, before we set up the turnstiles. As of now, anything but a token will jam the works, and when that happens, my men move in fast." Stolzberg had three plainclothesmen. One of them pretended to browse in a lingerie boutique immediately facing the row of turnstiles. A second stood out of sight in a small maintenance closet, with the door slightly

Photographed by Carl Fischer

CAD
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"...Pausing regally, the young woman dropped her coin in, surged forward into the turnstile—and nearly flipped head over heels..."

ajar. The third waited in line as if to buy a token.

Sergeant Stolzberg motioned me into the lingerie shop. He peered around a rack of blouses at the steady stream of subway riders clicking through the turnstiles. "Things should start happening around three o'clock," he said, "get heaviest around five, and then taper off about six."

At 2:35 there was a loud *clang,* and in an instant, Stolzberg's men converged upon a white-haired lady in a red pantsuit. "Can I help you?" one asked politely. It turned out that she had used a real token, but it hadn't dropped all the way down. Stolzberg explained to me that the slug-detector machinery was so precisely calibrated that this kind of thing happened once in a while, especially if a token was worn down or had a burr on the edge. Because of this, his men were always cautiously polite. This little lady went on her way none the wiser, looking back once in pleased surprise over the gallantry of three perfect strangers.

Shortly after three o'clock, a stylish young woman in a fur coat, carrying a box from Henri Bendel, came down the steps from 666 Fifth Avenue. She glided along the row of turnstiles until she came to the last one. Pausing regally, she dropped her coin in, surged forward into the turnstile—and nearly flipped head over heels when it jammed. Stolzberg's men were at her elbows before she had even regained her balance. This time they had a live one. She appeared to lapse into a sleepwalker's trance as she was ushered into the maintenance room. Once inside she began weeping and swearing to God that she'd never done it before, would never do it again, that a friend had given her the foreign coin, and that she hated the friend for doing it. "What's going to happen to me?" she sobbed. "I don't have to go to jail, do I?"

"That's what we're finding out right now," said one of the transit cops. He was on the phone to headquarters, spelling her name. In about fifteen seconds, the computer would tell him if this was her first offense. She would get a summons if it was; she would be arrested if it wasn't. The color was gone from her face.

The police were cool and respectful, letting her know with bored, unhurried voices that they neither knew nor cared about her pressing affairs, making it clear with that New York–cop tactic of addressing her by her first name that to them she had no rank, title, or special status. "What's your occupation, Susan?" She was a criminal—alone, guilty, and puny. They were the Law, with courts, jails, and all the time in the world on their side.

"Okay, you can go," the cop said after a moment.

"I'm shaking inside," she whispered.

"Just don't forget, ma'am," he said, "from now on, your name's in the computer."

No sooner had she left than a young man, a laborer in his late twenties, inserted a filed-down electric-outlet-box punch-out and became the day's second catch. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead moments after he was grabbed. It was his first offense too, and he had tried a classic but futile slug-user's trick: As soon as the turnstile had jammed, he had quickly deposited a real token that he'd held ready in his hand for just such an emergency. Too late. Once the turnstile had jammed, forcing in a token didn't help. The cops on the stakeout were the only ones who could unjam it.

At 3:19, another clang announced the snaring of a 50-year-old electrician on the way to his country home in Wading River, Long Island. The electrician appeared, appropriately, to be in a state of shock. His eyes were not focused on anything, as if in fear there'd be some recognition. It was a look that would have served as well if he had been caught in the act of shoplifting or urinating in the pool. He too had used an electric-outlet-box punch-out; he'd gotten it from the same source as the previous suspect. In the maintenance room, as the young laborer was leaving, the two smiled sheepishly at each other. It reminded Sergeant Stolzberg of the man with the Park Avenue address who'd once been caught not more than ten minutes after a girl with the same last name. "That's my daughter," he'd said when asked if he knew the girl. Then he'd run to a phone and called his wife. "Don't use those damned things," he'd told her.

High-echelon slug-users are not rare at all. In just one month, antislug stakeouts netted a vice-president of Exxon, a Columbia professor, a polygraph-machine operator, a chemist, and a writer-editor from Time Inc., who was caught twice. "They aren't the usual criminal types," said Stolzberg. "They don't know the routine. They panic; they're terrified. Suddenly they've lost control over events. You know, if you catch a pickpocket and tell him to put his hands up against the wall, he'll do it. 'Yeah, send me to jail,' he'll say. 'I'll see all my friends there.' But if you tell a slug-user to put his hands against the wall, he's mortified. He may take his hands down out of embarrassment, and the instinctive reaction of the cop covering him is that he's going for his gun, which can be dangerous."

Calling another stakeout team at the Madison Avenue entrance of the same subway stop, Stolzberg was told that they'd caught a male office clerk earlier and had just apprehended a 25-year-old female graphic artist who'd used an aluminum slug. Just then Stolzberg's men nabbed a woman in a mink coat for using a counterfeit token, which she claimed, indignantly, she'd bought the day before at a subway change booth. She got a summons anyway and was told she'd have a chance to convince the court of her innocence. She swore she would never use the subway again, let alone a counterfeit token.

In all, seven people were caught using slugs underneath 666 Fifth Avenue that day, all of them middle-class whites. Citywide, the score was eighteen apprehensions and one arrest—a slow day, Stolzberg thought, possibly because it had been a Friday when the urge to commit petty larceny subsides in the glow of the weekly paycheck.

Every so often the city of New York packs up all its slugs and foreign coins in 50-pound bags and sells them to the highest bidder. The buyers are legitimate currency dealers who then dispose of the slugs as scrap and put the foreign coins back into international circulation—but not back into the hands of slug-users, if they can help it. (Legitimate dealers will not sell the coins in any quantity to individuals; in fact, they charge at least 50 cents for any coin that fits in the New York subways, even though its face value may be less than a nickel.) A few weeks ago, a 5,000-pound lot went for $1.25 a pound, which comes to something under a fifth of a cent per slug.

Slug-using belongs in a very special category of lawbreaking: It is a middle-class street crime. Slug-users are the same people who, given another setting, sneak out and water their lawns at 2 A.M. during severe droughts. Chief Garelik's stakeouts have cut the incidence down to half. But it will take Ed Waluk's antilightweight, anti-iron-alloy, anti-hole-in-the-middle, antioversize, antiundersize, slug-crushing, antisucking slugproof turnstile to knock it out altogether. ■

Before the "war": *In the summer of 1967, Kate visited her illustrious father, Mark Rothko, when he was teaching at Berkeley.*

The Ordeal of Kate Rothko:

The War Isn't Over in Marlborough Country

By Paul Gardner

"...As a teenage girl, Mark Rothko's daughter became a prime mover in a landmark case. Now 26, she is again in a battle..."

"...The district attorney has impaneled a grand jury to consider possible violations of criminal laws by Marlborough Gallery..."

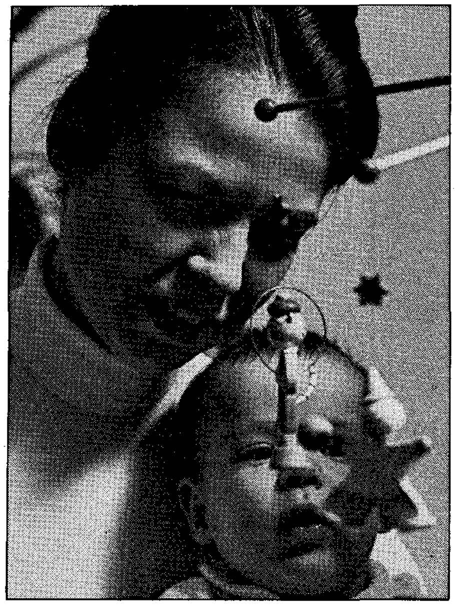
Who is Kate Rothko? Seven years ago, when the great Abstract-Expressionist painter Mark Rothko was found dead in his studio, his daughter was an unimportant figure to the kings and queens of the art world. But as her father's $32-million estate became a battlefield between herself and the powerful Marlborough Gallery, the teenage girl—who refused to give interviews or allow herself to be photographed—became a prime mover in a landmark case. And she won. Today, Kate Rothko, still an unfamiliar face, finds herself confronting the Marlborough empire again.

In December, Marlborough and the executors of her father's estate filed chunky, novel-sized briefs stating why the verdict against them should be overturned. A fortnight ago, Kate's lawyer coolly replied to her adversaries in another lengthy brief, which five judges are now studying. All the arguments will be heard in court on February 18. Meanwhile, the district attorney has impaneled a grand jury to consider charges of perjury, larceny in connection with the disposition of paintings, fabrication and destruction of documents, and other possible violations of criminal laws by Marlborough in its handling of Rothko's art. Once again Rothko's daughter, now 26, is caught up in a courtroom battle that may go on for months—or even years. And the art world still asks, with some dismay, *Who is Kate Rothko?*

When Kate Rothko celebrated her twelfth birthday, there were lots of brightly wrapped packages from school chums, including paperback editions of plays by Chekhov and O'Neill, some folk LP's, and the original-cast recording of *West Side Story*. But there was one special present. It was a large canvas about five feet square, in which two luminous red rectangles floated on a burnished orange background. The canvas was signed by Kate's father, Mark Rothko, whose paintings of glowing lozenge-shaped rectangles—blues, maroons, yellows, blacks—serenely suspended in luminous-hued space, established him as a modern American master.

Today, Kate does not have the painting. She doesn't have *any* painting by her father. In the fall of 1971, a year and a half after New York's chief medical examiner listed Rothko's death as a suicide, "war" erupted over the Rothko estate and Kate's birthday present was considered part of the spoils of that war. Kate Rothko was only nineteen then—shy, silent, introspective. During the three years of preparation and the subsequent eight-month trial over her father's artistic legacy, her diffidence vanished and her sense of purpose hardened as she confronted what she felt was a betrayal by Mark Rothko's "dearest and closest" friends.

HANS NAMUTH



Family duo: *Kate's mother, Mell, cuddled her baby son, "Topher," born in 1963.*

Throughout the trial, from February 14 to October 25, 1974, Kate shunned publicity, because, she said, she didn't want to detract from the legal issues. For weeks she wasn't even visible. "I was still going to college," she explains matter-of-factly. Then, as the trial dragged on after her graduation, she got up mornings at 4:30 to work at a chemistry laboratory in New Jersey. "I didn't want any attention. What I was doing was for my father." But even when she wasn't in court, seated on a rear bench, wearing a dark wool skirt and cotton blouse, the strong personality of Rothko's unseen, almost unknown daughter left a vivid imprint on the costliest, most complex trial in art history. Her spirit reflects what Mark Rothko once said when asked about his work: "Silence is so accurate."

Like a beleaguered heroine from a Henry James novel, Kate was an outsider. She was considered a meddlesome intruder by many of the sherry-sippers who prattle at Les Pléiades, the art crowd's preferred East Side canteen. But Kate ignored the hostile stares, the malicious gossip, the freaky middle-of-the-night phone calls. With iron resolution, she pressed the case for her father—and her mother, Mary Alice ("Mell"), who died six months after Rothko, leaving Kate alone with her brother, Christopher, age six.

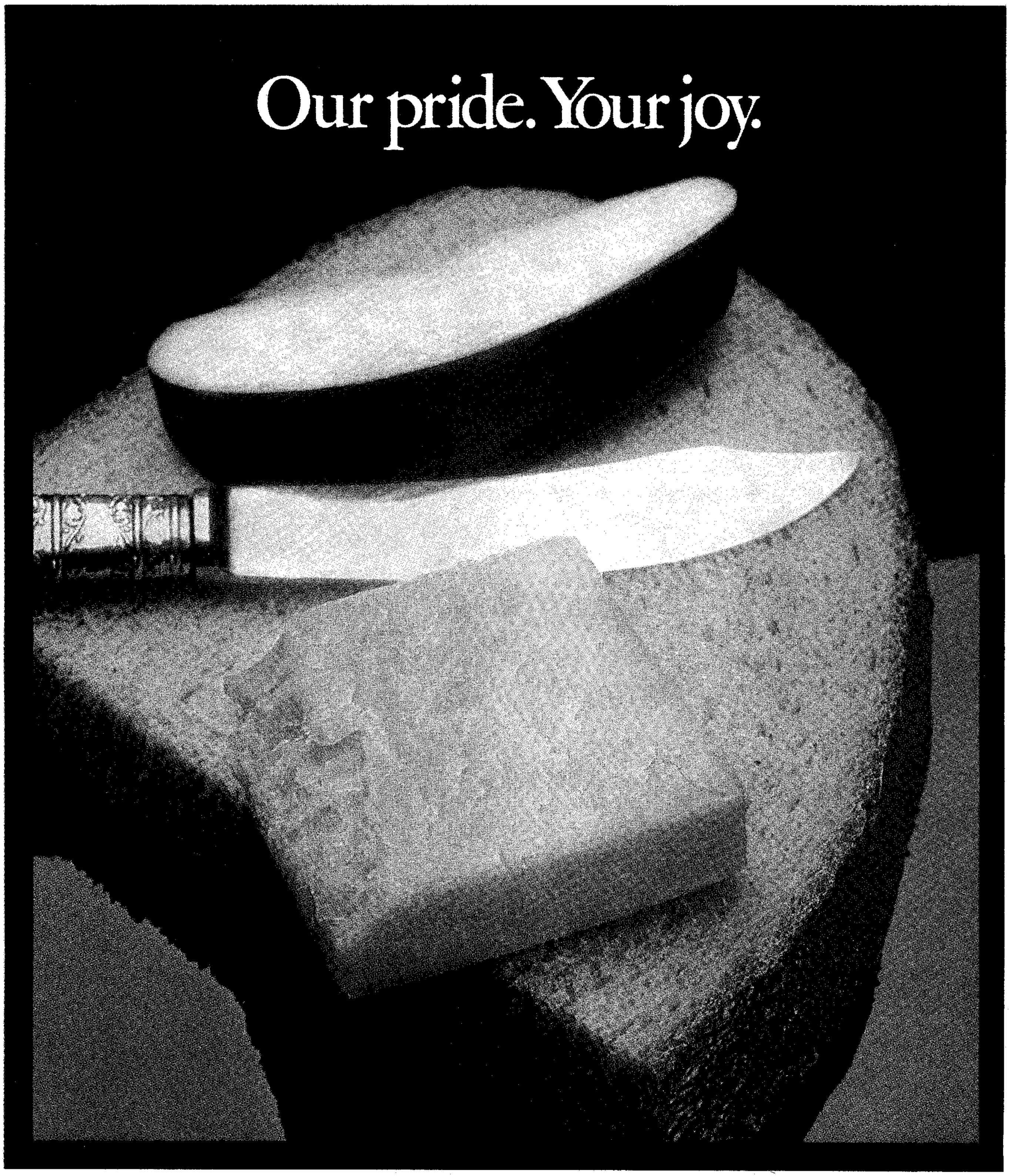
Everyone had expected Kate to behave docilely, to do precisely as told, because—it was whispered between bites of saumon fumé—"she's not very, well, you know . . . bright," and even if she *was* piqued by the handling of Mark's estate, what could that irritating child possibly accomplish? She would have to like it or lump it.

Kate did neither. She defied the astonished executors who had sold Rothko's canvases (without competitive bidding) to the Marlborough Gallery. And she defied Frank Lloyd, almighty vizier of the Marlborough network, which has galleries in New York, London, Zurich, Montreal, Toronto, Rome, Tokyo—even, according to a wry rumor, in Transylvania.

Friends of the executors and Marlborough screamed as the case spilled out like a velvet handbag bursting with ill-gotten treasures, and public-relations cosmeticians tried to camouflage the empire's sullied image. "The press called it the art world's Watergate," says Kate's lawyer, Edward J. Ross, gesturing toward a roomful of cabinets labeled "Rothko" and crammed with 20,000 pages of testimony and 3,000 pages of legal briefs. Kate, who is now in her third year at Johns Hopkins Medical School, was leaving the school hospital's emergency room a year ago when she learned that her father's executors had been kicked out and fined, along with Frank Lloyd and Marlborough, more than $9 million.

"It's not the money," she insists, shaking her head. "It's the paintings. *I want my father's paintings.*"

Kate's lawyer is frequently asked why the executors—accountant Bernard Reis, painter Theodoros Stamos, anthropologist Morton Levine—persisted in fighting her bitterly at every step, while telling the court in florid sentimental language what intimate, trusted, *devoted* confidants they were of the late Mark Rothko. More than one puzzled observer remarked that their conduct toward Rothko's daughter and son cast a disquieting shadow on their courtroom posture. "When I took the case and examined it carefully, I knew Kate had to win," Ross says. "The executors, influenced, I suspect, by Marlborough's power, thought otherwise." Ross, a big man with a shock of wavy salt-and-pepper hair, a Lincolnesque profile, and a grand presence,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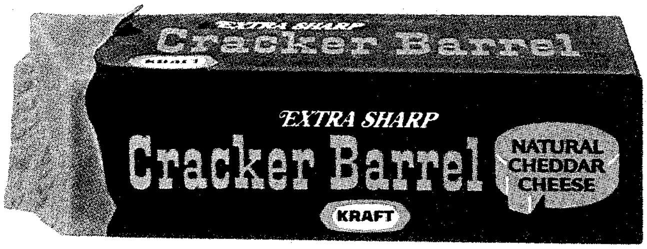
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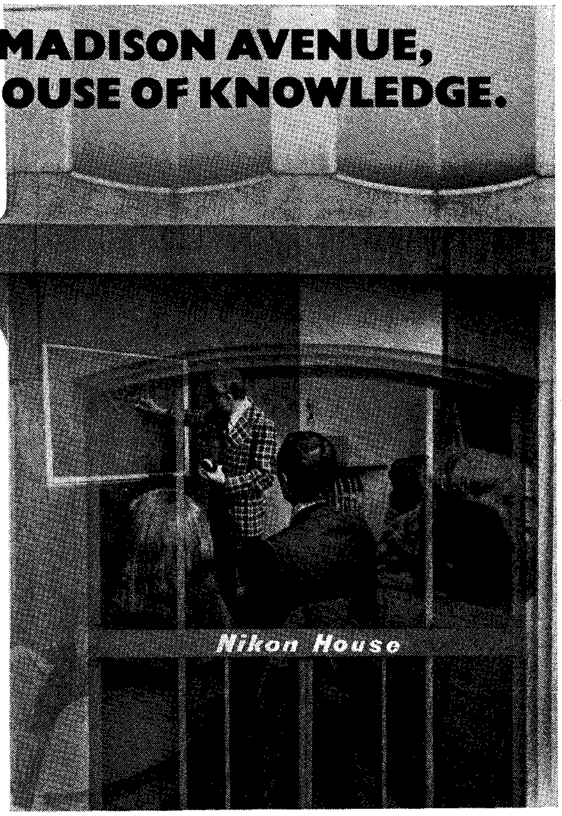

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raps a Rothko cabinet with his knuckles. "On the most simple level, they wanted to deny Mark's own kids direct interest in his estate. For some people, a lot of money can be made from the estates of artists." For years, Marlborough represented the estates of Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, and Ad Reinhardt. Since the Rothko case began, these estates have been withdrawn from Marlborough's management.

The executors and Frank Lloyd blundered badly. They underrated the endurance of Mark's daughter. "They thought I would not be able to stick with it," Kate says quietly. "And so it went on and on and on."

"They wanted to bleed her, financially and emotionally," adds Ilya Prizel, her husband, putting an arm around her as they sit on the sectional couch, a keepsake transferred from the Rothkos' New York townhouse to the Prizels' Baltimore home. Kate and Ilya got married twelve days before the trial began.

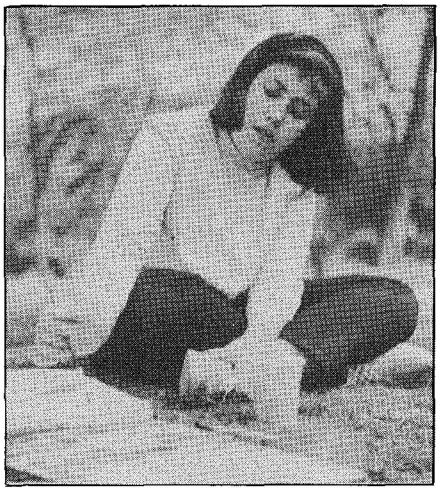
"I had to stick with it," Kate finishes, "or I wouldn't have been able to forgive myself." Her dark eyes, steady and stubborn behind granny glasses, are Mark's eyes.

Throughout the trial, with its endless parade of witnesses and defendants, Kate always kept her dignity. When Frank Lloyd appeared, exuding his Claude Rains worldliness, he shook her hand and beamed confidently. On some days a grandiose circus, complete with jugglers and clowns, seemed to be in session under the three crystal chandeliers. And in an off-center ring sat the extraordinarily calm Kate.

At one point, Kate heard that Marlborough was ready to offer her $3 million if she'd call it quits. But Kate wasn't interested in bags of green paper. "It's not the money" she reminded her lawyer. "It's the paintings. *I want my father's paintings.*"

As a child growing up in a circle where her parents' friends were all terribly clever and engagingly critical of themselves and others, Kate Rothko instinctively developed a protective privateness. When the Rothkos gave their yearly Christmas party for artists and other friends, Kate helped her mother prepare the seafood casseroles and baked ham, but when guests arrived, she retreated quietly—and watched. Mark, who read to her at bedtime and took her on the Central Park carousel and bought her slurpy ice cream cones, wanted his friends to notice her. To win his approval, they'd purr sweetly, "Come sit on my lap, Kate, and I'll tell you a nice story . . ." and she obeyed. Often she found herself on the lap of a young artist named Theodoros Sta-

"...'Kate wanted Mark's attention so she rebelled against his art,' says Ms. Kuh..."



Preteen painter: *As a child, Kate liked to paint, both at home and in Central Park.*

mos. Her father took a picture of them. But there were also remarks which she overheard—disparaging asides made by otherwise charming egocentrics who considered children boring, barely tolerable objects. Kate's guardian, artist Herbert Ferber, remembers rapier thrusts about "that nasty child." As Kate became more independent, she refused to play the dimpled darling. She wasn't Shirley Temple.

By the mid-fifties, art critics and curators had fully endorsed the movement known as Abstract Expressionism. So after years of struggle, of teaching school—which he hated—Mark Rothko finally achieved some mild financial success. He spent longer hours in his studio, and Kate, then an only child, missed him. "He didn't like people in the studio watching him paint, but my mother would drop me off sometimes, and I'd sit in a corner." Some artists who visited the studio describe Kate as having been "hostile, very difficult." And they tell, with glee, how once, around the age of four, she marched from canvas to canvas, chanting, "Pooey, pooey, pooey!"

"Katie wanted Mark's attention, so she rebelled against his painting," explains Katherine Kuh, art critic and a former curator of Chicago's Art Institute, who stood loyally behind Kate throughout the legal battle. "Mark was immersed in himself and his work, and Kate wanted to see more of him. Artists keep very casual households, with friends coming and going when children, perhaps, aren't on their best behavior. It's not like visiting a Westchester couple, on invitation, when everyone including the dog performs perfectly on cue. Katie was just a normal little girl whose father was becoming famous."

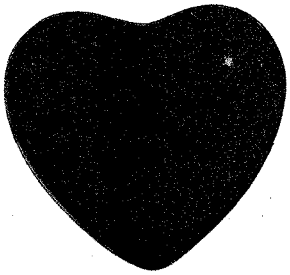
The Rothkos moved from a midtown apartment to a townhouse on East 95th Street. No more takeout deli snacks and impromptu spaghetti suppers or Chinese feeds in a dinky restaurant next to the Ziegfeld Theater. The new house swirled with names that had become glamorous: Robert Motherwell, Adolph Gottlieb, Franz Kline. The assemblage eventually included Professor Morton Levine and the dapper Bernard Reis, a salon-keeper on the liberal-chic circuit who happily played the role of amateur shrink and financial adviser.

Kate observed the flowing drinks and platters of canapés, the new players dancing an obsequious *ronde* around her father. She didn't try to endear herself to anyone. She was coping with that awkward age when teenagers either put on weight or get pimples. But Kate had additional worries. She didn't think her father's new friends respected her mother. During the lean years, Mell Rothko helped support the family by doing commercial art, and Kate was proud of her. She resented the fact that her mother was looked down upon for not writing poetry or composing music. Gazing at the crowd one night, she wanted to blurt out, "My mom's just as good as you are; in fact, she's better."

Her brother, Christopher, nicknamed Topher, was born in 1963 and everyone, especially Mark, adored him. There was plenty of money now: Mark's paintings were selling for $20,000 each. But Pop Art had begun to grab the media's eyes. It had taken the Abstract Expressionists years to attain recognition. They were rankled by the instant stardom accorded the "young Popsicles." Rothko felt insecure too, afraid that Brillo boxes, flashy traffic signs, and cartoon sunsets belittled his own work. His creative tensions and Mell's personal anxieties charged the house. "There was a lot of drinking in those days; we all drank, it was just part of the scene," recalls Herbert Ferber. "Today you drink wine. In those days it was Scotch."

Kate skipped twelfth grade at the Dalton School. Encouraged by Mark, she had read *The Magic Mountain* and *The Sound and the Fury*. "My father liked to talk about books. He wanted me to read Mann and Faulkner and Shakespeare—they were his favorites." At age sixteen, Kate was accepted at the University of Chicago, which had an early-admis- *(Continued on page 50)*

heart-to-heart
february 14th
bloomingdale's



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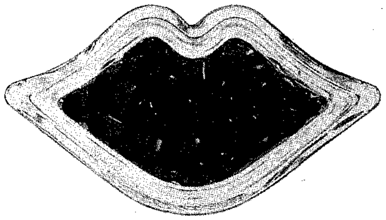

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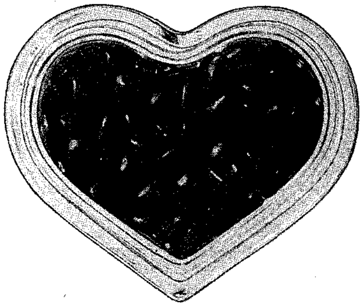

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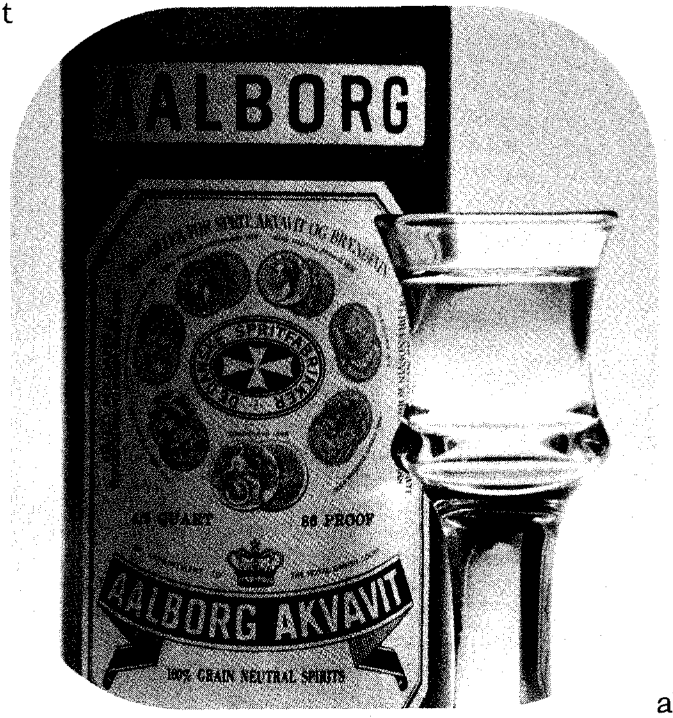

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Your left hand holds the Akvavit (A) and your right hand the beer (B). (Don't try switching the two around before you get the feel of it.)

Now just follow these simple directions, drinking in alphabetical order: A, B, A, B, etc. After some practice, you should begin to improvise, using your own distinctively individual patterns, such as A, B, B, or A, A, B, or A, B, A, A. You might even want to drink along with your favorite poem. Just follow the rhyme scheme. If you like, experiment with Akvavit and other flavors. It mixes quite well with tomato juice, bitter lemon, tonic and close friends. Akvavit makes a great impression on its own, on the rocks.

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"...'I'm taking Russian,' Kate announced, 'I suppose because of my father'..."

(Continued from page 47) sions program. Her roommate was four years older, engaged, and absorbed in the latest marriage manuals—a typical big-university mismatch. Mark was concerned. When he heard that Katherine Kuh was going to Chicago on a business trip, he asked her to "take a look at Kate; see how she's getting along."

Ms. Kuh agreed to, but didn't think Kate would want to spend an evening with her. Katherine Kuh is a lively dumpling who can be quite formidable —or a boon companion, administering comfort and advice. She invited Kate out for a drink.

"I don't drink," Kate answered slowly.

"Well, there's always coffee, or how about a Coke? I don't care. . . ."

They met in a hotel restaurant. Katherine Kuh took one look at Kate. "Unhappy?"

Kate nodded. "I don't want to stay here. I'm too young."

"Yes, I see," Ms. Kuh answered sympathetically. "And you're lonely, too."

"I think I prefer the guys in New York," Kate said.

Katherine Kuh gave a whoop of laughter. They gabbed for a couple of hours about love and college and Kate's family. Kate realized she had a friend, one person from the New York art scene who liked her.

The next semester she enrolled at Brooklyn College. She commuted for a while and then took a $90-a-month apartment near the college. Mark signed the lease for her. After his death, she offered to move back home, but Mell encouraged her to stay on her own. And then when her mother died, Kate's world capsized. She dropped out of school for one year, reorganizing her life and emotions. Returning to Brooklyn College, she began a personal search for her father.

Broiling a chicken dinner for Katherine Kuh one evening in her Brooklyn walk-up, Kate announced casually, "I'm taking a Russian course this semester."

"*Russian?* What for?" Ms. Kuh asked, without beating around the bush.

"I suppose because of my father," Kate answered moodily. Mark Rothko, né Marcus Rothkovich, was born in Dvinsk, Russia.

Like all parents, Mark probably grumbled about his daughter, but he also worried constantly about Kate, often discussing her future with Herbert Ferber. "Do you think she could be an artist? Do you think she *wants* to be an artist?" As a youngster, Kate dabbled in painting. Mark even pinned up her drawings and sketches in his studio. Later, observing her analytical mind, he remarked, "I'd be happy if Kate went into medicine." When Ms. Kuh asked her why she was also taking biology and chemistry, Kate replied evenly, "My father always wanted me to study medicine." She graduated from Brooklyn College with honors and was accepted at twelve top medical schools. By that time she had married Ilya Prizel.

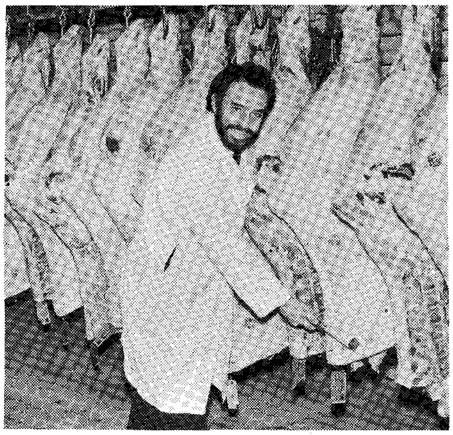
Ilya emigrated from the Ukraine with his family when he was eleven. His mother got a job at Brooklyn College teaching Russian and it was in her class that Kate and Ilya met. For their honeymoon, Kate and Ilya spent three weeks on a kibbutz and visited his grandparents in Israel. Ilya talked to them in Hebrew, Kate in Russian. "I heard my father speak Hebrew," she recalls. "I never heard him speak Russian, but people said he could."

The first time Ilya's parents invited her to their home, the occasion was a Passover dinner. Kate's father was Jewish, her mother Gentile. Religion didn't play a role in the Rothko house, but, as with the Prizels, the Jewish holidays were observed. The Prizels introduced her to Russian folk dances and Hebrew songs. When the party broke up at midnight, Kate discovered that she had a new family, a new home. She belonged.

For her wedding on a snowy night at a Brooklyn country club, Kate sewed her own dress of white velvet. She crocheted yarmulkes for Ilya and Topher, and made 150 blue and white yarn flowers. "We're going to have *fun* at my wedding," she promised two other loyal friends from her parents' world, artist William Scharf and his actress-wife, Sally. She drank two glasses of champagne and danced the hora. And she forgot about the pending headline trial that pitted her against the art world's corporate giant.

Kate's marriage to Ilya, a relaxed young man with a boyish, sunny personality, gave her more confidence and diminished her sense of isolation. It also helped erase the memory of events that started spinning wildly after her mother's death.

One morning, within a few weeks of the funeral, Sally and Bill Scharf received a phone call from Kate, who was in the Rothko townhouse. "I wonder if you could come over . . ." she hesitated, ". . . and help me pack." The Scharfs arrived ten minutes later. The door was open. Sally stepped inside,



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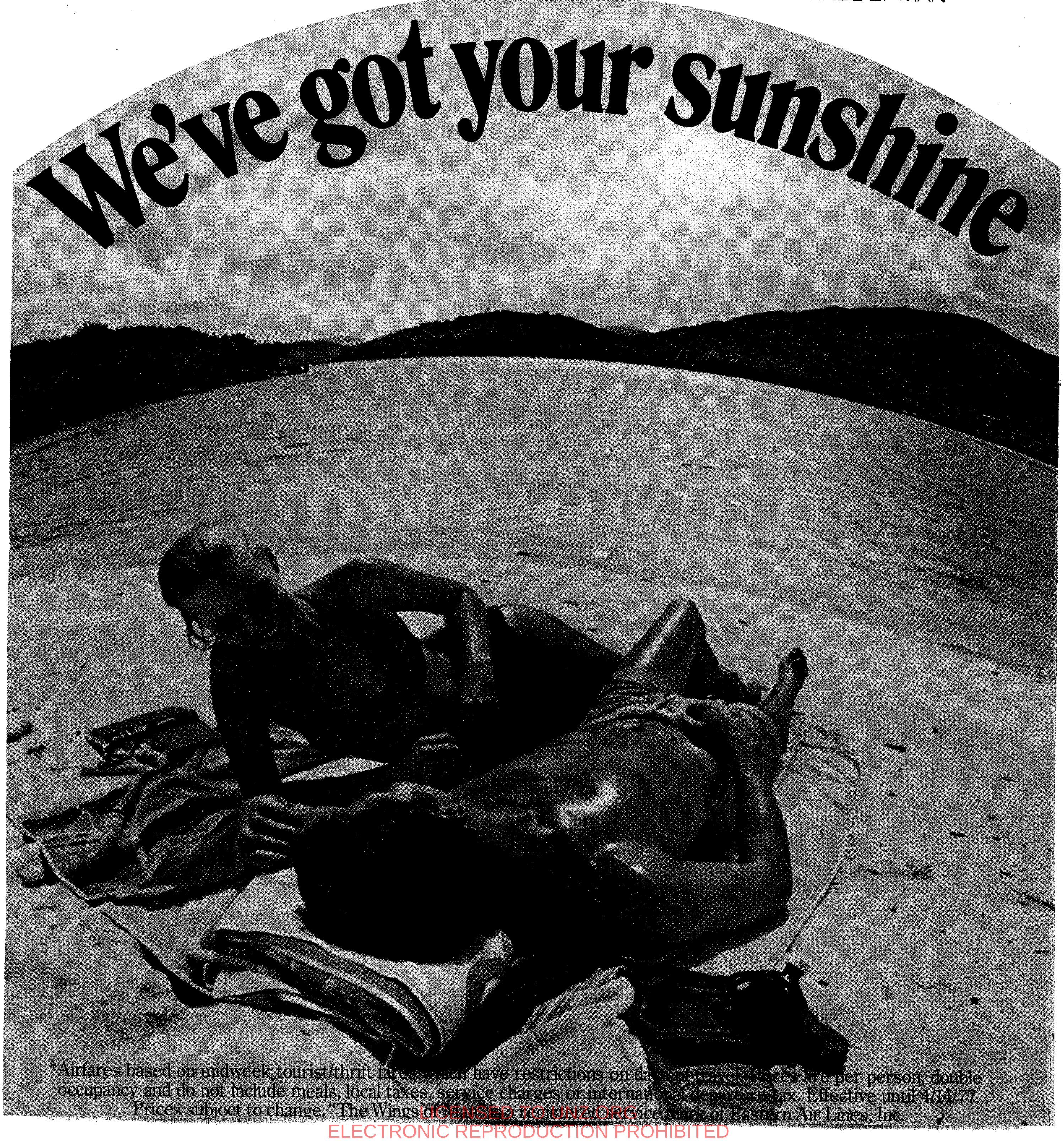
THE WINGS OF MAN



*Airfares based on midweek tourist/thrift fares which have restrictions on days of travel. Prices are per person, double occupancy and do not include meals, local taxes, service charges or international departure tax. Effective until 4/14/77. Prices subject to change. "The Wings of Man" is a registered service mark of Eastern Air Lines, Inc.

"...'Every room in the Rothko house seemed to be ransacked,' Sally recalls. 'I think they were searching for something'..."

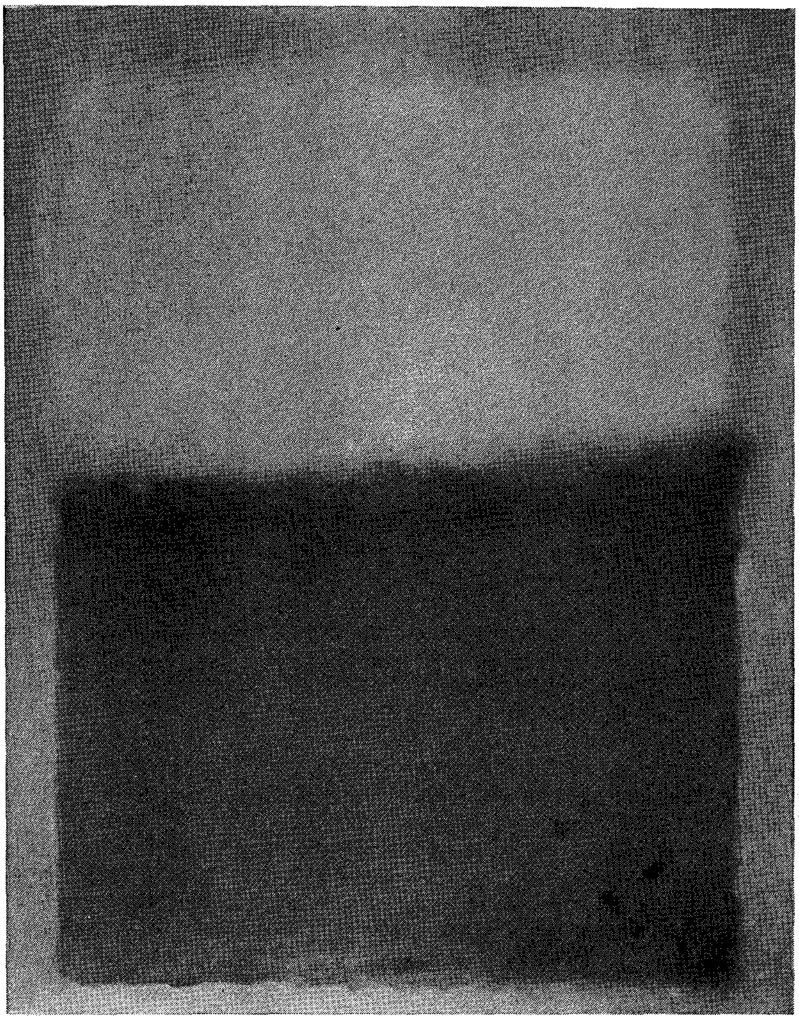
peered around, and started shaking. "Oh my God," she said, reaching for her husband.

"The house looked as if it had been struck by a tornado," Sally recalls. "Drawers were turned upside down, closets yanked open. Every room seemed to be ransacked." Two young women were there, representing the Rothko executors and Kate's guardian's lawyer, taking inventory of papers. "I think they were searching for something. There was a rumor it might be another will." Kate, packing some personal mementos, was very pale. "I was chilled all over," Sally says. "It was the last time we were in the house."

Rothko left Mell $250,000 cash, as well as "my real estate and all the contents thereof." The contents included twelve Rothko paintings hanging in various rooms on the lower three floors, and 32 in the attic. The executors said the attic paintings belonged to the Rothko estate. Then, more than a year later, after Kate, encouraged by Herbert Ferber, questioned the contracts the executors had signed with Marlborough, the executors retaliated by challenging her right to the twelve paintings as well. So Kate's birthday present was tied up in litigation.

And soon she heard stories circulating about herself. "They said I didn't like my father and my father didn't like me. They said my mother and I didn't like his work. Well, I remember once, a year before he died, I was in his studio and he showed me a realistic painting, a portrait of my grandmother. I was named after her. I had never seen the painting before. I was very excited. I thought it was beautiful. I told him that. Bernard Reis was there too. I suppose he heard me. Maybe he thought I only liked realistic works, but I liked my father's abstractions too."

After Mell's death, Topher Rothko lived with the Morton Levines. The Rothko house had been cheerfully casual. Levine is a disciplined academic. Kate was told always to telephone before coming to see her brother. She was scolded, in front of Topher, for bringing him back late from an outing. Still confused by the loss of his own parents, Topher was asked to call the Levines Mom and Dad. But he didn't eat with them. His meals were taken with the maid. On one occasion, Kate was visiting Topher in his upstairs bedroom while the Levines gave a party for a member of the French embassy. Kate wasn't invited downstairs; she felt hurt, especially because one of the guests was a relative.



Artist's legacy: *Soon after his death "classic" Rothkos, like this 1956 painting in Buffalo's Albright-Knox Gallery, skyrocketed in price. Marlborough sold one for $180,000.*

"I think Kate decided that night to move Topher," says Sally Scharf. (His mother's sister in Ohio became his guardian and he now attends private school in Maryland.) "Why did they all treat her with such contempt? If they had been nice, Kate wouldn't have dared to start asking questions. But they didn't even *pretend* to like her. They were all so damn arrogant. I think, on some weird level, they must have hated Mark too."

Mark was hospitalized in the spring of 1968. He suffered from aneurysm of the aorta. The illness left him psychologically "lost." One night, during a boozy party on Cape Cod, Mark mumbled sadly, "The thing I dislike most in the world is oil . . . and a paintbrush. . . ." Back in New York, his accountant and financial adviser, Bernard Reis, drafted his will. "It was not the kind of will a rational man, or a well-advised man, would ever make," states Kate's lawyer. "He left the bulk of his estate to a charitable foundation in his name." Rothko, separated from Mell, moved into his studio on East 69th Street, where he hoarded canvases, some selling for $60,000 a piece. Frequent visitors were Reis, Stamos, and Rita Reinhardt, the widow of Ad Reinhardt, whose estate was then handled by Marlborough. But Rothko called Mell daily, sometimes dropped in for meals, and regularly took Topher on outings.

Three months after Rothko's death at age 66, the Marlborough Gallery signed a contract with his executors, buying 100 choice canvases for $1.8-million, payable without interest over twelve years. In effect, Marlborough got each painting for about $12,000. Dealers called it a steal (the gallery sold one for $180,000 eight months later). The executors also consigned 698 canvases to Marlborough, granting

> "... Kate's friends continue to ponder Rothko's death. 'I do not believe he committed suicide,' says the painter Agnes Martin..."

DAVE GAHR

THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE

Unlikely adversaries: *Frank Lloyd, 65-year-old boss and mastermind of Marlborough Gallery, was trounced in court by Kate Rothko, now a 26-year-old medical student.*

the gallery a gluttonous commission of 50 percent of the price of each painting the gallery sold. Bernard Reis became a director and secretary-treasurer of the gallery, and Stamos, whose own work had never caused a stampede, before long joined Marlborough's celebrity stable.

Acting for Kate, Herbert Ferber went to court. Initiating a lawsuit against old friends, he found himself shunned by much of the art world. At a cocktail party, the wife of poet Stanley Kunitz said, "This is the kind of thing you clear up in private, not in public." On another occasion, Max Lerner's wife asked sharply, "Aren't *you* the man who started that suit against Reis?" One morning Katherine Kuh was awakened by a telephone call. "You better tell that girl to pull out, to stop," an important lawyer advised; "it's hopeless." Katherine Kuh thanked him for the message, then went back to sleep. She never told Kate about the call.

Marlborough busily took over Rothko's paintings. Canvases were packed up and shipped to Canada, London, and Liechtenstein. At least three mysteriously "disappeared," to pop up again, so the story goes, in the closet of a dentist's office. The dentist took them to the Marlborough Gallery and nobody bothered to ask him any questions. Then he vanished. Now what was all that about? One theory is that someone with access to Rothko's studio took the paintings and later was blackmailed by someone else, so he dumped the hot property. Many people, for a time, had access to the studio. Today they may also have paintings by Rothko that they didn't buy or acquire in trade.

Mark Rothko and his wife have been dead for almost seven years. But the labyrinthine case isn't finished. Kate's lawyer has filed a federal lawsuit charging that the consignment contract was, in fact, signed *thirteen months after* the sales contract and then *backdated* to cover up "sales" by Reis, in collusion with Frank Lloyd. (Certain changes in the contract were initialed by Reis as well as by Lloyd's nephew, Pierre Levai, but not by the two other executors.) Meantime, Kate has filed a $5-million lawsuit against Frank E. Karelsen's law firm and a $1-million suit against the Saidenberg Galleries for aiding and abetting a "conspiracy to defraud the estate." Bernard Reis asked the law firm to handle the estate and Daniel Saidenberg to give an appraisal of Rothko's work. Saidenberg's appraisal price for the 100 paintings was $750,000. Muttered one dealer, "I don't think Saidenberg ever sold a Rothko in his life."

Ross was told that he'd never be able to collect from Marlborough, which was hauling its assets to Europe. A court order was issued restraining such a move. Then Ross received a tip from Assistant Attorney General Gustave Harrow: Seven truckloads of art, which Marlborough valued at $12-million, would be shipped to Europe through Marlborough's Canadian connection. This transfer was stopped and Ross promptly filed a motion citing Marlborough and Frank Lloyd for contempt of court.

Kate had always said, "I want my father's paintings." Marlborough ultimately returned 658 Rothkos as well as 43 said to have been sold overseas. Kate's lawyer doesn't believe that the 43 were actually sold. Both Ross and Gustave Harrow believe they were "parked" in friendly hands. These canvases are under court jurisdiction in a New York warehouse. But the remaining 97 (out of a total of 798) paintings, which were sold elsewhere, aren't likely to be returned and Marlborough will probably have to pay a fine determined by the court.

Whatever the outcome of the proliferating legal battles, there will still remain the mystery of Rothko's death. Edward Ross does not believe Rothko committed suicide. "We've been repeatedly told that Mark was hopelessly depressed, but who's telling us that? His last paintings had prominent black rectangles, so the color black is cited as an example of his depression. That's absolutely ludicrous." If Rothko had nagging doubts about his place in the art world, three positive events should have relieved his fears: The Tate Gallery in London had just designated a room in his honor; he was to be featured at the upcoming Venice Biennale; and he had completed fourteen paintings for a chapel in Houston, especially designed for his work.

Mark's suicide, as well as the terms of his will, baffled his wife, who confided her bewilderment to Katherine Kuh one evening as they walked to the Levines' house for dinner. "I just don't understand certain things. . . ."

"If you're bothered, you have to take steps, Mell," said Katherine Kuh. "Do something about it."

In New York, when more than half of an estate is left to charity, the children can elect to take the residue above 50 percent. So in July, 1970, Mell filed elections against the will on behalf of her two children. But four weeks later, Mell Rothko, at the age of 48, died of a heart attack.

Kate's friends, who talk about a "Rothko conspiracy," continue to ponder the circumstances of his suicide. First, he overdosed with barbiturates. Then, presumably drugged, he slashed the veins on the inside elbow of *both* arms. One doctor describes this area "as a very sophisticated place, requiring medical knowledge. The quick blood flow means death in a few minutes. You wouldn't have to slash both arms, even if you had the strength."

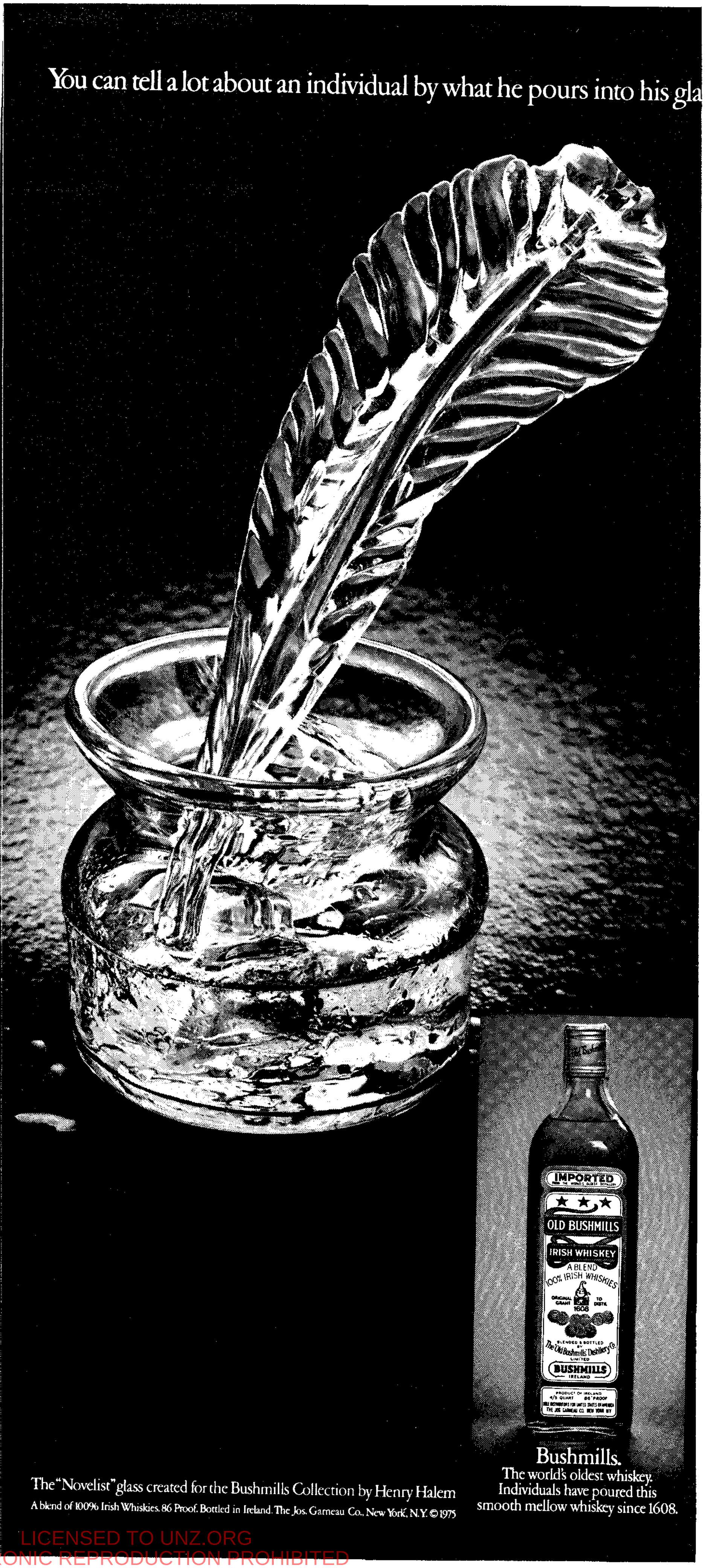
To add to the riddle, there was no farewell note. "The entire episode seems out of character," says one intimate of Rothko.

Recently, in a published interview in *Art News*, the distinguished painter Agnes Martin said: "I don't believe . . . Rothko committed suicide. . . . He was done in . . . by the people who have profited or have *tried* to profit." Other artists have expressed doubts about Rothko's death, in spite of the official medical examiner's report that he was a suicide.

One night not long ago, Kate returned to her Baltimore home very late, after working thirteen hours in the pathology department at Johns Hopkins. Ilya had spent the day interviewing prisoners at the Baltimore city jail. Kate prepared a quick meal—broiled fish, Minute Rice, and a green salad. Kate and Ilya don't drink, but they serve wine to guests. "We can lead anonymous lives here, away from New York," Kate says, nibbling on a piece of cheese. The shyness of her youth is gone; she is a serious, thoughtful woman. But her most striking quality is her composure, a cool assurance that her adversaries have never been able to crack. "Because I wasn't *in* the art world, these people really couldn't hurt me. I wasn't even told about the sale of the paintings to Marlborough until after my mother died. I was expected to be quiet, to go away. At first everyone was so polite and civil. That didn't last long. I guess I have very few friends in the art world today. Some people—famous names—I expected to hear from, but they kept quiet. I got my strength because I wasn't dependent on that circle. I had my own life and my own career."

"That's what made them so angry," Ilya says, putting a Mozart LP on the hi-fi. Ilya, who is studying to be a social worker, is an opera buff. "For Katie, it was a search for the truth." Flute-like music pirouettes through the room. Ilya switches on a lamp near a glass cabinet arranged with childhood mementos: a copper teapot from his parents, a hairbrush that belonged to Kate's mother. Someday, Kate hopes, her father's birthday present will be there too, hanging above the cabinet.

"I want people to remember my father," Kate says, gazing at the space on the wall. "When we get all the paintings back, the reorganized foundation will see that they're properly placed—as loans or gifts to museums, not sold as investments to corporations. My father didn't want that." Kate slumps against a cushion and closes her eyes. "For myself, I just want to practice medicine and sink quietly into obscurity." ▬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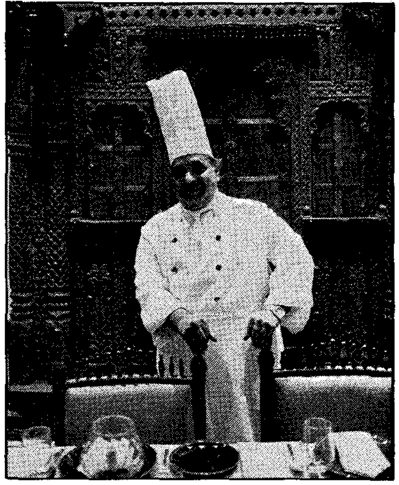
BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

MATTHEW KLEIN



Currying Favor

His name, Hansraj, means "king of swans." But what's in a name? Not Hansraj Kapotra (above), chef at the glamorous new Indian restaurant, Raga. He preens, nonetheless, when asked about his culinary past, and pulls out a sheaf of clippings and photos—of him with Jackie Onassis, Princess Margaret, Nasser, Tito, Indira Gandhi. He was, it turns out, Nehru's caterer.
RAGA/*57 West 48th Street/757-3450*

One, Two, Swashbuckle My Shoe

Tom Bosley, a lovely actor before there ever was anything called *Happy Days*, has become so associated with that dumb TV show about high-school kids that he is now to be host of a new radio show for kids. *General Mills Radio Adventure Theater* promises adaptations of such classics as *Mysterious Island, Kidnapped*, and *Moby Dick. Moby Dick*?
GENERAL MILLS RADIO ADVENTURE THEATER/*February 5, 6:06 p.m./WOR*

MARY ANNE SHEA

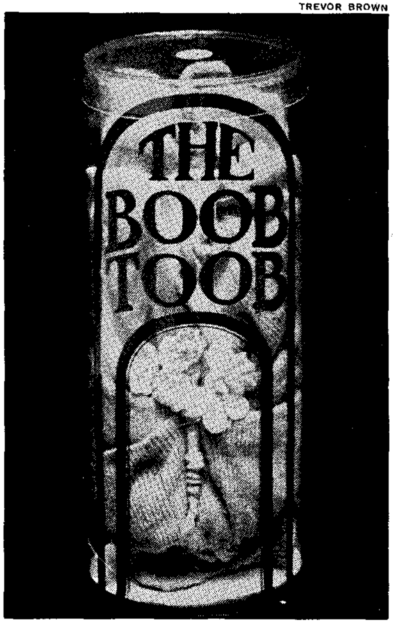
Honey Comb

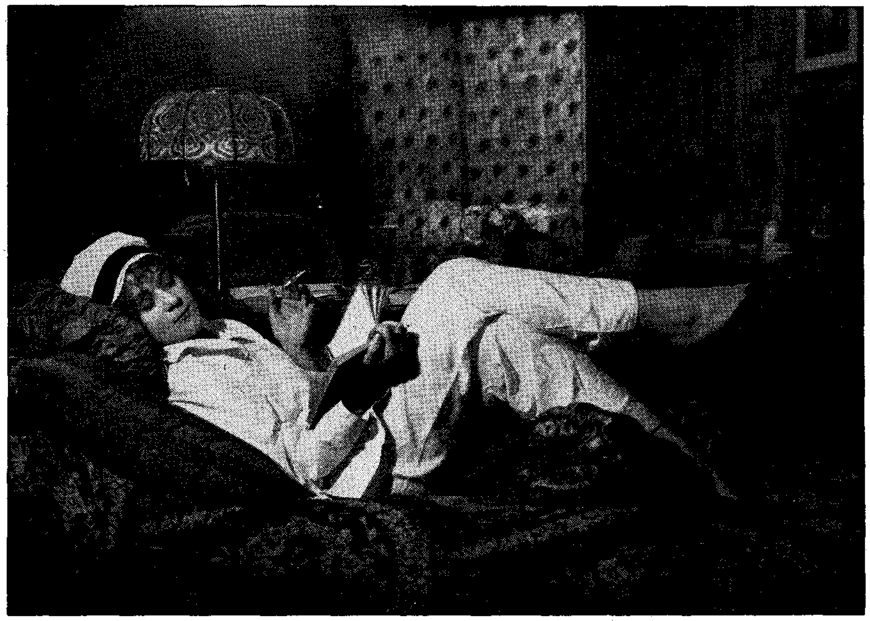
Peter Jaeger has been a gag writer for Clay Cole, does a Dear Abby-ish column for a teenage magazine, is a very successful model, and has, for the past six months, been "an actual manufacturer. Just call me King Comb," says Peter, whose heart combs in a gold-and-see-through purse ($8) are dandier than candy. **—Priscilla Tucker**
BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Main floor*

Booby Trap

Packaging is all. Consider the Boob Toob, a clear cylinder containing a cotton-knit tube caught in front with a flower and available in a range of funky colors ($5). This is the creation of Marty Wauchope and Patricia Vasilaros, who sold clothes at West Coast crafts fairs.
SERENDIPITY 3/*225 East 60th Street*

TREVOR BROWN

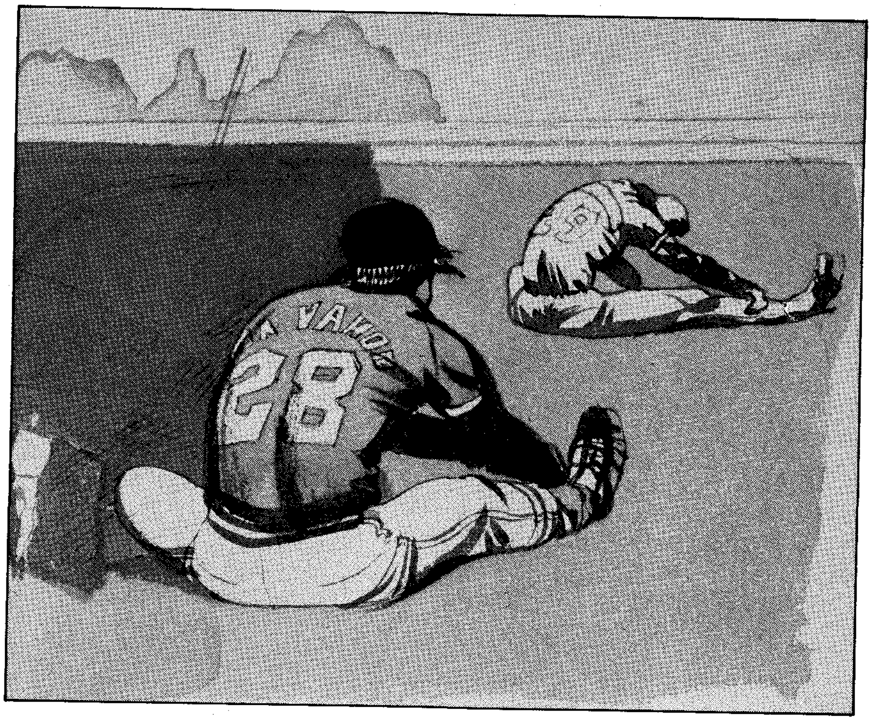




Karin Molander in Mauritz Stiller's Love and Journalism *(1916).*

Run Silent, Run Deep

If Ingmar Bergman was greatly influenced by Victor Sjöström, it is understandable. Bergman's father liked to show Swedish silents in church, after communion. We need not attend church in order to praise Sjöström. We need only attend MOMA and there enjoy a festival of Swedish silents by him, by Mauritz Stiller (who greatly influenced Greta Garbo), and others.
SJÖSTRÖM, STILLER, AND CONTEMPORARIES/*February 3–April 8*
Museum of Modern Art

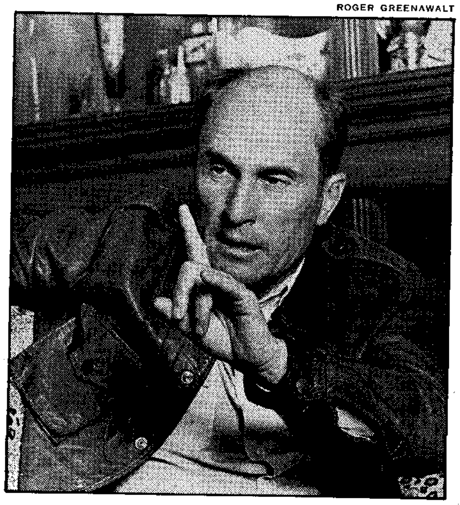


Reportfolio

When he was given the assignment to illustrate Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine story on the Brooklyn disco scene, artist Jim McMullan hung around 2001 Odyssey for nights on end. "I felt very odd there," he says, "and I became a kind of character—especially with a Nikon dangling from my neck. I remained a voyeur." Not so at the San Francisco Giants' and Cleveland Indians' baseball spring-training camps he covered next for *Sports Illustrated.* In the clubs, he says, "at least you *could* be a voyeur, but in the camps, they all had a professional crust on them. They're used to being observed." While he was tolerated as an eccentric by the Brooklyn hustlers, he was heartily scorned by the ballplayers. He knew nothing of baseball, you see. "I thought they'd be charmed by my innocence or stupidity, but they just chewed their gum a little faster. At the camps," he goes on, "you're dealing with winners. In the clubs, you're not dealing with winners but with kids whose dream it is to play on a major-league team. There was a kind of tackiness at 2001 Odyssey which came from an economic thing. At the camps, everything reeked of money: the stadium, the uniforms, the grooming of the grounds." McMullan shot all that he saw; then he did free-drawn watercolors. His show will include twenty paintings, with sketches and research photos galore.

JAMES MCMULLAN: SOCIO-JOURNALISM/*February 1–23/American Institute of Graphic Arts/1059 Third Avenue at 63rd Street*

ROGER GREENAWALT



Buffalo Bob

"He's kind of a second-level Joey Gallo, a guy who's supposed to pull off a robbery but screws the whole thing up because of his paranoia. He's very complex, very interesting, seedy, lives in a hotel room by himself. He's a real street guy . . . not like Tom Hagen in *The Godfather*, but the kind of guy Hagen might know." These are the words of Robert Duvall (left) on "Teach," the character he plays in David Mamet's new offering, *American Buffalo.*

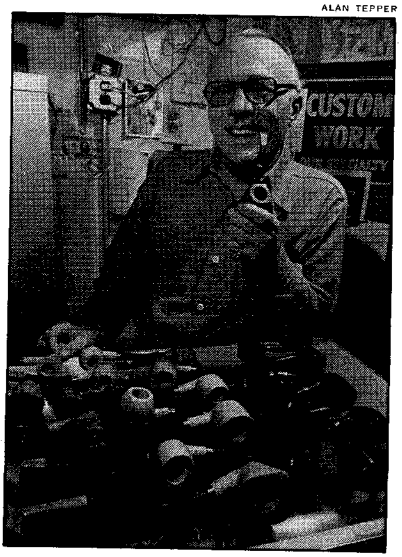
AMERICAN BUFFALO/*Previews start February 8, opens February 16 Barrymore Theater*

Puff Piece

"Ninety-five percent of the pipes you buy are stained, shellacked, and varnished. Not mine!" exults Don Cazzetta (below). "Mine are all natural . . . Greek or Corsican plateau briar, fiddleback maple ("as sweet as sugar, no matter what you smoke"), Oregon oak ("spicy"), or Brazilian rosewood ("hypnotic . . . it's the sap in the wood"). Don has been in the pipe line for 45 years, ever since he left his job in Bernarr Macfadden's stockroom and went to work in a little shop across the street from his home in Williamsburg. The shop was run by Jobey ("the master of pipes"), who gave him 25 cents an hour to stain and strip putty. From there, he went on to stardom as "the fastest rougher in the business" with Kaywoodie, Medico, and DeMuth ("the college of pipes"). He had, until then, smoked cigars and cigarettes, "but it was strictly pipes at this stage of the game." It still is. Don recommends pipes not only because he hand-makes them, but because "they are healthy, they relax you, and a pipe is a distinguished-looking article." (They run from $7.50 for a plain briar to $150 for one adorned with an Indian or cobra.) He also blends his own tobaccos ($3.25–$3.50 a half pound), and his shop, a neighborhood hangout as cordial as a candy store, smells almost as sweet. The name of the place is Don-Lou. Who's Lou? "My son. He's 34, a bus driver. He knows a lot about pipes, but I'm not ready to put him in here. Then what would I do? This is a one-man operation."

DON-LOU PIPE SHOP/*2058 Bath Avenue, Brooklyn/266-9630*

ALAN TEPPER

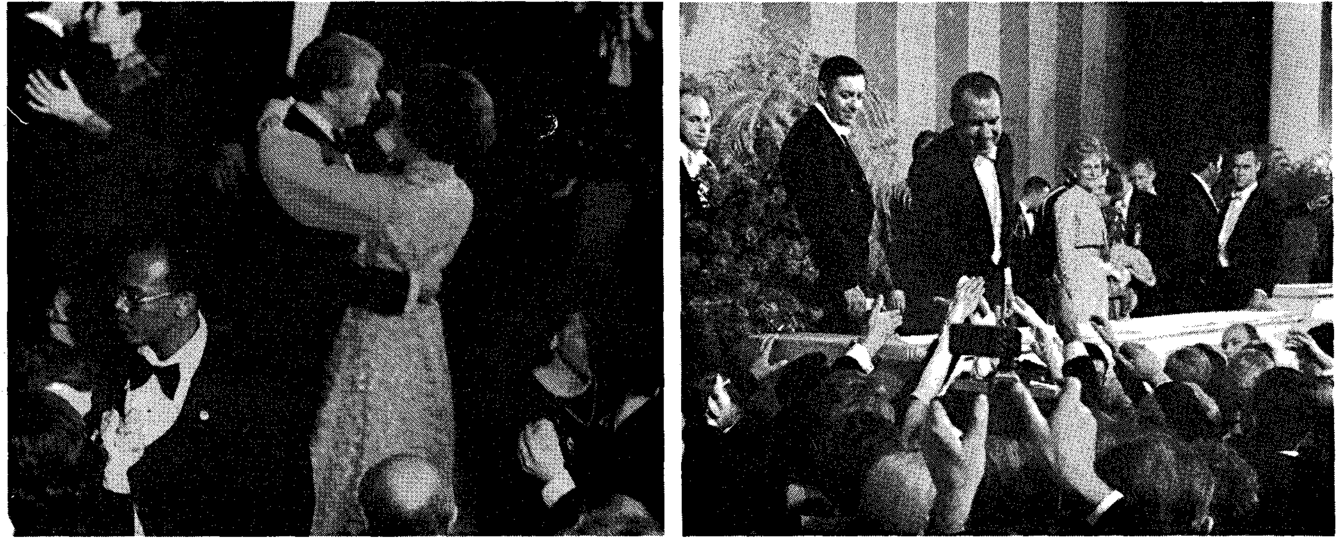


NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

'Times' 1969, 1977 Inaugural-Ball Coverage: Quite Similar

BLACK STAR

PICTORIAL PARADE



Carters, Nixons: Is newspaper reportage just formula writing?

Apparently there wasn't much difference between the inaugural balls of Presidents Nixon and Carter. The two accounts by the New York *Times*'s Charlotte Curtis would seem to bear this out.

Here's the lead of her coverage of the Carter inaugural: "Thousands of newly entrenched Democrats were out celebrating tonight at seven giant 'people's inaugural parties.' And in keeping with President Carter's egalitarian 'new spirit,' in which 'more is not necessarily better,' the gatherings were inexpensive and informal, and there was no place to sit down. It didn't matter.

"Instead of either sitting, which used to cost extra, or dancing, which is supposed to be the main activity, the jubilant Northerners and merely ecstatic Southerners, each of whom paid just $25 for tickets that used to cost much more, stood around talking, buying drinks and lining up to get a good look at President and Mrs. Carter."

Here's her January, 1969, report: "Thousands of newly entrenched and obviously jubilant Republicans were out celebrating at six different inaugural balls, but there wasn't very much dancing.

"Unless guests had tickets for one of the 540 $1,000 boxes with chairs in them, there was virtually no place to sit. And instead of dancing, the $35 ticket-holders stood around in their formal clothes talking, buying drinks and lining up to get a good look at President and Mrs. Richard M. Nixon."

Fuzzy Situation In Fur Business

Women's Wear Daily has bounced one of its veteran editors for allegedly running a little ad agency on the side while he functioned as fur editor of the fashion-trade daily paper.

Sandy Parker, we hear, is the victim of a management ruling that he violated conflict-of-interest guidelines. Parker had been with *WWD* since the early fifties, covering at various times the fiber and fabric markets and in recent years running the fur pages.

"He and his wife ran the ad agency," a *WWD* executive said, "and they would place advertising for the same furriers he was writing about. When we found out about it he just had to go."

Twentieth Century–Fox Legal Battle May End

Susann: Started court fight.

A Los Angeles County superior-court judge is about to settle a five-year legal dispute among Jacqueline Susann and Irving Mansfield, Twentieth Century–Fox, and Harbor Insurance Company. The rather complicated tale began with Fox's borrowing of the title of Susann's *Valley of the Dolls* for a film called *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls.* Susann and her husband, Irving Mansfield, sued over the use of the name and won a jury verdict of $2 million in the summer of 1975, and the case was settled for $1,425,000. You think the case ends here? Wrong, it's just beginning.

Fox had a $1-million insurance policy with Harbor Insurance Company to cover such contingencies. Well, Harbor, according to Thomas Sheridan, lawyer for Fox, paid less than $900,000 of the judgment, and Fox had to put up over $530,000, which was paid to the estate of Jacqueline Susann in 1975. (She died in September of 1974.) Fox, in turn, sued Harbor for that $530,000.

Fox alleged that, because of California law, Harbor could have settled the case within policy limits during the original trial. Sheridan claims the carrier was liable for that excess of the policy's limits. Even Mansfield notes that he might have settled during the trial. Fox has asked for a summary judgment, saying there are no facts in dispute. Harbor has opposed the motion, and the judge is deciding whether this long legal battle will be ended or headed for another jury.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE BRIGHTEST NEW LOOK IN NEWS MAGAZINES?

Since the first of the year TIME has dramatically increased the use of color to enliven its coverage of the world's week. From the opening of Congress to the new National Air and Space Museum...from the propaganda posters on the walls of China to the guerillas in the Sahara War...from the Super Bowl to oil spills in the Atlantic, color photographs have added a dimension to the news seldom found in other magazines.

Candid color shots of press lord Rupert Murdoch...full color reproductions of paintings from an exhibit on women artists...Asian wood sculpture...new movies from MacArthur to Muhammad Ali, and a TV series based on *Roots*...all have brightened the pages of TIME, even in sections that have never before enjoyed the advantage of color.

TIME will be bringing you week in, week out, even more fast-closing color to enhance every section of the magazine.

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'McCall's' Probes JFK Killing

The March issue of *McCall's* will feature a tough 12,000-word lead article on the assassination of JFK. The story by senior editor Vivian Cadden, who investigated for six months, lays out a strong case for a series of cover-ups by the CIA, FBI, and even Bobby Kennedy.

The editors, we understand, believe the article paints a new picture of the assassination that may "shock us even more about the morality and methods of our government than Watergate did."

But the same editors did not foresee the current attempts to cut back the special House committee on assassinations. (The House Rules Committee will decide the status of the committee this week.) The story emphasizes the need for the committee to probe further. This week, in an unusual move, the magazine is releasing advance copies of the story to committee members. Although one editor denied the magazine was lobbying, he added, "The story is a persuasive case for the committee's continuance." Apparently, the editors feel it would be somewhat anticlimactic for the lead article to appear in March with the committee's fate in doubt.

'Esquire' Touts Mystery Tale

In its current issue, *Esquire* magazine is featuring a story titled "For Rupert—With No Promises." The story is without a by-line. And an editor's note explains cryptically: "For the first time in *Esquire's* history, we present a piece of fiction without signature. This is not because we know the author's name and choose to withhold it, or because the author has asked that his story appear unsigned. On the contrary, we are not entirely sure who the author is. As to the circumstances of our coming into possession of the manuscript and thereafter negotiating its purchase, those events are so clouded by complication and exception, an account of them would only serve to confuse matters more considerably. And no matter—the story is the thing." The tale concerns the narrator's brother, who has two sons by different marriages. The brother fears that the son by his first marriage may harm the younger one, so he plans, in turn, to kill the older son. The narrator pleads with his brother not to commit the act. Despite *Esquire's* disclaimer, current speculation is that the author is J. D. Salinger.

Stellar Sum for Heller Novel

JILL KREMENTZ

Heller: Advancing his writing.

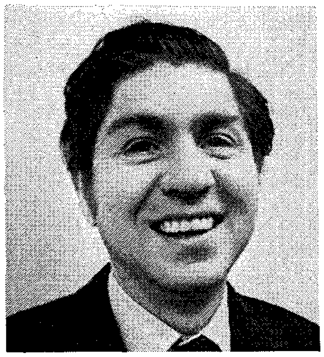
There's another first in the publishing world and another record for the books. Joseph Heller's new novel, to be called *Good as Gold,* has just been sold to Simon and Schuster for the biggest advance for a novel in history—a reported $2 million. (In the nonfiction area, it is rumored that Henry Kissinger's memoirs are being offered for around the same figure.)

There may be one hitch for the publishers, however. Heller is a s-l-o-o-o-w writer. *Something Happened* took eight years to complete. How long is S&S going to contemplate the hole in its bank account before manuscript delivery? Catch-22, anyone?

Black Reporters Make Demands At 'Times'

UPI

Rosenthal: Listened to gripes.



Levitas: Reasoned with blacks.

Sixteen black reporters on the New York *Times* marched into executive editor Abe Rosenthal's office the other day with a list of complaints and demands which, while negotiable, were decidedly serious.

Their gripes: Black reporters don't get a fair shake on story assignments; they're generally assigned to "black" news; they don't have equal treatment when it comes to promotion; and so on.

Rosenthal heard them out, but made no promises. In the past few days the blacks have become increasingly impatient and some of them are talking about going the legal route via a lawsuit to force the New York *Times* to accede to their proposals.

Most irritating to the sixteen: a "divide-and-conquer" strategy by Mitch Levitas, the metropolitan editor, who's been taking black reporters aside, singly or by twos and threes, to reason with them confidentially." Laughed one black reporter, "All of us know within ten minutes whenever Levitas talks with any one of us."

Officials Face Embarrassment?

President Carter's recent decision to eliminate chauffeur service for his staff and to urge other government officials to do the same is nothing new to New York City's top brass. They've been without chauffeured limos for several years. In fact, the city has about 1,400 ordinary passenger cars in the fleet and only 30 or so are chauffeured for the mayor and other honchos. The Washington biggies may feel inconvenienced, but according to a spokesman in the mayor's office, the major problem is *embarrassment.* He noted, "At major functions, everyone else drives up in their chauffeured limousines. And there's the mayor, pulling up in his Chrysler Newport sedan."

'Post'mistress Subject of Book

Katharine Graham, proprietor of both *Newsweek* and the Washington *Post,* hates personal publicity. But recently she's had more than enough, *and* it isn't over yet.

The latest word on Kay is that she is about to appear as a major character in a new *roman à clef* by Pulitzer prize-winning novelist Allen Drury. Al has just finished a big book for William Morrow & Company called *Anna Hastings.* The novel is all about a young woman who becomes a reporter in 1943 in wartime Washington and goes on to head a vast American publishing empire.

LIAISON AGENCY

Graham: In the limelight.

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☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mexico
☐ Rural South (U.S.)

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If so, our personnel who are familiar with conditions in the area you have chosen will select a child in accordance with your wishes.

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Television / Harriet Van Horne

THE WAY WE WERE AT OUR WORST

"...The full, sickening story of Joseph McCarthy's life needs constant restatement as a *memento mori* of our national morality..."

As a marine, he once fired 4,000 rounds of ammunition in a single day—at coconut trees. He added further luster to his marine uniform by wearing it (illegally) while making an unsuccessful bid for the Senate. Then, as a judge, he became a legend for his ten-second quickie divorces. Still in his judge's robes (illegally), he campaigned again for the Senate, winning this time. As senator he fought public housing, defended Nazis on trial for the Malmédy massacre of G.I.'s, and, when his career reached its zenith, destroyed the careers (and sometimes the lives) of countless Americans.

Senator Joseph McCarthy may never be completely forgotten, but the full, sickening story of his life, and of the era to which he gave his name, needs constant restatement as a *memento mori* of our national morality. NBC has done so brilliantly in *Tail Gunner Joe*, its "Big Event" on Sunday, February 6 (8–11 P.M.), one of the best movies ever made for the home screen.

Peter Boyle plays McCarthy, his performance so brilliant, so true-to-life, that you'd swear the man himself was back. Boyle captures perfectly the sight and sound of McCarthy—the high, thin whinny of a voice, the convulsive giggle, the sneer. He grows old exactly as McCarthy did, drink and desperation turning him into a ruined hulk.

Some of the exposition may seem a little tedious to those of us who have lived through the years in question. The format—young, earnest researcher (Heather Menzies, a smashing beauty) in dialectic with cynical, old reporter (John Forsythe)—is not exactly original. Yet, the researcher does ask the right questions: What happened next? *Didn't anyone dare call him a liar?* And her questions do penetrate into the heart of the matter: What ailed the press? Why was this drunken little savage allowed to wave his lists and decimate the State Department? Where were the men of conscience?

The men of conscience are in the film, of course: Ed Murrow, clergymen of all faiths, Senator Margaret Chase Smith (played, a little too stylishly, by Patricia Neal). And the richest moment of all comes—in the film, as in history—when the courtly old lawyer from Boston (Joseph Welsh, played splendidly by Burgess Meredith) turns to McCarthy, now immobilized and mute, and asks, "Have you no sense of decency, sir, at long last?"

NBC's "Big Event": *Peter Boyle (left) virtually re-creates Senator Joseph McCarthy.*

Tail Gunner Joe will enrage the obvious people (Roy Cohn will *froth!*), but if even the maligned Universal Studios can turn out this kind of movie for the home screen, perhaps we all need a new look at that screen. Grateful salutes are due producer George Eckstein, director Jud Taylor, and writer Lane Slate. All McCarthy speeches, remarks at hearings, interviews, and the like are, need one add, based on historical records.

If you found, as I did, Anthony Trollope's novels virtually unreadable, you may also find *The Pallisers*, as I did, equally unwatchable. The new PBS series, very beautiful, *very* mannered, begins Monday, January 31, on Channel 13 at 9 P.M. If you're expecting a Victorian *Upstairs, Downstairs*, forget it. Here we have not real people, but elaborately dressed ghosts. The best reason for watching is the work of the British actors—notably Sir John Gielgud, who introduces each show. The first chapter runs 90 interminable minutes; later episodes will fill an hour (if "fill" is the word). The settings are fine—beautiful costumes, fine architecture, manicured lawns—filled with dithering bores, garrulous old ladies in the manner of Scarlett's Aunt Pittypat, dreary characters whose only assets are their clever names. Oh, yes—there is one more asset. Susan Hampshire (everybody's darling Fleur from *The Forsyte Saga*).

The most unexpected thing about *Tales of the Unexpected* is the ending of each segment: apparently, a bitter twist every time. Nobody rides into the sunset; nobody basks in the serene knowledge that justice has been done; love seldom conquers. The new series starts on NBC on Wednesday, February 2, at the properly late hour of 10 P.M.

The opening drama is timely, to say the least. The setting is a death row, the hero a newspaperman who has had himself committed under an assumed name in order to study the effects of living in the shadow of death.

The jailer, a former detective who hates the reporter because he had ruined his reputation, switches records to place the reporter in actual line for the electric chair. He is marched all the way to the chair. Then the bitter twist. Roy Thinnes, Ned Beatty, and Neva Patterson give fine, harrowing performances. ■

Art / Thomas B. Hess

RELUCTANT SYMBOLIST

"... Adolph Gottlieb's early work has a poignancy of expectations; his last paintings have the pathos of fulfillment ..."

Two years before he died, **Adolph Gottlieb** finished his final, expansive one-man show. It opened in November, 1972. He had worked on the last pictures from a wheelchair, his left arm in a sling—the results of a paralyzing stroke. He used assistants as hands (as Renoir did in his old age). He'd say something along the lines of "Put down some of that Shamrock Green over here; now mauve over there. . . ." And a spry young woman would apply the acrylics and rollers. He finished many details of passage himself. He must have found his new clumsiness deeply exasperating. He had always been a virtuoso painter, famous for a delight in subtle transparencies and nuanced impastos, achieved, it seemed, as simply as a bird's song. Now there was a constant testing of the will to art at the limits of muscle and nerve.

Gottlieb's first posthumous retrospective is a comparatively intimate, informal selection; it has no motive beyond the grand one of showing the artist at his best, in various periods, from a pictograph of 1945, *The Enchanted Ones*, to a mural-size scape, *Flotsam*, finished in 1973, a year before his death at the age of 71 (Emmerich, 41 East 57th Street, through 2/28).

The Enchanted Ones is local American Surrealism at its best. Eyes, noses, and other parts of mythopoeic speech are parsed carefully on a sturdy diagram. It reminds you that Gottlieb never has been credited properly for modernizing the grid motif which became so current in the 1960s—from Agnes Martin to Robert Ryman. And also that the artist's father was in the wholesale stationery business; there is a mental image of young Adolph helping in the family storeroom, a vast dim space lined with shelving and compartments, all labeled—pencils above, pens below, erasers to the left, inks beyond. Was it only a step from such a memory to images concerned with the storage and retrieval of archetypal themes and paternal rites?

In *Labyrinth, # 2*, 1950, arrows, pyramids, eyes, disks, faces, are gathered into orderly, rectangular configurations derived from Torres-García and, more distantly, from Mondrian. Gottlieb always acknowledged the importance of Torres-García to his work (as did David Smith), although most commentators ignore the great Uruguayan Maya-Constructivist.

Some of the grids in *Labyrinth, # 2* are laid down with tape. Does the procedure connect to Barnett Newman, Gottlieb's close friend at the time? In 1948, Newman began to use tapes to regulate the vertical "zips" in his first, major, single-image abstractions. Or did both Americans deduce the method from a common source in Mondrian, whose unfinished compositions, with tapes still attached, were first shown at this time? The Dutch master's example—as a consecrated artist and imager—was crucial to the opening phases of Abstract Expressionism in New York, and his appearances along Sixth Avenue in 1939–44 added a sparkling intensity to an otherwise dim and melancholy limbo. As Newman said, Mondrian's was the issue to "confront."

The background of *Labyrinth, # 2* has something of the violet-to-green shimmer of William Baziotes's submarine poetics. Gottlieb and Baziotes, independently, followed concepts that converged so sharply in 1944 that, twenty years later, Gottlieb walked into a room, saw a 1944 Baziotes, turned a bit pale (he was habitually ruddy), did a great double take, and exclaimed, "Did I paint that?" Indeed, abstract Surrealism, in the American way, c. 1945, probably was the only instance when the New York School looked like a "school." Gottlieb, Rothko, and Newman compared notes, so to speak, and their interrelationships are expected. But you can also find surprisingly related works by Baziotes, as well as by Pollock, Still, Motherwell, Tomlin, Reinhardt, and, to a lesser extent, de Kooning. It was a transitional episode that's been misunderstood when not overlooked. The Museum of Modern Art tries to hitch it to Paris Surrealism—Newman to Max Ernst, for example, and Pollock to André Masson, forgetting the powerful regional filiations that inflected the younger Americans. There's as much New England seashore and Arizona desertscape to Gottlieb's pictographs as there is frottage or automatism.

American abstract Surrealism, 1945–50, is a subject that needs serious study, preferably in a large exhibition that would reunite Gottlieb, Rothko, Pollock, et al., with such artists as Seliger, Kees, Donati, Reynal. As it is, Gottlieb's pictographs look stronger than ever. If their subject matter no longer poses a serious riddle, their place in history remains to be located.

Gottlieb's early work has a poignancy of expectations; his last paintings have the pathos of fulfillment. Even half paralyzed and in agony, he could make paint do anything he wanted. In *Flotsam*, a calligraphy of black and white enamel daintily trickles around hefty crosses, arcs, and wheels. Above are three gray clouds that set off—as jeweler's velour sets off diamonds—a red, a black, and a blue disk, which proceed across the "sky" with the majesty of a storm front. The spilled paint, the repeated edges, the grave presence of shapes, are functions of Gottlieb's handicap which he turned into strength—as he turned most of his weaknesses to good advantage, all his life.

Between *Flotsam* and *Labyrinth, # 2* are two decades of an oeuvre that is immensely varied and fanatically unified. Every piece is "all Gottlieb." He was a true pro (as I noted in my first article for *New York* Magazine, over four years ago, at the time of his ultimate one-man show). He always kept working. He painted out his doubts. When he couldn't "make it new," he repeated himself with variations—anything to sustain the steady, driving rhythm of output. Which resulted in a considerable variety of quality, as the artist himself conceded. He could tell his good paintings from the weaker ones. (Certain artists are able to do this; others remain in constant doubt. Matisse, for example, could; Picasso couldn't.) Some artists purify their oeuvre. Gottlieb felt it was more honest to let it stand, to let each picture speak its piece.

Of course he edited as he went along, and often drastically. Close examination of a number of paintings reveals how often colors were shifted and shapes changed. In *Pink Smash*, 1959,

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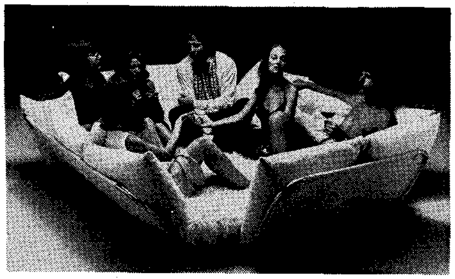

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"... Craftiness and patience underlay the artist's direct, no-holds-barred attack ..."

for example, you can trace where the contours of the disk were defined and redefined in a long series of contemplative maneuvers. This artist, who always seemed so cocksure—the brisk way he walked, his Indian-straight posture, his decisive gestures, decisions, opinions—evidently arrived at an image only after groping his way to it with a delicacy so sensitized that it reads like indecision. Shall an edge go here? Or there? Is the blue quite deep enough? Does the large shape hold with the constellation of smaller ones? You can follow his quest in such a painting as *From Midnight to Dawn*, 1956, with its palimpsest of *pentimenti*. You can also document it in Gottlieb's daybooks, which indicate how often he'd revise a canvas, tighten values, realign shapes, bring the surface to its most expressive texture.

Gottlieb was a collector of African sculpture. He was a connoisseur of patinas. In some of his best paintings, such as *Three Elements*, 1964, black is brought to a gleaming, satin finish, layer caressed over burnished layer, until it gleams like old silver or pitch—or like the forehead of one of the Senufo or Fang masks that Gottlieb hung in his studio.

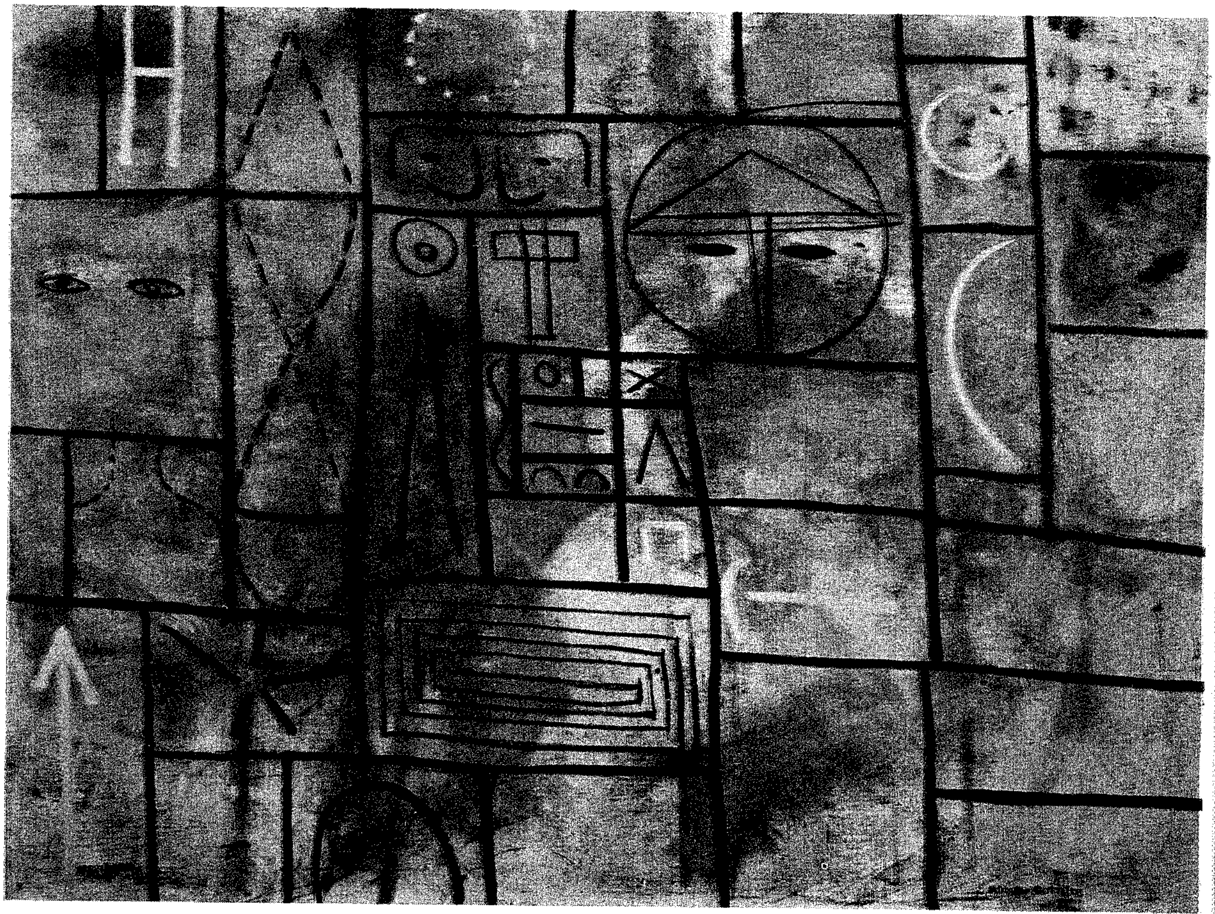
Craftiness and patience underlay the artist's apparently direct, no-holds-barred attack. He didn't make drawings for pictures. He formulated his visual ideas while working on the canvas, pushing a recalcitrant image through, if need be, or following a brilliant one to wherever it might lead. And, as a poet will use an old epiphany for new insights, Gottlieb liked to re-use old paintings, working over them for images never quite entirely different. The old paintings supplied easy, ice-smooth surfaces; they also evoked some ice-sharp ideas. The radiant blues and glittering blacks of *From Midnight to Dawn* are given breath by the ghostly picture lost beneath it.

In a thoughtful, informative foreword to the catalog, critic Irving Sandler picks up a suggestion proposed as early as 1951 in my book on American abstract painting—that Gottlieb is, in his special way, a symbolist. Sandler overdoes it a bit, however, and pouncing on a clue in Gottlieb's titles (they are sometimes musical, like *The Cadium Sound, Duet, Frozen Sounds*), he deduces a link to, or a parallel with, Symbolism with a capital *S*—that is, with such *fin-de-siècle* aesthetes as Puvis, Denis, Moreau, or, the saints protect us, Filiger. Gottlieb would have rejected the supposition out of hand. He loathed all literary and storytelling painting. Of course, his shapes are as symbolic as any in abstract art, whether by Noland or Pollock or Mondrian. That is, they are pictorial elements and also metaphysical signifiers; they refer to spiritual and psychological states beyond any calculation of hue, dimension, or texture ("line, color, and form"). Gottlieb's subject matter, obviously, is locked into his technical procedures. But, as I suggested four years ago, his great subject was the sea—the Ocean, source of all creative life—seen from small boats, from Long Island or Gloucester beaches, from the piers of lower Manhattan and the Hudson River. The current exhibition, with its wider scope, confirms the view.

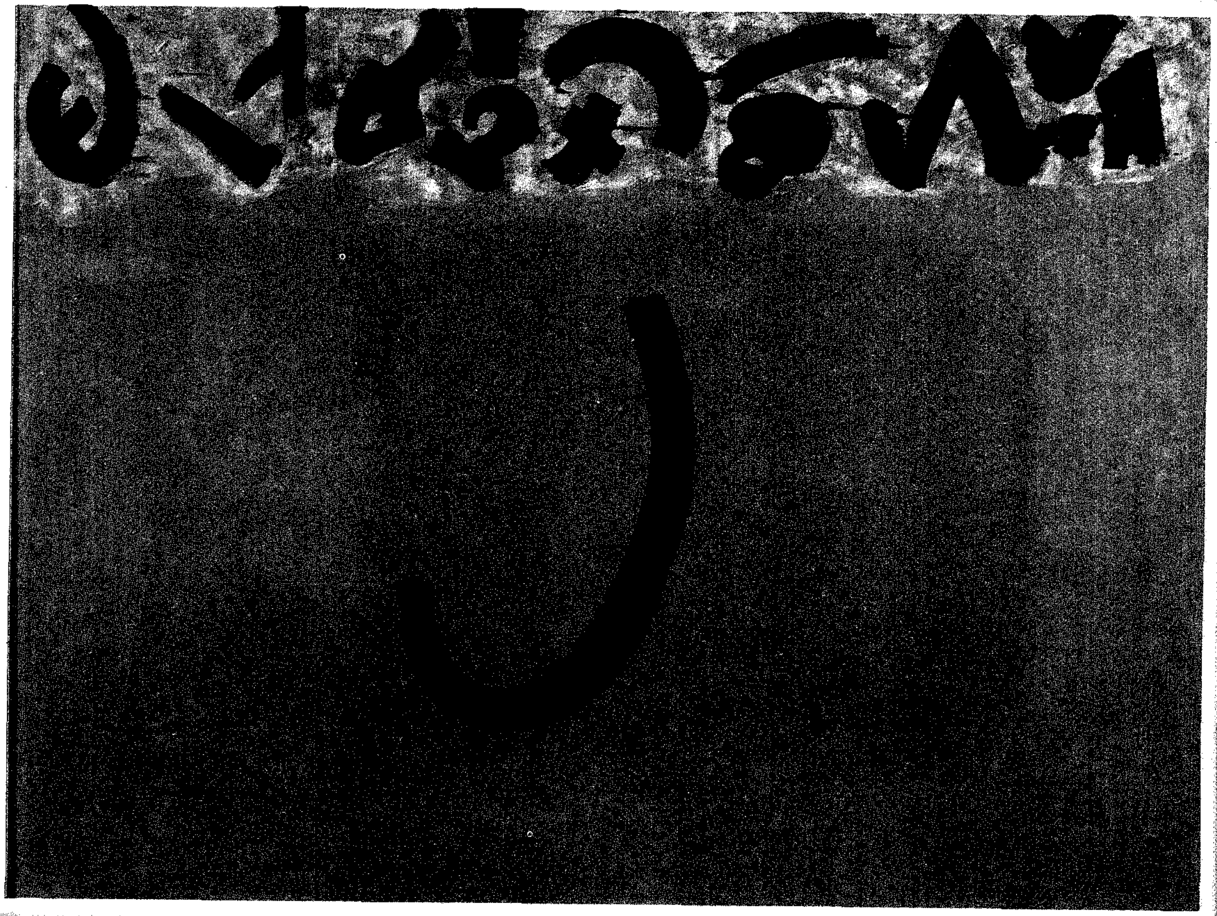
The urgency of the horizon in many of Gottlieb's paintings has a pilot's understanding of that necessary 180-degree reference; stars and planets are essential for navigation; their light falls across the waters, which are bounded by reefs and the shoreline. Ships themselves, buoys, lighthouses, and wrecks, too, are numbered among these strong, graceful allusions. The experience of the sea must have been as important to Gottlieb as it was to Buckminster Fuller, who, one night, watched the mast of his sailboat swing arcs across the turning stars and, in a flash, understood that this would be the geometry of his life.

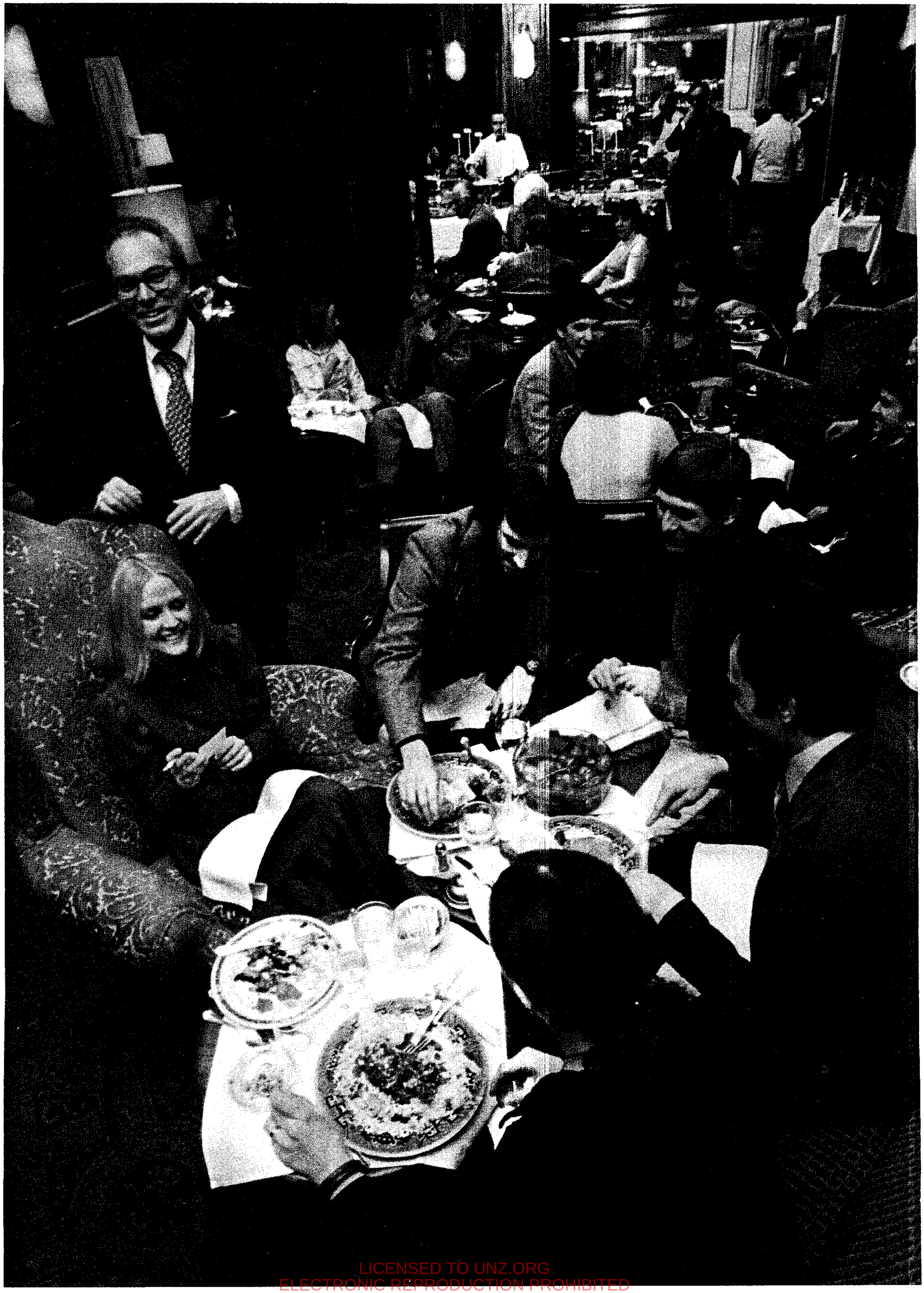
Don Celender, author of the definitive survey on loading platforms in museums all over the world, as well as inventor of the painters' and sculptors' "Holy Holy Art Cards," has written to major shipping companies across America (the archive is preserved and exhibited on request at O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway). His letter states that he wants to move a replica of Myron's *Discobolus* from Bismarck, North Dakota, to New York. The replica is 35 feet high, 22 feet deep, and weighs 8 tons. It is made of cake batter over a steel armature, and covered with fondant icing to simulate the marble of the version, after a Greek original, in the National Museum, Rome.

The replies treat his project with businesslike seriousness. Can the piece be disassembled?, some ask. Others refer him to interstate carriers who have better equipment. None of them thought it peculiar—all that cake, all that *Discus Thrower*. The moral is that Celender is capable of anything, including the plausible. ■



Suggestive symbols: *Primitive pictographs that animated Gottlieb's work around 1950, as seen in* Labyrinth, #2 *(above), gradually shifted into a kind of abstract calligraphy, such as enlivens his 1956 painting* From Midnight to Dawn *(below).*





Restaurants / Jane O'Reilly

THE ALGONQUIN—WHERE THE TWENTIES MEET THE SEVENTIES

"...The Algonquin lobby, constantly maintained to look slightly rundown, is the perfect embodiment of the hotel's charm..."

If Mo Udall, Tom Stoppard, Kyle Rote, and Ellen Burstyn are all in the same room, the room must be in New York. If your college roommate's first husband and the person you're thinking might be right to back your next project and a woman you mistake for your Great-aunt Martha are also in the room, then the room is the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel.

This is the Algonquin's seventy-fifth year, and New York should strike a medal in honor of its unique contribution to city life.

Forty-fourth Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues is scarcely an urban garden spot, but it carries interesting traffic. The Harvard Club, the New York Yacht Club, and the New York Bar Association are down the block from the venerable hotel; the City University of New York Graduate Center, the Princeton Club, and Broadway are around various corners; and *The New Yorker* is across the street. The Algonquin is the confluence, the place where all the intellectual currents flow together, swirl around, then flow back out, freshened up and vital.

Consider that famous rendezvous, the lobby. It is the perfect embodiment of the Algonquin's charm, a charm that must in fact be the result of the craftiest kind of calculation. Constantly maintained to look slightly rundown, the lobby is something like Great-aunt Martha's sitting room turned into a refugee area after a natural disaster.The tables and stuffed chairs are at odd angles to the little oak tables with brass bells affixed to their tops. The finish of the tables has the wonderful depth of old-fashioned grade-school desks. It is with real surprise that one realizes there is no roaring fire.

The welcome is not always warm, the service not always swift—especially after five o'clock on weeknights—but free, albeit uninteresting, hors d'oeuvre are passed during the cocktail hour, and no one exhibited the slightest unwillingness to replenish the cracker bowl when I occupied a large section of the rush-hour space one evening with my son, his homework, and our coats.

Lobbying: *Enjoying the après-theater supper buffet are Andrew Anspach (standing) and (clockwise from left): Cecilia Hart (of* Dirty Linen*); her husband, Bruce Weitz; Jacob Brooke* (Dirty Linen)*; Marc Flanagan; Brooke's wife, Rustie Mitchell. Seated on sofa in background are John Cullum and Jill Andre of* The Trip Back Down.

"We are a family hotel," says manager Andrew Anspach, who is also the son-in-law of owner Ben Bodne. "We're old-fashioned on the outside, and very sophisticated underneath. . . . But we love children." In fact, as far as I could tell, the best way to guarantee excellent service is to bring along a few children.

One afternoon I was sitting in the far corner of the lobby, in the wing chair that is almost inside the Rose Room. Behind me, a famous publisher was dining, rather ardently, with his former wife. In front of me, one of his principal employees was explaining, rather loudly, why the famous publisher was a detestable employer. Next to me a man apparently unknown to any of them was taking notes.

Which goes to show that you should be very careful what you say in the lobby of the Algonquin.

You should also be fairly careful about choosing the Algonquin for an illicit romance: The rooms are small and noisy, although recently refurbished with the hotel's characteristic blend of fusty and charming. And the elevator doors open directly into the lobby, so after a tryst you will find yourself standing there in full, well-lit view of at least four people you know.

There are always four people you know in the lobby of the Algonquin. Unless the people you know all wear pastel double knits. Vintage Brooks Brothers and high alternative chic are the accepted styles. Should you inquire, you will be told that ties and jackets are requested, but the management—ever crafty—has somehow succeeded in instructing the staff in the subtle difference between rock chic and Port Authority reject. Leather jackets and photographer's bags and blue jeans will, if properly assembled, do nicely.

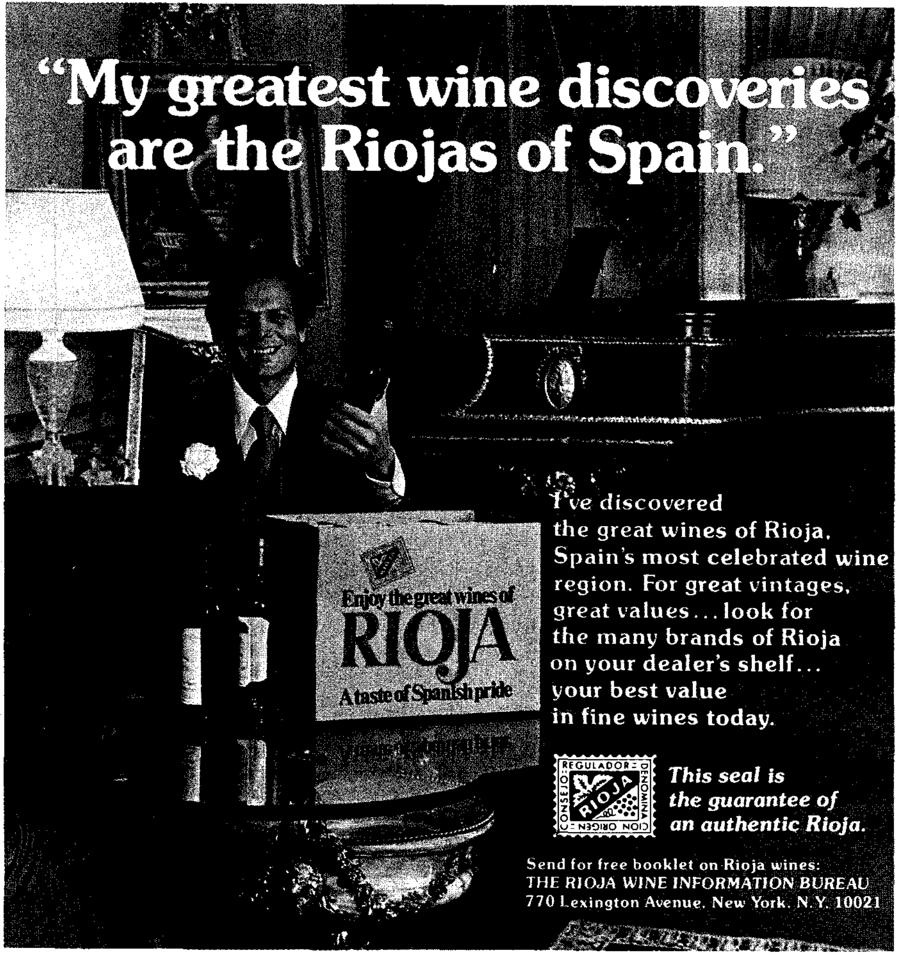
The Round Table where Parker, Benchley, Ferber, et al., lunched back in the twenties is now only one of several round tables in the center of the north part of the Oak Room. It is true that the "phantom of 44th Street," *New Yorker* editor William Shawn, comes to lunch in the Rose Room, but most of the literati have dispersed to the Teheran restaurant and the Nakagawa Japanese restaurant down the street, or to the CUNY Graduate Center cafeteria. Many of them sleep at the Royalton, across the street, and continue to drink at the Algonquin.

Well, sometimes Round Table types still lunch at the Algonquin. Who doesn't? What they eat for lunch is a problem I am reluctant to get to. The Algonquin's menu is very large and freshly printed every day, reminding us that afternoon tea is from three to five in the Oak Room, that the traditional buffet supper in the Rose Room and the Lounge runs from 9:30 P.M., and that the Rose Room is open on Sundays for brunch until 2:15 P.M. Despite an occasional phrase like *"à la francaise,"* the menu is really American. Now, good American cooking is one thing New York City needs. Unhappily, the Algonquin does not really provide it.

The waiters, when asked for suggestions, will mention the day's special, which is not always good, and the seafood salad ($8.75), which usually is fresh and varied, but was served, when I tried it, without lemon and seemed to need salt. Many things seem to need salt at the Algonquin, including the Strasbourg pâté ($7, enough for two), the vegetables ($1.75–$2.75), and the roast-beef hash ($5.95), which is very good otherwise—chunky and chewy. The roast beef ($10.50), even rare, is tough, and its juiciness once was complemented by canned consommé. The vegetables, except for the creamed spinach, are really better not mentioned. "Soggy" is the word one *would* mention.

Algonquin regulars urge one to try the chef's salad ($5.95), which is pretty good—a large, unpretentious heap of things including what seemed to be real turkey under a dressing of tarragon, oregano, dry mustard, oil, and *sometimes* vinegar—one night it had none at all. Another favorite with the regulars is the broiled striped bass ($7.85), always fresh and flaky, served with a little dish of dill mustard on the side.

Photographed by Don Wynn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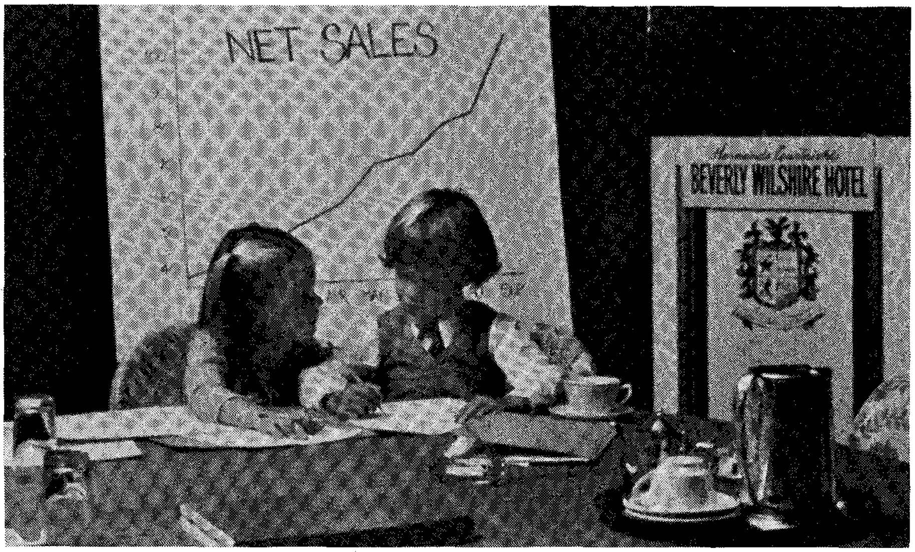

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The supper buffet, which looks as if it is going to be a delightful smorgasbord to splash through, is in fact a matter of rather costly choice. The salads, such as apple-and-walnut ($6.25), are not as good as church-supper salads, and they should be. A Viennese apple pancake ($6.50) was served without confectioner's sugar and was not caramelized on the bottom. But it might have tasted better if anyone at the table had noticed the lingonberry sauce before it was too late.

In moments of acute sensual deprivation, I have dreamed of the hotel's coconut-iced, lemon-filled, very American layer cake ($2.50). Unfortunately, the only moist piece I have tasted lately was part of Mr. Anspach's serving. At tea, lunch, and dinner, my own slices were ready to crumble into dry bits. The layer cake has been replaced in my dreams by the apricot-and-pecan torte Chantilly ($2.50), which is nothing but ground pecans, whipped cream, and apricots—and heavenly. On the other hand, the starchy, sticky cherry and apple pies ($2.50) would have been sent back in disgust by any discerning patron of an interstate diner.

The wine list is very good and inexpensive, though small: An excellent 1970 Chambertin was $9.50, a nice Pouilly-Fumé, $8.25. The Algonquin's prices, in the standard New York range these days, are moderate at lunch and moderately expensive at dinner. However, the dinner prices seem a bit steep, considering the quality of the food and the service (the waiters don't pay very close attention to empty water glasses or plates).

Reservations are usually essential, and the rush hours (12:30, 6:30, and 10:30 P.M.) are not the time to try to strike up a meaningful relationship with the headwaiters. However, three or four visits will make you a regular, and it's ever so cozy after that.

Perhaps the fact that some of the food is quite good and some very bad is part of the overall management scheme, a way to avoid being such a *completely* desirable establishment that the home-away-from-home quality would be overwhelmed. And, frankly, I'm in favor of anything that will preserve the hotel's ambience for another 75 years. As four members of the National Book Critics Circle said to me: "Oh, the food at the Algonquin has been terrible for years, but it doesn't matter."

Algonquin Hotel, 59 West 44th Street, 687-4400. Breakfast, 7:15 to 11:45 a.m.; Sunday brunch, noon to 2:15 p.m.; lunch, noon to 3 p.m.; afternoon tea, 3 to 5 p.m.; dinner, 5:30 to 9:30 p.m.; supper, 9:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. American Express, BankAmericard, Diners Club, Master Charge. ■

Music / Alan Rich

THE MET—SELDOM BETTER, NEVER WORSE

"... The company has finally arrived at the state of grace where the exorbitant ticket prices almost seem worth the money ..."

Every time I have been to the Metropolitan Opera this season—more often than I've had space here to report—I've had the feeling that the company as a whole has seldom been in better shape. The new artistic management has, from all appearances, brought about a marked upgrading in the quality of ensemble. The chorus has sung with greater precision than in previous years, the orchestra has sounded better, and there has been a corresponding improvement in the look of productions, lighting in particular. I can only assume that all of this stems from a similar improvement in backstage morale—that working with John Dexter and James Levine has made people happier than they've been in some time, and that David Stivender's management of the chorus has lit badly needed fires under that venerable but creaky institution.

The work of principals, too, seems better by far than the norm of a season ago. There has been an upgrading, or so it seems, in casting. I remember at least three performances on more or less routine nights this season—the first *Forza*, the first *Salome*, and a *Magic Flute* late in the run—that were particularly memorable for the impression that, among large casts, there wasn't a single weak member. I don't remember having that impression very often last season. The Met, in short, seems finally to have arrived at the state of grace where the exorbitant cost of a ticket seems almost worth the money. Attendance is up to 95.3 percent, against 85 percent three years ago. Even the "problematic" *Lulu*, I am told, is already almost sold out. So much for playing it safe.

Yet, for all these kindly feelings, the Met has never been in worse shape, and that word *money* is, it should surprise nobody, the key. The situation is so bad that nobody, not even Anthony Bliss (whose job it is to present a happy face to the outside world, and particularly to snoopy reporters), has many encouraging words about the company's life expectancy. Tony Bliss gave me some time last week, and he made it quite clear that the company's present financial state makes it impossible to say for sure whether there will be another season, even with costs pegged at their present level. Costs, furthermore, will not remain at their present level, because all union contracts run out the end of this coming July. Here, in other words, we go again.

Why have costs soared so drastically? There are many answers, some obvious and some less so. Rising energy and labor costs have made the simple matter of housekeeping—heating and air conditioning, light bulbs, cleaners, security, etc.—an almost insuperable burden on the company, something close to $3 million a year. Realities over which the Met has no control have added to the burden. Until Sol Hurok's death, the Met could rent out the house to that organization for its entire dark time, from the end of the opera season in the spring to the start of rehearsals in late August. That arrangement made it possible for the Met to keep its stagehands working for all of their 52-week contract. Now the house is dark for nearly two months a year, while the 52-week contract remains, probably forever.

Costs of new productions, not only building them but also maintaining them in the repertory, have been a victim of the company's own excellence. When Bing took over in 1950, practically all sets were canvas drops. Bing—wisely, to be sure—saw to the modernization of the looks of the stage, which meant using solid units along with the drops. Fine; but this, too, has sent costs soaring. The lavish *Aida* of the early 1960s was brought in for $135,000; last year's new version, almost Spartan by comparison, cost $368,000.

Might one answer be to cut out new productions for a while? Bliss considered a moratorium when he took over, but gave up the idea for several important reasons. A new production, as anyone close to the Met will tell you, is an enormous stimulant to morale and to business. Beyond this, there is a point at which falling back on old sets and costumes would cost as much as rebuilding. Productions not in the current season's repertory are stored in an unheated warehouse. John Dexter tells me that almost every time an old set is brought down from this warehouse, it is found that the glue joints on wood and canvas have all frozen and must be replaced, and that damages to costumes from sweat, beyond the penetration of the most sophisticated dry cleaning, mean a total rebuilding with almost every revival. Under these circumstances, new productions become almost as much an economic as an artistic necessity.

It seems, therefore, that the Met is in an enormous financial trap, partially dug by its own excellence. It's nice to read that Dexter and his designer, Peter Wexler, were able to bring in *Le Prophète* for $200,000 under budget, and that the forthcoming *Carmélites* will be put on for peanuts by cannibalizing other productions. But these savings, good public relations though they be, are mere drops in the bucket. The Met has never suffered for donations to pay for new productions; what is needed, far more, is the money to keep productions going after their gala opening nights. Dexter points out, with pride, that the *Prophète* set is a joy, because it can be folded against one wall, and can be set up in about two hours. But this won't save any labor costs, he goes on, because the company still mounts seven different operas a week and cannot spare a

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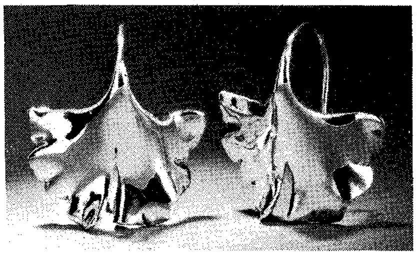

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"... The Met is the only major house in the country without municipal support ..."

single stagehand from its roster.

These are the bread-and-butter expenses, and this is where the Met is hurting these days. There's no glamour in subsidizing these day-to-day operations, no personal glory that a donor can assume unto himself. It's hard to sell prospective donors, or even members of the company's own board of directors, on the good news that the Met's performance routine has vastly improved, that the technical operation has been greatly strengthened by the hiring of a resident lighting designer (Gil Wechsler) or a resident executive costumer (Ray Diffen)—both men of the highest professional caliber. It's hard to interest millionaires in frozen glue joints and mildewed costumes.

And so, the problem of finding new money to underwrite this new company solidity must be faced. Whenever it is faced, the question of government subsidy comes up, as well it should. Even here, however, the suspicion grows that federal aid is never going to solve anything like the extent of the money problem, and that the proposition is so iffy, so subject to fluctuations of the mood in Washington, that it would be impossible to set much store by it. Nobody knows how President Carter regards arts subsidy, or whether Congress is going to continue the National Endowment at even its present meager level. So there is, naturally, skepticism at the Met, mingled with actual hostility, toward Washington as anything like salvation.

Here, it seems to me, the thinking ought to be revised. Maybe Washington cannot be counted upon to pay singers' salaries, or to buy new glue for old sets. It would make more sense for Washington to reconsider the whole structure of subsidy for an organization like the Met—and, in so doing, also to re-evaluate the place of the arts in this country's life.

Something like this actually began to happen, a little over two years ago. Caspar Weinberger, then secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, met with officials of the Met, the Metropolitan Museum, and the New York Public Library to develop the theory that these institutions should be considered as something like a National Park, with a congressional budget set aside for their day-to-day maintenance, like Yellowstone on the one hand, and like Kennedy Center or the Smithsonian on the other. The talks fizzled at the time, and no effort has been made to start them up again.

Yet, this idea seems eminently more sensible than subsidy on an on-again-off-again basis through the Endowment for the Arts. It would mean that the Met would get its $3 million per year to pay for its housekeeping. That sum, by the way, is almost exactly the total of the company's projected deficit for the present season.

Why, some taxpayers are bound to ask, should this kind of federal funding go only to New York institutions? Actually, the Metropolitan Opera is the only one of the major houses in this country without support from its own city. San Francisco, Seattle, Dallas, Chicago, and most other major cities support their cultural assets through civic endowments. It's obviously foolish to expect New York City to do the same, even considering that the urban improvement centered around Lincoln Center has added, at a conservative estimate, some $40 million to the city's tax rolls.

Furthermore, New York City *is* the cultural capital of the nation, for better or for worse. The music business is quartered here; our museums and libraries are national repositories. It makes more sense for Washington to support Lincoln Center, whose constituents are proven national assets, than Kennedy Center, whose constituents' artistic value is, to say the least, unproven. The national stature of the Met should, at this late date, require no underlining.

It's absurd to presume that Washington can ever directly involve itself in the arts in the same way that European capitals have for centuries. Even European subsidy is hardly the bed of roses some people like to paint. Paris runs its Opéra as a closed, elitist club, barring any private support, forcing ticket prices up to the point where opera-going is a rich man's toy, and turning the running of opera houses into a political football. West Berlin suddenly pulled $2-million worth of subsidy out of its opera house midway in the 1974–75 season, forcing collective heart attacks on the house's management. The National Park proposal, it seems to me, gets Washington out of culture, which it cannot cope with, and into nuts and bolts, with which it can. If, as I intimated early on, the Met's fund of imagination and resource is currently at full flood, it is cruel and senseless for it to be concerned with brooms and light bulbs. Its creative energy, in these days of energy crisis, is too valuable to waste. ■

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Menswear—This Brooklyn store is clearing out 2 floors of men's and boys' fall and winter wear. For men: 2-piece Eagle suits, some wool, some poly knit, were $120–$180, now $79; Eagle sport jackets in wool or knit, were $69–$110, now $39 and $49; 3-piece Arthur Richards wool suits, were $190, now $135; Nino Cerruti wool suits with vests, were $190, now $140; Phoenix 3-piece suits in wool or poly knit, were $190, now $135. For boys: 2-piece suits, wool, poly, or a mix of both, were $70–$75, now $50. Coats, raincoats, slacks, etc., also on sale. No charge for alterations. Large range of sizes, including huskies and portlies. Master Charge, BankAmericard, checks accepted. Refunds or exchanges if merchandise not altered. *Crown Clothiers, 1434 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn (252-6666); Mon.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.–3 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; closed Sat.; thru 2/28.*

Eyewear—For the month of February, all designer frames and sunglasses, including Pierre Cardin, Christian Dior, Oscar de la Renta, and Gloria Vanderbilt, which sold for $35–$45, are now $25, prescription lenses extra. In addition, Sandow's own design frames, usually selling for up to $25, are now $12.50. All frames are plastic and come in a range of colors, but clear frames may be tinted to any color you wish for $8 additional. Soft contact lenses by Bausch & Lomb and HydroCurve (which no longer need sterilization) are $150 a pair; hard contact lenses, $76 a pair. Major credit cards, checks accepted. *Sandow Opticians, 665 Lexington Ave. at 55th St. (PL 1-2140); Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; thru 2/28.*

Children's clothes—All fall and winter merchandise is being cleared away at reductions of 30–50 percent in this crowded, cheerful Upper West Side store. Sizes range from newborn to 20. Boys' and girls' Robin Canadian skiwear jackets, were $36–$46, now $21.60–$27.60 in sizes 7–14; Dijon, Dynamite Stix, Maverick corduroy pants in lots of colors, were $9–$14, now $5.40–$8.40, sizes 6–14. Absorba French corduroy and gray-flannel pants are 30 percent off: were $22–$34, now $15.40–$23.80, sizes 2–14. Austrian imports of suits and blazers in wool and flannel are 40 percent off: were $35–$90, now $21–$54 in sizes 2–12. Also denims, sweaters, underwear, dresses, etc., at similar markdowns. Checks accepted; no credit cards. No refunds, but exchanges possible. *Stone Free Kids, 124 West 72nd St. (362-8903); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; thru 2/28.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Skin care—An $18 1-hour facial has the following $6.80-retail-value gift thrown in as a special February offer: milk cleanser plus either astringent or freshener plus deep-cleansing sponge—all are this practitioner's own private-label products. By appointment only; checks accepted; no credit cards. *Lenore Valery, 119 West 57th St. (757-6585); Mon., Wed.–Sat. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., closed Tues.; thru 2/28.*

Consumer Aware

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The Underground Gourmet / Gertrude Snyder

PITA, PITA, PITA

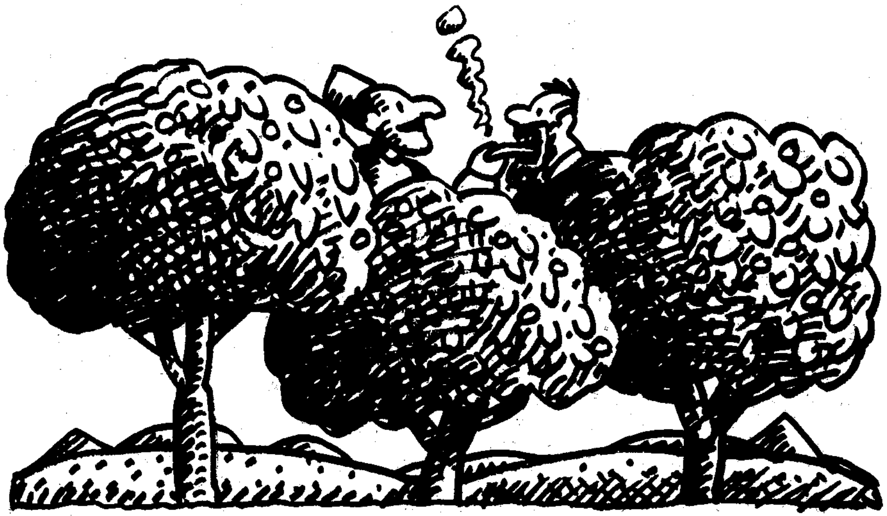
Boostan means "gardens" in four languages: Lebanese, Turkish, Persian, and Hebrew. The surprise of the **Boostan Restaurant,** 85 MacDougal Street between Bleecker and Houston, 677-9162, is that it is a tiny, unprepossessing restaurant serving vegetable dishes of Middle Eastern origin. The storefront seats 27 diners at shellacked tabletops made from irregularly shaped cross-sectioned tree trunks. A photomural of yellow maples and a small Oriental-type rug adorn the walls, while a glass-fronted refrigerator displays cartons of lettuce, piles of pink tomatoes, and a range of canned soft drinks. Potted greens struggling for existence at the windows facing the street, straw flowers in an empty Perrier bottle on each table, and a stainless-steel serving counter complete the nod to décor.

Despite the random quality of the surroundings, the food served at the Boostan is authentic, well prepared, well presented, consistently manifesting a visual sense that is rare among small eateries. The emphasis here was born of the current craving for health foods, including vegetables and grains indigenous to the Middle East.

The small kitchen here offers a number of dishes the more established Middle Eastern restaurants usually do not: Ouzzi is one example. A mound of starkly white, flaky filo dough is stacked with peas, mushrooms, rice, and walnuts. While it is the restaurant's most costly dish ($3.95), it is beautifully complemented by a serving of yogurt and cucumbers flavored with mint, and is the author's choice.

Another impressive light-handed entrée is the kefta combination plate: a pretty arrangement of two units of vegetarian kefta (ground fava beans and sesame); four stuffed grape leaves; helpings of baba ghannooj (flavored ground eggplant) and hummus (sesame-flavored ground chick-peas and tahini); a small portion of mixed fresh salad greens; and a mound of rice; $3.25.

The menu also offers a vegetarian couscous. Couscous without the hot sauce, without either chicken or meat, is reminiscent of the old joke about eating strawberries and cream without the strawberries. If the couscous as served were called simply a Middle Eastern vegetarian stew, I would have no complaint. The dish is an attractive, tasty assortment of freshly stewed zucchini, carrots, celery, cabbage, turnips, and raisins, all in a well-flavored vegetable sauce. Over a good portion of semolina (couscous is a grain), it is topped with a sprinkling of chick-peas, $2.95.



The restaurant has a way with moussaka quite different from others I've had: Beneath a thick slice of melted white cheese and surrounded by a tomato sauce, tender eggplant (not overcooked) is covered with split whole tomatoes—author's choice, $2.95.

Eggplant appears again as oblamar, with a yogurt sauce and a side dish of rice, $2.95. All entrées are served with two pitas—one of white flour, one of whole wheat.

There are a number of other Middle Eastern specialties that can begin or end a meal. I enjoyed the Boostan "special" salad with avocado, $1.95. Pomegranate dressing is 25 cents extra. On one side, shredded red cabbage shelters fresh red tomato pieces, avocado, iceberg lettuce, and Spanish-onion rings. Shredded green parsley lines the opposite side of the platter.

Other salads range from $1 for yogurt-and-cucumber to $1.50 each for tahini-and-cucumber, heart of artichoke, spinach, and chick-pea. Pita is also served with all salads.

There are always two soups, 75 cents each. A fresh-vegetable soup has a sweet flavor that remains the chef's secret. A soup thick with dark lentils, celery, and chopped greens has a strong cumin flavor. Portions are generous.

There are any number of ways one can be fed for less than $2. Pitas filled with felafel, hummus, or baba ghannooj are 75 cents each; with kefta or avocado, $1 each; a felafel-avocado combination, $1.25. Spinach or cheese pie with Middle Eastern salad is $1.50, or your choice of pie alone, 75 cents. A plate of tabbouleh (bulgur wheat, parsley, onion, tomato, lemon juice), hummus, or baba ghannooj, $1.50; a felafel plate, $2.

Almost all of the desserts are homemade, including my childhood favorite, halva. A confection worthy of the memory, it is made with semolina and flavored with nuts, chocolate, and spices, here 60 cents. I enjoyed both the soft, diamond-shaped baklava and a circlet of bird's-nest pastry with pistachio-green center, each 60 cents. The orange dessert baloza is 85 cents, a half-inch layer of an orange-colored gelatin over what might have been a cornstarch pudding, generous drops of a cream whip all over. It seemed to me this dish had rested uncovered in the refrigerator. The rice pudding, 60 cents, has almost no texture; it also tastes like it was left uncovered.

Beverages include a delightful and aromatic Middle Eastern tea and a good Turkish coffee, sweetened but not syrup-thick, 35 cents each portion. Or you may drink such exotica as banana swirl, 75 cents, or mango juice, 60 cents, or choose from "assorted mineral waters."

Boostan is a venture that is physically small. I caution that you must be patient, once you have placed your order. Remember, everything is made to order. Tony Bitar, the owner-chef, really knows what he is about, and that is the bottom line.

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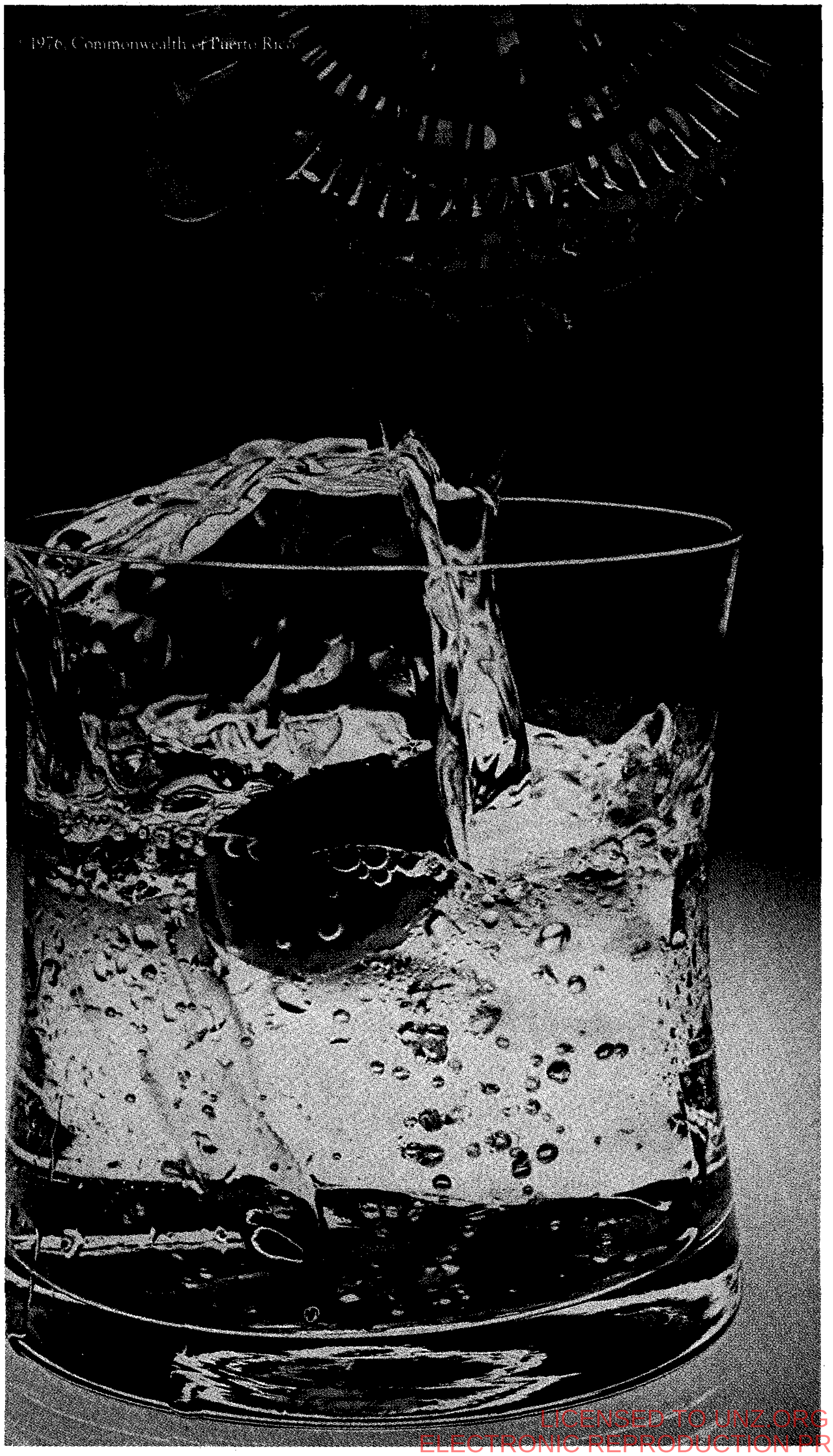
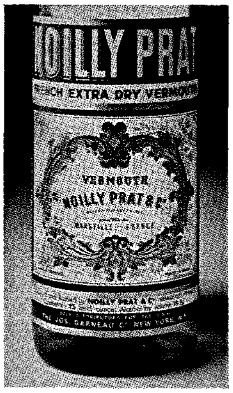


As the long-standing partner of gin and vodka, Noilly Prat is uniquely qualified to make a value judgement about martinis.

The fact that they recommend a martini made with white rum will come as a surprise only if you've never tasted one.



White rum makes a smoother martini. Smoother than a gin martini. Smoother than a vodka martini. The Government of Puerto Rico has seen to that by requiring all white rum to age in white oak casks for at least a year.

Noilly Prat heartily approves. They know what a difference aging makes to the taste of a drink, including vermouth. After all, dry vermouth was invented by a Frenchman named Noilly.

Noilly Prat also knows that in a large-scale taste test against gin and vodka, white rum emerged the clear favorite in taste and smoothness.

To the Noilly Prat people, who care passionately about the taste of the martini, the handwriting is on the wall—just as it was when vodka surpassed gin not too long ago.

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CO-OP SHOPPING: MONEY HELPS, BUT...

"...'There are some buildings which do discriminate.... The best thing to do if you are rejected is to look somewhere else'..."

The Co-op Game

The co-op–apartment business is experiencing a boomlet in New York these days, thanks, say the real-estate agents, to growing confidence in the Big Apple and growing resentment for the tax man. Paying rent that is at least partially tax-deductible certainly has appeal, whether you are living in an $8,500 studio on the West Side or a $1.5-million, 34-room triplex on Park Avenue.

The relative economic merits of paying rent versus tying up a substantial amount of capital in a co-op and still having to pay hefty maintenance charges are still a matter of debate. We will take that question up in a future column. But if you *are* in the co-op market, here are some things to keep in mind. These observations come from discussions with co-op lawyers, real-estate agents, tenants, rejected tenants, and board members who preferred to remain anonymous, for reasons that will be obvious.

Finding the co-op you want—at the right price—is not all that easy, especially as the market is now improving for sellers. Agents, ads, and word of mouth remain the best sources. But even if you do find a building you like, getting into it can be more difficult than ever before.

Even agents allow that discrimination still exists—racial, ethnic, sexual, even professional. (Actors and actresses are especially unwelcome.) "The co-op board does not have to give a reason for rejecting an applicant, by law," notes one real-estate agent. "There are some buildings which do discriminate, but it is almost impossible to prove. Under the circumstances, the best thing to do if rejected is to look somewhere else."

(Actually, you can bring subtle pressures to bear. A reader called recently, offering to tell all about how he was turned down by a co-op board because he was Jewish and the building "already had its quota." The board apparently got wind of the possible story, and the applicant got his apartment.)

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> "...Even 'liberal' West Side buildings can get touchy about modern life-styles..."

cases of rejection, however, the reasons are strictly financial. Many co-ops, especially the older buildings on the Upper East Side, have extremely conservative boards, many of whose members recall the 1930s, when people who seemed financially sound went bust. That left fellow co-op owners to pay the tab for maintaining empty apartments. Even today, some of these buildings require that you put up the entire price of the apartment in cash. You can arrange for your own financing, of course, but you cannot use the shares in the co-op as collateral. You must use other assets. Many more buildings have a 50 percent cash requirement.

So you should be prepared to bare your financial soul to the co-op board, and don't be surprised if you are turned down even after a bank has approved a mortgage for you—it happens frequently.

A typical application will require you to bare more than your financial soul, however. Some entries: maiden name of wife (*sic*); business connection and position; nature of business; number and ages of children who will reside in the building; names of all clubs, fraternities, and honorary societies to which you belong; schools and colleges attended by husband, wife, and children; names of building residents known by applicant; pets.

Naturally, you are also expected to list financial and personal references—including your banks, stockbroker, accountant, lawyer, and executor. The personal references simply cannot be too impressive. "I found myself looking up people in the *Social Register* I had not seen in fifteen years," recalls one tenant. But references count less than having a hook in the building.

Having cleared all or most of these hurdles, you still must submit yourself and your spouse (if married) to a personal interview with board members, or with the board president. Obviously, it pays to act conservatively.

"I dug out a pillbox hat, polka-dot dress, pumps, and white gloves, and affected my best Larchmont lockjaw," admits an editor, whose husband wore pinstripes. "But we got in with no problem."

Newer buildings are less conservative, of course, but even noted "liberal" buildings on the West Side can get touchy about modern life-styles. An unmarried couple—even if only one of them is buying the apartment—usually faces problems. A gay couple has a choice of lying or suing.

"The law has never really been tested," said one agent, "because no one wants to win an expensive battle—borne solely at your own expense—and still lose the war. The building could still find legitimate reasons for turning you down."

Even the bank that granted you your mortgage could cause you problems. One would-be tenant ran into snags because he had gone to Citibank for his co-op loan, and some of its mortgage terms were unacceptable to the board. Moral: Inquire of tenants which banks they applied to, so your application does not have to set a precedent.

It does pay to comparison-shop among the banks that do offer co-op loans, however. The interest rates are usually the same—now 10 percent—but the term of the loan and the amount the banks will loan you vary somewhat. Currently, the Bowery Savings Bank, Manhattan Savings Bank, Chemical Bank, and Citibank will extend loans on co-op apartments in New York City.

Once you have negotiated a price with the departing tenant, arranged for financing, been approved by the board, and finally taken possession of the apartment—all of which can take months—you may still face some sleepless nights.

"The wait was bad enough, especially since we were applying in the summer, when all the board members were in Bar Harbor or the Hamptons," says one new co-op owner. "But after moving in, buyer's remorse set in—I couldn't convince myself for months that I had done a wise thing."

Perhaps he hadn't. For the irony is, despite the hurdles and the renewed interest, co-ops are usually not good investments. "Not since the bottom fell out in the late sixties could you say a co-op is a good investment, even today," says one longtime broker. "People buy co-op apartments because of the tax break, and the kind of building they want to live and stay in, and the control they can exercise over the kinds of neighbors they have. The investment is—or should be—secondary."

Selling Your Crafts

If you have ever rooted around in a flea market or arts-and-crafts exhibit and cringed at the quality and prices of the wares, knowing you could offer better goods at better prices, why not try it? *How to Sell Your Arts and*

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Crafts, by Loretta Holz (Scribner's, $12.50), is a very practical guide for the would-be craftsperson, especially one who has little knowledge of marketing, pricing, sales techniques, mail-order possibilities, and other business aspects of launching one's own cottage industry.

The Only Game in Town

New York's new legalized Las Vegas Nights, being run by nonprofit organizations, are not likely to win much favor among high rollers if operators adhere to the rules. They require that you use scrip instead of cash, and that you face a wait before you can cash in any of your winnings (until the end of the evening). And some gamblers fear that organized crime will rig some games, without the nonprofit organizations' knowledge.

But in the New York area, at least, these games will remain the only legal casino action for some time. Smart money has it that Atlantic City won't spin a roulette wheel until late December, 1977, or even early January, 1978.

According to *Rouge et Noir News*, the casino gaming-industry newsletter, the reason is politics. Advisers to Governor Brendan Byrne, who faces reelection in November, feel he could benefit most if the resort is geared up, and people hired, before election time, but not opened for business until after the polls have closed. They feel that an earlier start to the gaming could work against him.

At Home in England

Historically, the British are about as quick to open their homes to strangers—especially Americans—as they are to Jack the Ripper. It's not that they are haughty, they insist, just a little bit shy.

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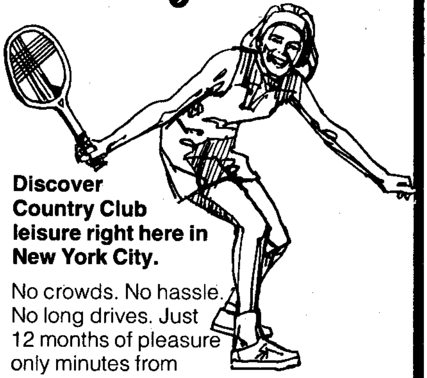

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'THE WONDERFUL CROOK': NO HOLES IN THE SWISS

"...What makes *Wonderful Crook* so extraordinary is the amount of truth and poetry it carries with such unostentatious ease..."

It is sad but unsurprising that the mediocre and pretentious Alain Tanner should be considered Switzerland's premier filmmaker when that title clearly belongs to Claude Goretta. Goretta's second feature film, *The Invitation,* had that eccentric, slightly incongruous quality that characterizes human behavior when it is latched on to by an eye that is both penetrating and poetic and recognizes the quirk-atoms of which matter-of-fact reality is composed. This dazzling but still slightly unsteady work is now surpassed by Goretta's third feature, *Pas si méchant que ça,* for which the banal English title, **The Wonderful Crook**, is totally unacceptable. A true, even if seemingly far-fetched, tale is told here with unaffected brilliance, with stunning control of both the cinematic medium and a *vérité* far beyond mere *cinéma.*

Not So Bad As All That, as the film should be called, is the story of a small manufacturer of wooden furniture who can no longer meet his payroll due to competition from plastics. He resorts to a double life—a cloak of outwardly respectable Swiss-bourgeois family living lined with secret Robin Hoodish crime. With his official life come a sweet wife and child and responsibilities to a difficult father; with his clandestine one, breakneck adventure and a funny-romantic love affair that ultimately turns heartbreaking. *The Wonderful Crook* (ugh!) is a film to which laughter and tears come in the most natural way: unpredictably, pell-mell, and irresistibly.

What makes this picture so extraordinary is the amount of truth and poetry it carries with such unostentatious ease that casual moviegoers will miss a great deal of it, though even for them there is enough inventive clowning to make the experience worthwhile. For underneath the clever yet apparently simple plot is the most acute analysis of human differences and similarities within differences, of the clash between legality and morality, of the contradictions in various lovers' attitudes toward one another and toward love itself—the very thing that gives love its bittersweet, tragicomic, and wholly irreplaceable savor.

Scene stealers: *Gérard Depardieu and Marlene Jobert in Goretta's* Wonderful Crook.

The Wonderful Crook is a film about some of our most vital problems, stated so quietly, subtly, and originally that the worst mistake would be to see in it only its wistfully delicious story. It is, first of all, about the impossibility of doing good—all the good that is within oneself—without falling afoul of someone or something. Pierre, the hero, loves both his wife and mistress, and manages, miraculously, to satisfy both these women who believe in the indivisibility of love. Nevertheless, with the best of wills, he is almost intangibly depriving them both. For his true love is for wood: living, breathing wood, which, when converted into furniture, continues to make little sighing, wheezing sounds at night; wood with grain running through it like veins that Pierre can trace with his eyes and fingers as lovingly as he ever scrutinized the skin of a beloved woman.

But there are many themes here, harmoniously interwoven. Take the relationship of Pierre and his father, a dour, taciturn man who cannot verbalize his feelings. While Pierre merely toils in the paternal furniture workshop, he has no true understanding of the work or of his father. Then, when the old man has a stroke, loses his speech, and becomes partially paralyzed, Pierre has to take over the business and begins to understand what it is to care and be unable to share one's worries with even those nearest to one. But the father dies and there can be no communication. And this entire father-son nexus is given an ironic, comic-strip commentary in the playlet about William Tell that Pierre and his cronies put on at a children's benefit (note the irony in that, too!)—a skit about Switzerland's legendary hero whom paternal love leads to the liberation of his country from the Austrian yoke. Yet that country is apprehending and punishing Pierre for fulfilling both his filial obligations to his father's business, and his "paternal" duties to his employees. All this, however, would be of little avail without Goretta's technical mastery.

The chief components of his style are foreshortening and pregnancy. Scene after scene is pared down to its essentials, forgoing establishing shots and incidentals for the sake of suggestive reverberations from the preceding scene; even as we are working out the full meaning of what we see, it becomes enriched by what went before. An entire bank robbery may be captured in a single concentrated image, with sound effects and visual elements aptly complementing each other. Some new furniture in Nelly's, the postmistress's apartment, tells us about the developing relationship between her and Pierre; scenes of domesticity with Marthe, the wife, are cut from to similar scenes that, we discover suddenly, take place in Nelly's apartment. A fire at a happy picnicking ground evokes fires at a garbage dump where Pierre had to burn brand-new, unsold furniture. A funny light beam dances on the window of a bank; only by degrees do we realize that Pierre is in mid-robbery, receiving a signal from his new accomplice, Nelly.

Such sudden insights or gradual revelations need to be backed up by intensity of images and evocative juxtaposition. Consider the following bit of montage. We watch Pierre holding Marthe as she practices cycling around in small circles, a mysterious activity whose meaning will become clear only later, though it already conveys a playful complicity between the spouses. Cut to Pierre's father, mute in his wheelchair, being read to by a servant; she is reading from a trashy erotic novel, for which the father's reprehending eyes, unobserved by the excited reader, express utter contempt. Ironically, the passage concerns lovers who communicate wordlessly with their eyes. In the next shot, the father seems to be better; he has recoverd enough to be planing a piece of furniture. Cut to Marthe as she falls off her bike. An omen? In the next shot, the father is motionless beside his work. Cut to a factory boy merrily cycling—a bike again, but how differently used—with a funeral wreath toward the boss's residence.

The next shot is even more highly fraught with meaning. We see Marthe in the darkened bedroom where, we assume, she has withdrawn in grief. And she is indeed visibly mourning. But Pierre's head comes into view from below the frame, and the bereaved son pulls his wife down with him toward lovemaking. Is this disrespect for the dead? Not so, we gather; a grief, rather, to be assuaged only with something equally intense and life-affirming.

And what a remarkable sense of rhythms Goretta has! I say "rhythms" because I perceive two main kinds of rhythm in a film: one alternating between fast and slow movements, and one fluctuating between brightly lit and darker sequences. This crucial matter of rhythm in film requires more investi-

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"... Tinto Brass's *Madam Kitty* is an abominable as well as ludicrous film ..."

gation than it has received so far, but I have no doubt that film needs a variety of tempos as does a piece of music, as well as the interplay of light and dark exhibited by great paintings.

Thus Goretta will slow down the frantic movement of the film to allow Pierre to brood over a foaming glass of something like Alka-Seltzer; against that sprightly brew, his expression is doubly weary and inert. Or consider a series of shots where Pierre and Marthe are interrupted in their nocturnal lovemaking by a noise from their little son's room, and we move among the child's dark room, the brilliant whiteness of the bathroom where Pierre fetches some water for the child, and the partly illuminated bedroom where a small lamp is just enough to make Marthe's naked body incandescent against the surrounding shadows. Then, in a bit of sex play, a pillow knocks over the lamp, and all is dark again. This sequence is the equivalent of chiaroscuro in painting, cinematically spread out over several shots rather than being confined to a single image. It also corresponds, I believe, to our profound need for variety, but with a rhythmic progression giving it order.

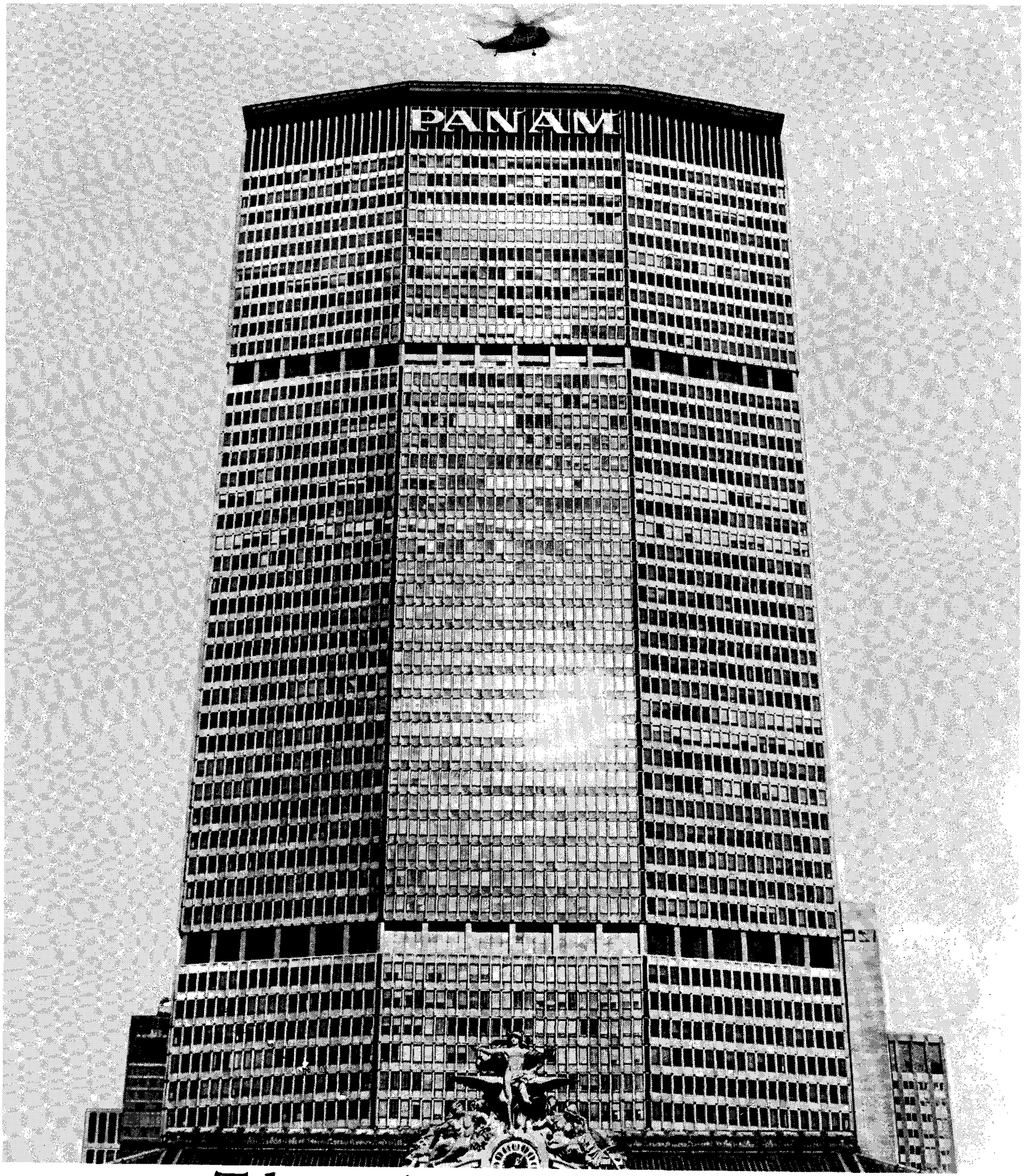
The film is full of tiny triumphs, such as the funny little animal noise Nelly makes when Pierre asks her whether she is frightened, or that piercing image when Pierre is being hustled off by the police while in a neighboring garden someone is indifferently watering his lawn with a jet that describes niggling curlicues. There is more lightly worn penetrancy, casually tossed-off beauty, in this film than in anything since *The Clockmaker*. And the performances, exquisitely photographed by Renato Berta, could not be better. Gérard Depardieu, fresh from playing callous louts, is superbly moving as a befuddled, decent man straying ever so sweetly, but with no artificial sweetening added; note, for instance, with what minimal inflections and ever so slight hesitancies he delivers the paean to wood about to be swallowed by plastics.

No less fine are Marlène Jobert as Nelly, whose gradual change as she falls ever deeper in love with Pierre is delineated by almost imperceptible degrees, all the more compelling for sneaking up on us, and Dominique Labourier as Marthe, the wife who can be both generously loving and—such are life's paradoxes—blind to what is going on. The supporting players are equally impeccable, especially Michel Robin, who was so good as the hero of *The Invitation*.

Alas, the subtitles are horrible. It should have been obvious right away that someone who repeatedly uses "lay" for "lie," "alright," and "the day rises" is not the person for the subtleties of Goretta's script. This hack knows neither French nor English: *Se passer* does not mean "to pass" but "to happen," *filer* is not "to go" but "to scram." You cannot render the slightly amused "C'est plutôt rare, une demoiselle de votre genre"—something like "It's not every day you meet a young lady of your kind"—as "I never met anyone like you"; still less does the allusion to Christ's last words by a man whose wife has left him, "Tout est consommé" ("It is finished"), bear translating as "Everything is burning." An important shade of meaning is lost when Nelly's "Etre libre, ce n'est pas forcément coucher avec tout le monde" ("To be free doesn't necessarily mean sleeping with everybody") is Englished as "I'm free. I don't sleep around." To reduce "Je te trouve drôle quand tu te mouches," spoken under intimate circumstances by a loving woman, to a charmless "You're strange," is not economy but sabotage. And so on, pitifully. But a director who, among other things, can come up with that superb, uninsistently symbolic final freeze frame, whose iconography I leave it to you to analyze, can survive even this malpractice.

Briefs: **Madam Kitty,** an abominable as well as ludicrous film about a fancy Nazi brothel bugged for spying on German officers, in which Helmut Berger performs rather like stale Limburger, is interesting for two reasons. It shows that even as fine an actress as Ingrid Thulin can become an unholy mess in so asinine a movie, and it gives the admirers of Roberto Rossellini something to think about. For this film was co-scripted and directed by Tinto Brass, a fifth-rate Italian cinéaste, who was declared by Rossellini to be the most gifted filmmaker of the post-Rossellini generation.

From Noon Till Three, Frank D. Gilroy's comic Western based on his own novel, is a moderately amusing short subject dragged out to full, which is to say fulsome, length, and so made tedious. Two glittering stars might have made it race along even so; with Charles Bronson and his wife, Jill Ireland, yoked to it, it remains stubbornly mule-drawn. ▬



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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 276

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

DEWLAP—*n.* **1.** One who changes diapers; hence, a nanny; a wet nurse. **2.** *O. E.* any perennially thirsty winged vertebrate ["Where the dewlaps, there lap I . . ."].

Above, our Fractured Dictionary, Part D. Competitors are invited to provide a whimsical definition for one word beginning with the letter "D."

Results of Competition 273, in which you were asked to invent headlines sure-to-be-seen in 1977.

Report: Good evening. And now, the news. Politics, especially new politics, enticed throngs. As in: CARTER TO N.Y.: DROP DAID (*hundreds* of those). MONDALE TO TOUR. And, AMY: PERFECT REPORT CARD, TO STAR IN SCHOOL PLAY, TEACHER PENS BIO, TO ATTEND PRIVATE SCHOOL. MONDALE PARDONS CARTER. Also in the news: MAYOR PLEDGES PORNO CLEANUP. "KING KONG III" FILMING. PEANUT SALES UP. HUGHES WILL FOUND. BEAME SHORT. NETWORK PREDICTS BEST SEASON EVER. ALI, PALEY, SINATRA TO RETIRE. COST OF LIVING UP. FARE INCREASES. STRIKE CONTINUES. MYSTERY DISAPPEARANCE IN BERMUDA TRIANGLE. SINUSITIS LINKED TO SWINE-FLU VACCINE. POPE CALLS FOR WORLD PEACE. NASTASE FINED. REASONER, WALTERS FEUDING? FELKER TO START NEW MAG. Details at eleven.

First Prize of "Eating in America," by Waverley Root and Richard de Rochemont (Wm. Morrow & Co.) to:

WOMAN TRUCKER TO MARRY PRINCE CHARLES?
Barbara Kelly, Bronx

LOMBARDO, GRAUER TO HOST NEW YEAR'S GALA
H. H. Hammer, NYC

GENERAL BROWN APOLOGIZES TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, POPE
Jonathan M. Wahl, Chapel Hill, N.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

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J. M. Riordan, Laguna Beach, Calif.
John Gallagher, Bronx

NEW MISS AMERICA A LIBERATED WOMAN
M. Weiss, NYC

PET RETURNS AFTER DECADE
Stephen Cary, New Orleans, La.

And Honorable Mention to:

ASSAULT CHARGE PENDING AGAINST HOCKEY STAR
Richard Albero, Bronx

AMY'S CLASSMATES FIND AGENTS "CUTE"
Holly Pavlov, Silver Spring, Md.

SECRETARY CLAIMS JOHN TRAVOLTA SIRED HER CHILD
Nikka Rosa, NYC

COLESLAW REVERSES AGING, DOCTOR SAYS
David Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S "ROMEO AND JULIET" NEW DISCO HIT
Jay Dantry, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER
Pia McKay, Washington, D.C.

"SANTA" ROBS NEWARK LIQUOR STORE
Bernie Lipman, Silver Spring, Md.

BELLA TO DEMS: HAT'S IN RING!
Janet Wilkins, South Ozone Park, N.Y.
similarly: Henna A. Zacks, Brooklyn
Robert Blake, NYC

LIZ TAYLOR AND JOHN WARNER TO TIE KNOT AGAIN
Jay McDonnell, NYC
sp. mention: Jim Boyd, San Francisco, Calif.

BOGDANOVICH SIGNS CYBILL, CLORIS, BURT, RYAN, & TATUM FOR REMAKE
Jim Baldassare, NYC

FORTUNE LEFT TO GOLDFISH
Wayne Holy, Ames, Iowa

IOWA ECCENTRIC FUELS TRACTOR WITH GARLIC
Yosef Pavlov, Silver Spring, Md.

DAVID FROST MARRIAGE RUMOURED
Oxanna Kaufman, Tarrytown, N.Y.

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Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

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Ethel Jacobson, Lynn, Mass.

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George Malko, NYC

UNSEASONABLE WEATHER DRAWS THOUSANDS TO CENTRAL PARK
Tom Robinson, NYC

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Art Kane, Bronxville, N.Y.

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sp. mention: Terry Truman, Aurora, Colo.

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Lawrence Greene, Sayville, N.Y.

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Marilyn Rigelhaupt, Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

SUSPECT IN 7 KILLINGS DESCRIBED AS LONER
John H. Corcoran Jr. Chevy Chase, Md.

CARTER NAMES FOOTBALL COACH TO HEAD CIA
Bill Emery, Oklahoma City, Okla.

FDA: DANGER IN WIDELY USED PRESERVATIVE
Paul Solomon, NYC
sp. mention: Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn

PALE YULE CROSBY'S HOPE
Robert W. Little, Honolulu, Hawaii

SAUDIS RELUCTANTLY ANNOUNCE OIL-PRICE HIKE
Todd D. Ellner, Shawnigan Lake, B.C., Canada

NEW TAMPA BAY COACH: "WE'LL BE NO. 1"
Iris Goldstein, Brooklyn

NEW JET COACH WANTS JOE TO STAY
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Terry Migdal, Fullerton, Calif.

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Fred Piscop, East Meadow, N.Y.

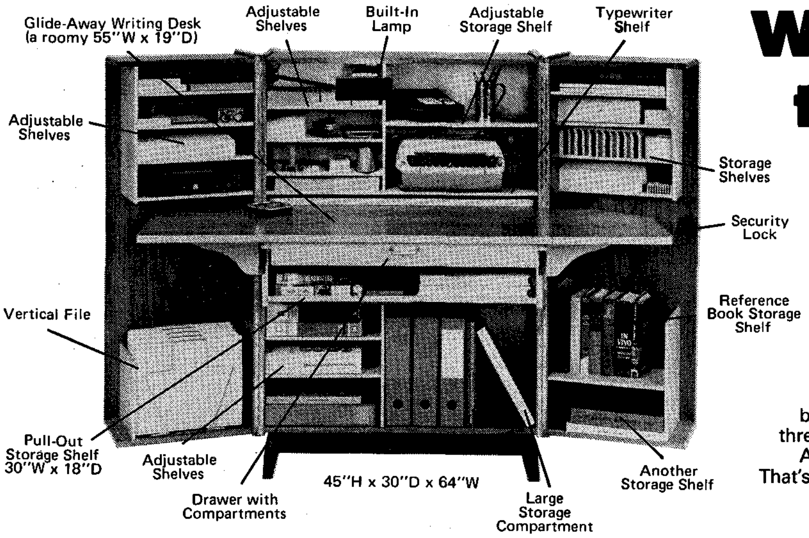
LOCH NESS MONSTER SIGHTED ON EVE OF ARRIVAL OF FILM CREW
Msgr. A. V. McLees, St. Albans, N.Y.

RECORD VOTE RETURNS MATTHEW TROY
Alice Pach, East Brunswick, N.J.

ITALIAN GOVERNMENT FALLS
April Santinon, Jackson, N.J.

AUSTRALIAN PUBLISHER ACQUIRES PLAINS "GAZETTE"
Joel Schechter, Brooklyn

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 276, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by February 11. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York.* First-prize winners will receive *Heraldry: Sources, Symbols and Meaning,* by Ottfried Neubecker (McGraw-Hill). Runners-up will receive a one-year subscription to *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of March 7. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. Postcards, please.



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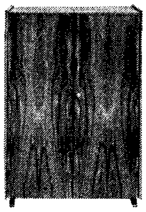

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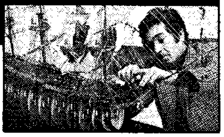

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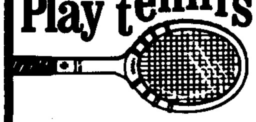

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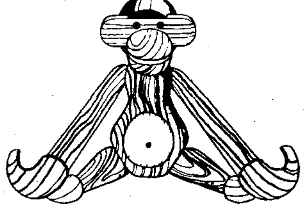

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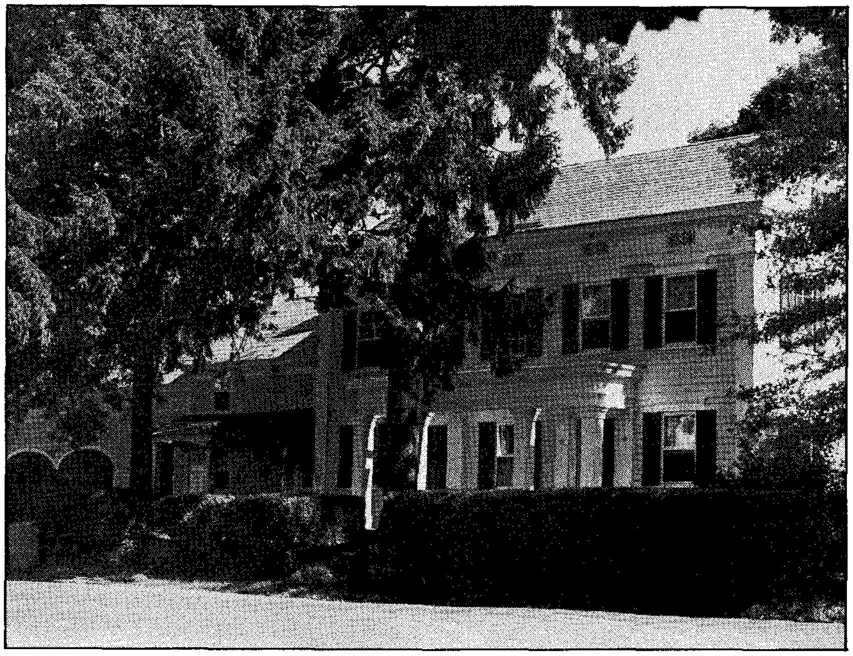

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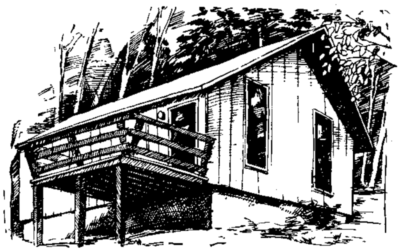

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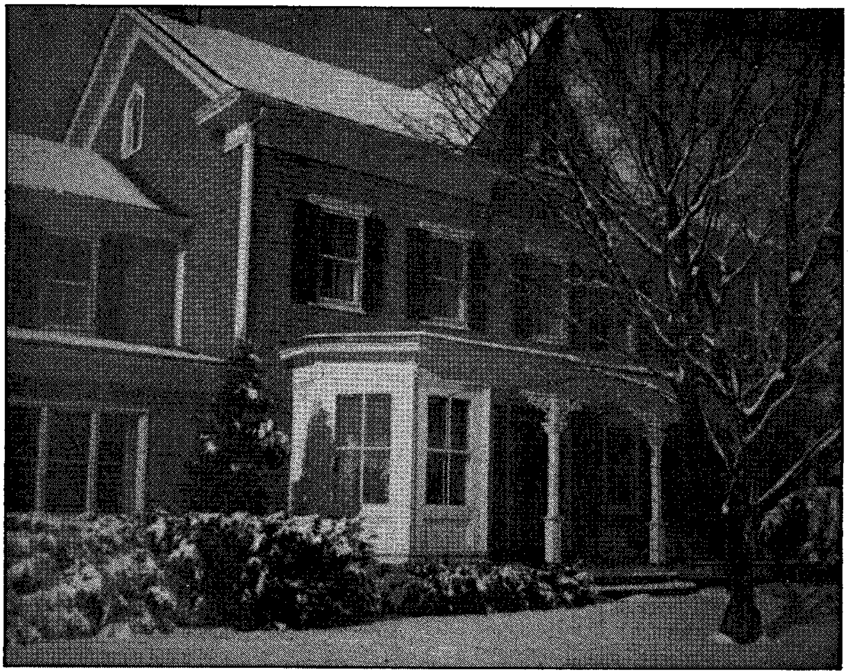

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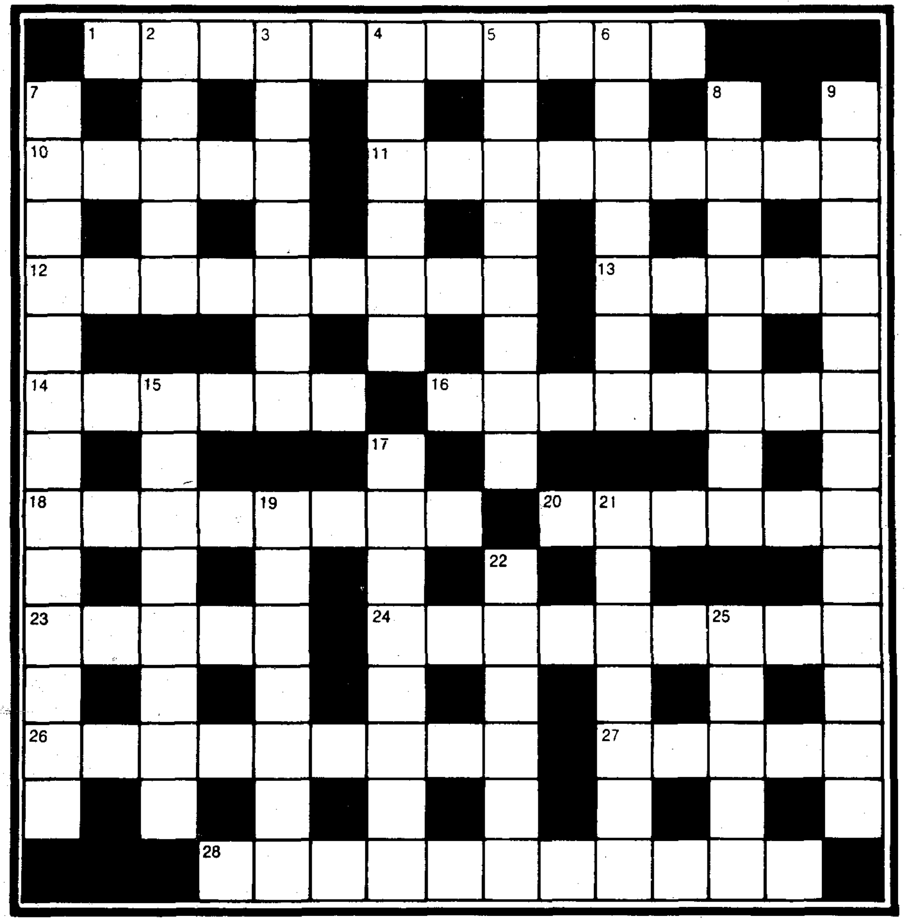

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E	A	S	Y		I		L		E		I		T	
S					E	N	D	E	D	A	L	L	I	N

Clues

ACROSS

1 Vulgar person appearing in female garments casts a spell. (11)

10 Single-hearted sounds. (5)

11 Country which inter alia gives us backward cultural activity. (9)

12 Not a voice used for calling up. (9)

13 African town which has to exist with a dissident organisation. (5)

14 Animal noise which indicates success in the wood. (6)

16 The abandoned sailor is sinister. (4-4)

18 They provide cover for one article among reproductions. (8)

20 Blast the animal in woman. (6)

23 Not quite a desire to get on together. (5)

24 Players who become star performers when they have lost their hair. (9)

26 Sounds as if woman's downfall is to listen in. (9)

27 Where an old man is surrounded by evil. (5)

28 Journeys with master in attempts to become attendants. (11)

DOWN

2 Modern craze means nothing to old singer. (5)

3 Sat curled up in a container to practise self-control. (7)

4 Slowly as girl, soldier and ring come together. (6)

5 Missing man who is despatched inside an insect. (8)

6 Common dish providing unusual morsel. (7)

7 In one of these races Charles enters shelter after a soaking. (13)

8 There is hypocrisy about mail being distributed for one who asks for it. (8)

9 It is put on food, the wrong signal about where to send it. (5-8)

15 Operatic hero who has victory over death. (8)

17 Went and got married again? (8)

19 User of force has to go in to suppress eroticism. (7)

21 Part of London which puts man into the wrong scale. (7)

22 Religious buildings part of the army is about to put up. (6)

25 Pulls up the green. (5)

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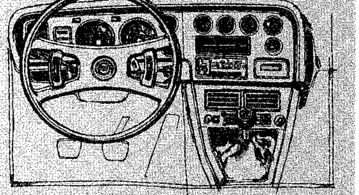
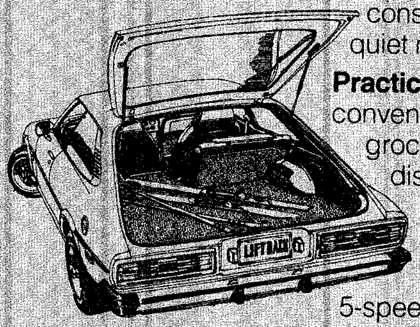
THE SPORTS CARWAGON

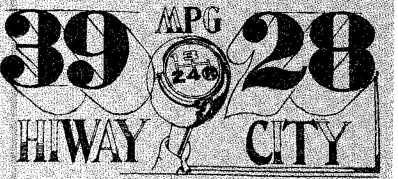


The 1977 Corolla Liftbacks uniquely combine the features of a sporty car and a family wagon. Plus Toyota's durability and toughness—like welded unitized-body construction, not nuts and bolts, so you get a quiet ride.



Practical. A fold down, split rear seat makes these '77 Liftbacks three ways convenient: Carry two passengers. Carry one. Or carry up to 20 bags of groceries. And every Liftback comes with no-cost features like power front disc brakes, steel-belted radials, and many more. SR-5 Liftbacks also come with 5-speed overdrive transmission and sporty mag-type wheels as standard equipment.

Sporty. Performance is backed by a 1.6 liter engine. Match it with a 5-speed, the Deluxe model's standard 4-speed, or the optional 3-speed automatic, you'll get great gas mileage and performance. For example: In 1977 EPA tests, the Deluxe model with 4-speed transmission got 39 mpg highway, 28 mpg city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower. If you can find a better built small car than Toyota...buy it.



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1977 Corolla Liftback SR-5

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